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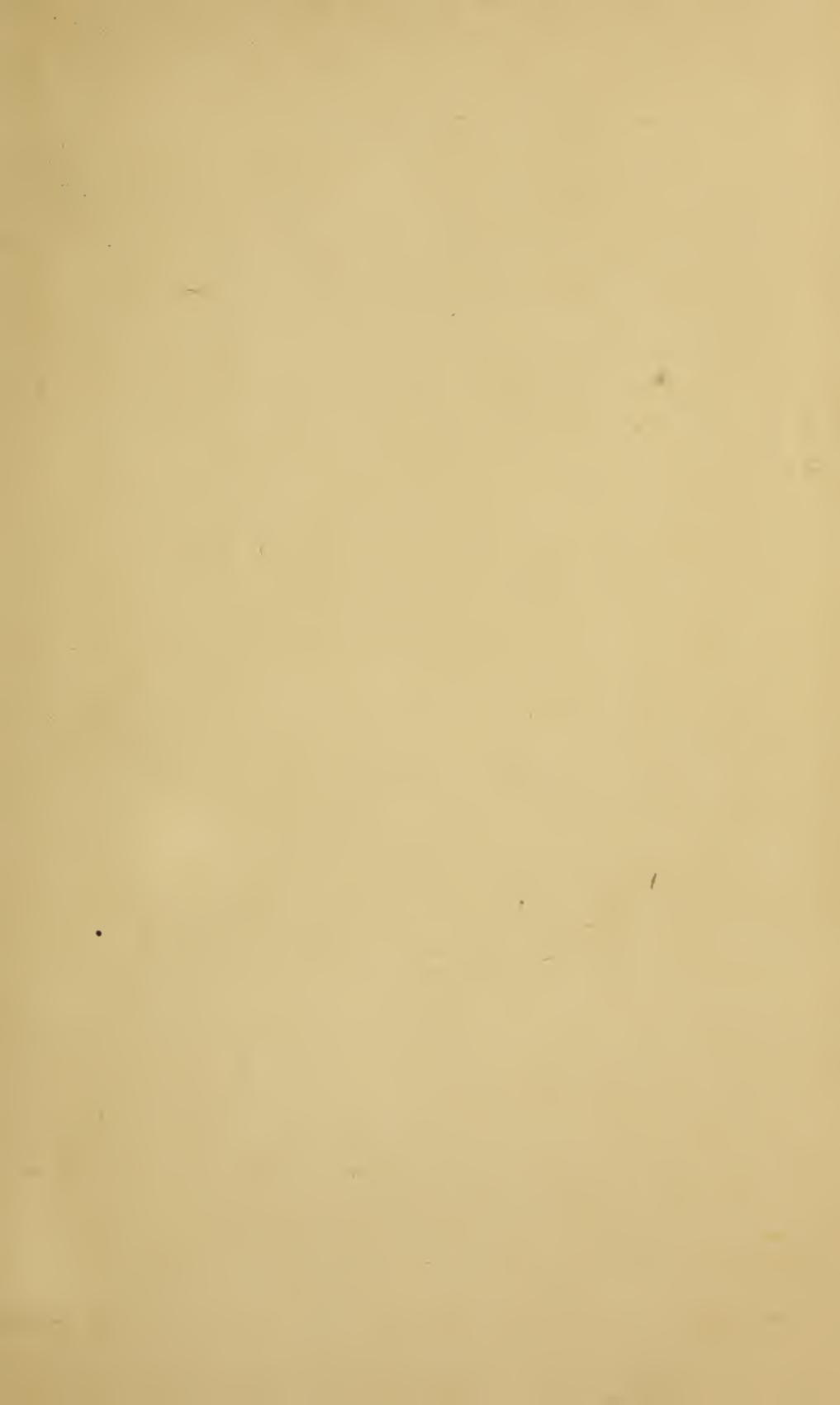
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LANDVOIEGLEE:

OR

VIEWS ACROSS THE SEA.

A NEW EDITION OF THE "OLD WORLD."

BY

WILLIAM FURNISS.

WITH A MAP AND NUMEROUS TINTED LITHOGRAPHS.

NEW-YORK:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 200 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA:

GEO. S. APPLETON, 164 CHESNUT-STREET.

M.DCCC.L.

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P R E F A C E.

THE reader must not expect from the "Old World" any egotistical prologue about the necessities, virtues, or occasions of the author. We wrote because we liked to ; and among the prospects of travel we found repose and consolation after the toils of daily professional labor. That, "labor ipse voluptas," has brought forth the fruits of our wanderings from England and across the Continent, by way of the Danube to Stamboul and Alexandria. We have sought to give raciness to the style, agreeableness to the substance.

We trust that with the author, his readers, both those who are his friends, and those with whom he seeks to be acquainted in this form, may come to the conclusion of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun ; and, that all Americans may rest in

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that happy conceit, which boasts of the superior condition of the New World, in the three cardinal points of a nation's glory—the general diffusion of the comforts and conveniences of life, the diffusion of education among the people, and the universal enjoyment of civil and religious liberty.

In the heartfelt desire of attaining to that happy result of the poet,

“*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile, cum dulci,*”

I place this book upon the broad surface of public opinion. I close by the suggestion, that these countries were visited prior to the Revolutions of 1848, (an explanation due to the republican sympathies of every American); and that, to those events which have subsequently occurred, so as to completely change the political aspect of the world, there was found a cordial supporter, although not a personal witness, in the

AUTHOR.

Bloomingdale, N. Y.,
January, 1850.

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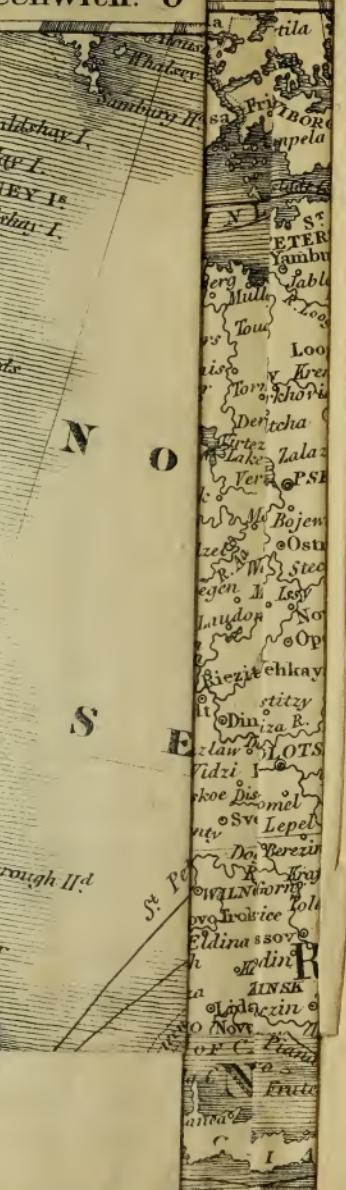
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STATES &c.		Area in sq. miles.	Population
1	Andorra (Spain)	190	15.3
2	Belgium, (with Luxembourg G.C.)	13,519	4,320,0
3	Cracow	490	124,3
4	Denmark (Holstein &c. G.C.)	59,762	2,300,0
5	France	202,125	36,200,0
6	England	49,839	14,995,5
7	Great Wales	11,500	911,5
8	Scotland	26,782	2,628,5
9	Ireland	27,908	8,500,0
10	Greece	10,206	1,050,0
11	Anhalt Bernberg	336	45,5
12	Coethen	316	37,3
13	Dessau	333	57,6
14	Austria (about $\frac{2}{3}$ German)	255,226	37,000,0
15	Baden	5,712	1,141,7
16	Bavaria	28,435	4,300,0
17	Bremen	67	57,8
18	Brunswick	1,525	250,0
19	Frankfort	91	56,0
20	Hamburg	149	153,0
21	Hanover	14,600	1,679,0
22	Hesse Cassel	4,386	699,0
23	Darmstadt	3,198	763,0
24	Homburg	124	24,0
25	Hohenzollern Hchingen	1	21,0
26	Sigmaringen	333	48,0
27	Lichenstein	52	5,0
28	Lippe Detmold	436	79,0
29	Schauenberg	205	26,0
30	Lubec	142	47,0
31	Mecklenburg Schwerin	4,701	472,0
32	Strelitz	1,094	85,0
33	Nassau	1,738	372,0
34	Oldenburg	2,470	260,0
35	Prussia (about $\frac{2}{3}$ German)	105,302	13,800,0
36	Reuss (Lobstein & Greitz)	1	83,0
37	Saxony	5,703	1727,0
38	Saxe Altenburg	491	113,0
39	Coburg & Gotha	790	132,0
40	Meiningen Hildburghausen	880	146,0
41	Weimar Eisenach	1,403	243,0
42	Schwartzburg (Rudolstadt & Sondershausen)	756	118,0
43	Waldeck	455	56,0
44	Wurtemburg	7,568	1,610,0
45	Holland (with Luxembourg G.C.)	13,890	2,850,0



THE OLD WORLD.

IT was high noon of Sunday, the 16th of May, when we sailed out of Boston, in the good steamer Caledonia. No day could be more propitious; the winds were blowing free and fresh, and all our passengers were on the quarter-deck, watching the distant, now dim, and at last fading outlines of the yclept "Athens of America."

Outside, the sea became rough, and dark clouds passed over the hitherto serene sky of noon. The upturned ocean sported wildly with the ship's sides, to the worriment of our poor stomachs. Vaunting and exulting landsmen were soon "sicklied o'er with pale cast of visage," at the bare mention of that dreaded phantom, sea-sickness. The most desponding grow desperate; and, taking violent hold of the bannisters, plunge furiously down the gangway, and fall exhausted into

bed. Night closes upon a few stubborn salts on deck, who remain quietly smoking in the cuddy.

Two days of damp, foggy, and heavy weather were a fit preparation for our entrance into Halifax bay. In four hours we landed, and took in our mails, and were off again to sea. No sooner out of port than the winds changed to fresh and fair, and our vessel was directed *to her points* for the voyage, the monotony of which was only relieved by the sight of a whale, and a view of another of the company's steam-ships, a few days out of Liverpool.

On Saturday, the 29th, the Welsh and Irish coasts were gladly watched during the whole day. Off Holyhead we took our pilot, under whose guidance we ran up the Mersey in gallant style, with a strong tide favoring us, and landed at the wharf about eleven o'clock, P. M., having first passed our valises under the eye of the custom-house officer.

We lodged at the quiet and comfortable "Waterloo" in Ranelagh-street, kept by Mr. Lynn, famous for his compositions of meat gravies and sauces, and were welcomed to our inn by as smart and pretty-looking bar-maids as ever graced the inside of frilled caps. There is no resisting the exorbitant bill thrust at you by one of these pretty maids; and, as she lisps out, "only one pound six, for the day, sir," you have no resource but to pay up, take her "thank ye, sir," and



MR. J. OR. M.V.

Holyhead and Light-House.

a kiss, if you can. We stepped right gladly into those snug beds after two restless weeks at sea, and fell asleep with a confused dreaming of bar-maids and England, our overcome sea-sickness, and our homes.

Next morning we rode all over the city, and down to the docks, probably the finest in the world, and so snugly constructed that all the shipping lies unobserved within their walls, and precludes an adequate idea of the vast commerce of Liverpool. The rapid rise of the tides renders them indispensable, and they afford ample shelter and protection from storm or accident.

At Birkenhead we took the ferry for Woodside, and, in passing, obtained a fine outline of the city's form. We were much amused at the numerous little low black steam-tugs which ply as ferries to various points; such determination appeared in the puffing, spirited little monsters, which in all respects resembled our horse paddle-boats, save their bright fire-red chimneys, which exposed their smoke and their motive power.

From Woodside ferry we walked to its "Park," a large extent of ground laid out in shrubbery and shade-trees, and figured in every variety of hill and dale, artificial water and bridge, pagoda and palace, by which it is possible to convert nature into landscape gardening. Some poor deluded natives resort hither to enjoy this fiction of rural felicity, and get up pastorals over

the frog-ponds ; and, if I mistake not, we disturbed the tender hours of a groom, who was wooing his mistress's chambermaid under a Chinese bridge. One is surprised at the tameness of the sparrows, which fly unmolested about the most frequented streets of the city and its environs.

On our return, we visited those quarters of the city inhabited by the poor. What misery presented itself in every nook and corner ! Gin-shops under the ominous titles of "wine vaults," "spirit vaults," abound, with all their gilt and glare, amidst the squalid houses which support them. Their inhabitants are crowded into every cellar and alley-way ; the poor beset you at every step. Public inns become the prescriptive alms-right of the more hardened beggar. Strangers are singled out and attacked. Vice stalks at night, and shamelessly demands the wages of sin ; whilst lust, chained to hunger, hurry their victims to the grave. Never was misery so universal. Such scenes offer a strong contrast to the wealth of this great commercial mart.

On Monday we found our fellow-passengers at the customs, undergoing strict scrutiny of baggage. These examinations are the bugbears of travellers, and you have to submit with a good grace. This mere formality is overcome by a ready delivery of keys. All tobacco and English reprints are especially forbidden ; but by a quiet fee to the porter, and another to the steward,

one manages to get off without further difficulty. Having obtained our baggage, we returned to the hotel, and made preparations for our departure for Chester.

On crossing the Mersey to Birkenhead, our attention was called to a singular illustration of the equality of color in England. On board was a very respectable negro, escorting an elegantly-dressed white lady, who was fondling a molasses-colored baby, their mutual offspring.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the railroad station for Chester, and we were conveyed, in about two hours, through the darkness of the night, to the walls of this famous and curious old town. We took a fly, and were soon landed under the arcades of the Albion. Our landlady, with usual English inn civility, ushered us up to snug quarters in her attic, provided with those little comforts which so peculiarly invite on new acquaintance with one's chamber; where, after having eyed all to my satisfaction, I retained no further recollections of that night, from the time I mounted a small pair of stairs to a very fat bed, and was soon wrapt in a dream about some queer old gable ends of a very quaint old town, caught by moonlight, mixed up with visions of boots and hot water in the morning.

By early dawn we were out, and seeing the quaint and funny town of Chester. There never was a place made up of such odds and ends. It is a curious, and

about the *only*, relic of the walled towns of “Old England.” It is a singular patchwork of Saxon antiquity, Roman cohorts, middle-aged persecution, and modern improvements. Here a bit of railroad, there a bit of church. Now walls overtopping houses give sly winks into private bed-rooms, and crowd out bits of the town ; then pieces of town hang over the walls, where straggling abutments thrust out their elbows over the ditch. Here a Roman hot-bath, there a Saxo-Gothic cathedral. Beyond, three rows of galleries peep curiously over the street, and almost project to the opposite piazzas ; anon, the streets themselves lose their way among this labyrinth of crazy tenements, whilst the whole village is jumbled in such wild confusion of shapes and design, as if the ancient carpenter who built here had taken his houses and thrown them at random on the parish.

To appreciate it fully, you must walk all round the lines which encompass it ; enjoy the fresh and glowing landscape of the champaign and broken country ; watch the meanderings of the river Dee ; and admire the noble freedom of that superb bridge, of a single arch, which spans its quiet waters. See how well preserved are these mural defences ! One becomes enthusiastic, antiquarian, in spite of himself ; and so would I, had not the cravings of appetite called me back to “mine inn.”

Whilst breakfasting, we had rather an amusing conversation with a nice old Welsh lady, on America and its people ; in which she showed a woful degree of ignorance, besides coming to this conclusion : that my fat friend was English, because stout ; and I, American, from my natural infirmity of being slender. After which, we took a cab for Eton Hall ; having first been warned of the necessity of feeing the gate-keeper, if he showed any disposition to shut us out. Into this seat, belonging to the Earl of Westminster, we entered, by its pretty new lodge. At first the porter was stern in his refusal, but was easily quieted by our prepared half-crown. You approach the mansion by a long avenue of forest shade, and ride a mile through its beautiful park. As the house was in repair, we saw nothing, save the garden, but were well repaid by a look at the plan of that which is properly called Landscape Gardening, and generally adopted in all ornamental grounds attached to noble estates. The end of this art is, to unite trees of different varieties, in graceful and pleasing groups : so as by difference of foliage, and dispositions of light and shade, to produce harmonious and pleasing general effects. A certain portion of land, near the mansion, is usually laid out in shrubbery, intermixed with shade-trees, and encircled by beds of flowers, also arranged with a view to a happy disposition of color and effect.

Beyond the "Hall," under a neatly constructed porch, we observed a well preserved Roman relic, which, evidently, had been an altar dedicated to the nymphs of the fountain near which it was discovered. This whole country bears indications of the presence of the "Roman Legion."

We returned thence, and took the morning train for Birmingham, via Clewes. Our ride through the many way stations, gave us a fleeting view of the surrounding country; and, as the sunlight, flitting over hill and dale, was alternately obscured and relieved by passing clouds, its effects on the landscape were highly picturesque. The vivid green of velvet lawns, the rich verdure of the rolling plain, and the strict preservation of shade-trees, with the careful culture of the farms, and tidy look of the neatly-trimmed hawthorn hedges, lent a peculiar charm to the aspect of that fertile district.

At Birmingham, we stopped at the "Royal," the new hotel of the railroad company; and thence, started out to view the sights of this mammoth manufactory. Here I first felt the influence of a dense population, and watched its movements, until lost in the wilderness of its streets;—so absorbed was I in the contemplation of the wretched condition of its crowded and overworked inhabitants, and the disparity between the estate of the laborer and that of

those who fatten on the fruits of his industry. An artisan only can revel in the smoke and steam of this city.

Out of clatter, smoke, and monumental chimneys, and away by the cars for Leamington, England's great Spa, the resort of fashion and blood, in the very heart of Warwickshire; then up to the doors of the "Regents," and hire a fly, and away to the castle. I was fortunate in meeting my companions, who had preceded me to Warwick Lodge. After passing through the gate, from the road cut through solid rock, the noble form of this turreted castle burst suddenly in view; and is by far the boldest and most picturesque sight one has of this antique pile, clustering with its masses of ivy. We passed through the inner gate into the hall, and were shown about by the house-keeper, who acted as cicerone for visitors. She had all the paintings, armories and furniture of the palace, properly catalogued in her memory. Although we were bored by her particularities, we feared to disturb her order, lest she might return to her beginning. From the palace, we passed to the Beauchamp Tower, whence we enjoyed a glorious panorama of the surrounding country. Beyond the garden, in the greenhouse, the famous Warwick vase was shown, and a description of its fall and damage most faithfully described by the gardener, for which an extra fee.

The whole aspect of the castle is imposing, and its landscapes are charming. Here is that varied beauty which harmonizes in the unison of art with nature, and fills both mind and eye with satisfaction. You are carried back to the days of English chivalry; historical associations hallow this spot; and memory reverts to the olden time, when "king-maker Warwick" ruled this domain, which Queen Bess thought more suited to a monarch than a subject.

St Mary's Church, belonging to the family, is an object of special interest, from its many curious relics and monuments, illustrating the history of those "merrie days of England." It is prized for having been Queen Anne's private chapel, the interior decorations of which are truly curious and precious. Here, I first observed those marble sarcophagi of warriors in state; monuments which afford such curious pictures of their day, that they may be studied, with advantage, by antiquary and artist.

Ere this, our party was wrought to a high pitch of enthusiasm, occasioned by the novelty of these sights; and nothing would discharge their zest, but a visit to a printman, to obtain drawings of interiors of church and castle: so anxious were we to exhaust his stock, that lots were drawn as to who should be first served. I have often thought of that scene, and of the nature of that shopkeeper's after-thoughts. No

doubt he felt the advantage which he possessed, of being nearer than many of his brethren to the *locale* of that freshness and eagerness for purchase, which wears off as experience and travel increase, and the coin in one's purse grows low.

We calmed down, in that ride to Kenilworth, which led through one of those pretty, quiet bridle-paths often met with here. One is not fully sensible of the powerful impress of these ruins, until fairly within their crumbling walls. There is a poetic and ethereal fervor which electrifies the mind, when brought to the perception of the mouldering and fallen fabrics of the past, not unlike those phosphoric emissions which shine from the core of decaying matter. One's sympathies are irresistibly enlisted in their favor. A sense of departed greatness, the recollections of those glorious days of pomp and tournament, the mournful lesson of human frailty ; all unite to hallow the sight of this spot, and make it difficult to remove from the contemplation of what was magic in its creation, and yet still beautiful in ruin.

We passed thence to Stoneleigh Abbey, so called from the present Lord Leigh, who erected his palace over the walls of an ancient monastery. The approach was through a charming woodland park and garden. The cloisters of the court still remain, indicating their Saxon origin by the peculiar oval of that

arch ; and the new hall still retains part of the wainscoting round the refectory formerly used by the monks.

The collection of paintings and statuary is well selected ; the interior decorations and furniture of the most costly kind. Our return home, by a different road, gave us new and more pleasing views of the abundance of this fertile shire. We spent the rest of the day in strolling about the charming village of Leamington, the resort of the nobility and fashion. Its edifices are of so costly a character, that it has been termed, a city of palaces. The waters of this Spa come lukewarm from the fount, and in bitterness of taste surpass the most revolting species of horse salts.

Our jaunty tilbury rattles to the door, drawn by two spirited bays, and led by a mounted postillion with red coat, jockey-cap, and “tops ;” then, with a snap of the whip, we are off for Stratford-on-Avon. The very horses seemed touched with the spirit of the party, and as our gay postillion rose and fell in his saddle, he jockeyed as gracefully as if for fox or steeple chase. One hour or so brings us to the “White Lion” of Stratford, close to the quarters of the immortal bard. We first drank long draughts of our landlord’s bitter ale, and then walked a few steps to the “House of William Shakspeare,” so painted on

its pendant sign. We took in every word which our cicerone related ; and would have fought any one who questioned the authenticity of the spot. The very air was scented with the breathings of his muse : we believe that sign ; and, if any one doubts it, we took a copy of it. Few, indeed, are the relics of the poet, or his chattels within. Descendants have divided what strangers have not robbed. The walls are obscured by ten thousand names of scribblers. How few reflect, when gratifying their own vanity under a specious tribute to the dramatist, that the flies of summer may also drop their own insignificant ciphers, and burst the bubble of such ephemeral immortality. The floor and beams alone remain of what was once the bard's. Much more satisfaction is derived from visiting the poet's tomb, in that village church on the banks of the gentle Avon. The very grave-digger in the yard, performing his duties at a grave, reminded me of the churchyard scene in Hamlet ; and, when you cross the greensward, under the oriel window of the transept, to sit down on the banks of Avon,

“ Where our own Shakspeare, nature's child,
Warbled his native woodnotes wild,”

you almost fancy the brook to be *that* in which Ophelia was drowned, or the swan of Avon floating on the bosom of those waters.

We hired a boat and rowed on the river, to become more familiar with its dreamy shores ; whilst the illusion was livelily sustained by a cup of "good old sack," with the host of the "Black Swan," near by. We returned to the "Lion," and soon after dinner ordered post-chaises ; then were off for Woodstock, forgetful of the exorbitant charges of the inn, and its want of comfort. The road thither, running through a beautifully undulating country, passes by villages whose thatched cottages and quiet little churches are familiar to our early reading. We were surprised to find the land so thinly settled, and missed the presence of our neat and whitewashed cottages. What few villagers we saw, were huddled together in miserable hamlets, far removed from the scenes of their daily labor. The farms are let out to general farmers, who hire these serfs to work them, and are seldom honored with the presence of their lordly proprietors ; and, again, many acres of cultivable soil lie waste and unprofitable, for rabbit warrens and preserves.

About nine o'clock, p. m., we reached Woodstock, famous for its buckskin gloves, and put up at the "Bear," of which mention is made by Scott, in "Kenilworth." It is still no less celebrated for its larder and cheer. We were a merry party to discuss a venison steak, or a rabbit stew ; and, as we grew warm with wine and draught, we became patriotic ; swore

and raved about British tyranny and oppression, monopoly of landed estates, and the corn laws: a proper and healthy discharge of our pent-up democracy, which had been two weeks at sea, and only three days in England. I sat up after the rest had retired, and had a long chat with my host, whom I found intelligent on all topics of interest to the poorer classes. We spoke of the Duke, of the palace, of all matters of the day; until I had spun out all my recollections of English history, and charmed my fancy by visions of quiet English country-life, and trout fishing in the brooks of Woodstock.

Next morning we visited Blenheim Castle, built by the nation, in the reign of Anne, a gift to John, Duke of Marlborough, “the Defender and Preserver of Great Britain.” Its grounds and gardens are beautifully laid out; the order of its architecture abominable; its gallery of paintings fair, of which the “Titians” are peculiar and apart; the library well selected and rare: but its lord and proprietor is a drunken sot, an unworthy scion of his ancestor, whose whole conduct shows the absurdity of making those dukes who have not common virtues.

We rode that afternoon to Oxford, and had time to visit several of its colleges, beginning with Magdalene, where, in the beautiful refitting of the old church, we

admired a specimen of sculpture in marble, round the altar screen, which rivalled the antique in finish.

Among the mementos in New College, the Bishop of Wickham's Crosier recalled the primitive simplicity and persecutions of the early English Church ; whilst “Addison's Walk” seemed pregnant with the spirit of that model of purity and grace in literature.

There cannot be a more impressive spectacle than the “Main Street” of this classic city, amid the array of colleges on either side : no spot where such pleasing memories crowd upon the mind. Starting at the bridge, you view the river, which was once the ford of oxen, from whence its name ; and, as you pass each edifice, which seems a temple to some divinity of learning, each bearing with it its own hallowed associations, and gathering around it the halo of its great and wise, you pause awhile to gaze upon the Norman features of Saint Peter's in the East, with its curious old Saxon crypts ; and then, in turn, to wonder at “Brazen Nose” and the Bodleian Library, which seem familiar. You pass on to the “Hall,” where Charles convened his parliament, after retiring before the Roundheads from London ; and go beyond, to view that cross-marked pavement, where died Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley, first martyrs to religious liberty, whose monumental Gothic shrine is but a cold and heartless sar-

casm on that parent University, who educated her children only to burn them at the stake.

Christ's Church is the school for divinity; hence emanated the famous "Oxford Tracts." It is a curious relic of the ancient architecture of the town. We entered as the choristers were chanting the daily morning service, and were deeply impressed by the sweet solemnity of their well-attuned responses. In the chapel are some beautiful sarcophagi of worthies lying in state, and some rare old Saxon tiles imbedded in the pavement of the lecturn. To crown our visit, Dr. Pusey appeared, as we were leaving; he seemed a part of the antiquity of that church; and as he flitted mysteriously by, wrapped in his own musings or devotions, it was naturally suggested, how easily association with antiquity and a life in cloisters might surround a Roman with the religious goblins of the past, and induce new maniacs to wander among old tombs.

The quiet seclusion of the University has been lost in the din and noise of the steam-cars, which took us that afternoon to London, driven along the last fifty miles at the rate of one mile a minute. We caught but a bird's-eye view of the noble pile of Windsor. One is dropped so suddenly into the bustle and noise of this great metropolis, that your first impressions are almost snatched away in the excitement of each successive scene. From the moment you arrive at Pad-

dington until you reach the door of your hotel, one continuous, dense, and active population crowds upon the sight; and as you pass over Temple Bar into the narrower limits of the city, it swells into a tide of living heads.

I was first struck with those walking signs, moving around on two pair of protruding boots. The dense and crowded confusion of the Strand led me to seek new quarters at Morley's, in Trafalgar Square. The situation of this hotel is not surpassed in London. From my windows I view the Nelson Monument, with the statues, fountains, and the fine portico of the National Gallery; in front, Northumberland House, with its drooping escutcheon (emblem of its lord's demise); and, afar off, Charing-Cross, with its fine equestrian statue. My first sight and constant landmark was "Saint Paul's," with its ever conspicuous cupola dominating London:—mausoleum of lost centuries, and second only of earth's monuments, which ranks Christopher Wren next to Michael Angelo. Such vast proportions and magnitude seize upon the soul, and lead our thoughts to heaven. The impress of Divinity is potent under such sublimity of form.

The English are a church-going people: on Sunday the whole town is afloat, and the Strand, so full on week-days, is crowded and thronged on the Sabbath. At Saint-Martin's-in-the-Fields, I listened to a

sermon by Archdeacon Robinson. I observed no peculiarity in the forms of worship, other than those representatives of royalty in the persons of two portly beadle, with their uniforms of red, supporting their maces with dignity.

We strolled, after church, to the New Houses of Parliament, still in progress, which, when finished, will present a fine front on the Thames. Parliament-street contains, with Lombard, most of the government buildings. Westminster Bridge, which is the nearest to the House of Commons, gives a pleasing view of life on the Thames, and a grand diorama of the distant city. Passing thence through Regent's to Hyde Park, we come to the Hyde Park Corner and Apsley House, nearly opposite which, is that celebrated equestrian statue of the Duke, so cleverly and justly caricatured by *Punch*.

Next morning we attended the review of the Horse Guards, commanded by Lord Londonderry, which is one of the best equipped bodies in England, and made up of picked men. The presence of the Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia, lent some interest to the occasion. We were somewhat amused at his Highness's indifference, as his mien indicated that such reviews were matters of course at home.

Thence we went to Kensington Palace and Gardens. These grounds, which lie close to the Serpen-

tine River (the resort of fashionable suicides, who are kindly provided by the Humane Society with a boat), are prettily laid out in walks and flower beds, and much frequented by ladies, who stroll here awhile in the morning. Passing out, by the lower gate of the Park, we stopped a moment to view the lancers at their morning drill, and there took the omnibus. In a few minutes we were at the Poet's Corner, on our way to Westminster Abbey. The secluded nook of the poets' monuments first claims notice on entering, and our poetic associations make us familiar with the bust of the great within.

The next object of interest is the superb Chapel of Henry the Seventh. Too many have already done justice to the beauties of this hallowed spot. Those silent and powerful feelings which arise spontaneously, and are suggested by a contact with things sacred, are the meetest tribute which can be paid by the scholar or the traveller.

From "grave to lively," I was led to visit Madame Tussaud's collection of wax-figures in the evening. In doing this I was guided more by a taste for the absurd than any hope of improvement in art. It is sometimes well to watch the trivial springs of our minor actions, which account for the successful workings of humbug. I was curious to observe its relation with English character, and was satisfied to learn that the type of Mrs.

Jarley, in London, stood no less marked than its anti-type, the mermaid, at Barnum's, in New-York.

Who goes for the jolly life of London, let him walk to Hungerford landing, and jump aboard one of the halfpenny or twopenny ferries which ply the river in all directions. It is a constant scene of diversion, to drop indifferently on any one, and go wherever it may please. You get a glimpse of all the buildings by the water's edge, and as you run under the bridges, your steam-tub most respectfully doffs his pipe, as if in reverence to the Queen's authority. Besides, it is the nearest way of going to the Tower; or you may stop at London Bridge, and walk through Lower Thames-street, to view the shipping and docks, with the wine-vaults.

At the Tower, you take a yeoman guide, equipped in his proper dress and halberd, who shows you the Armory and Sir Walter Raleigh's prison. The collection is interesting, so far as it presents a historical view of the use, abuse, and discontinuance of all arms and weapons of war, from earliest times to the period of Charles the Second; and you may see there some curious instruments for the torture of poor prisoners, or for the extortion of evidence under the rack. The regalia in the jewel-room are worthy of notice merely from their association with the wearers. My sympathies were most enlisted for the head which once

rested in the crown of Anne Bullen. Passing thence across the court-yard, that dark stain on the pavement marks the spot where queens were beheaded. The old Tower Church beyond tells of the burial of those victims who died here under confinement; and that gloomy recess in the wall within, shows marks of a scaffolding where males were executed. As you approach the outer gate, your guide whispers that two little princes were murdered in that room; and, just above, he points his staff at the little grated window, where Queen Elizabeth was *only* once confined.

What a memorial of murder, tyranny, and blood is that Tower!

A walk through Wapping soon brought me to the Tunnel. It is a very damp walk for a stranger, under the oozing bed of the Thames; whilst one has visions of sea-weed, soft-shelled clams, and of drowning, for you are literally over your head in water. In the alcoves of the arches are little shops for the sale of trinkets and "Dioramas of the Tunnel." Their women shopkeepers told me their abodes were rather moist, and sales very slow.

I returned again to London Bridge, and walked into Saint Paul's, for an interior. There is a disgraceful charge of four shillings and sixpence for visiting all parts of this church, and no one should pay it for trying to catch a panorama of London from the Ball,

through a fog ; but stay down stairs, pay twopence to the saucy gruff sexton or beadle, and study the noble proportions of the interior, the perfect curvature of the dome, and the many grand monuments which adorn the walls and niches ; but do not forget the tomb of the builder.

I met a friend as I stepped out of Saint Paul's ; we went quietly together round the corner, into the "Black Swan," famous for its porter, and regaled ourselves with "heavy wet," and "half-and-half." You want a friend to tell you where to get beefsteaks in London, especially if you are lodging at your inn. We went afterwards to the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square, not to hurry over the water colors, but to admire that collection of paintings which has some choice gems of the Old Masters that often haunt you, even among the galleries of Italy.

Grisi sang at Covent Garden in the evening. The company this winter was far better selected than that of the Opera, although Jenny Lind was there. Grisi never was surpassed in *Norma*, for she has that rare combination of physique and voice necessary to perfect a singer. Her acting was inimitable and epic, and *Casta Diva* was uttered in the fulness of her powers. The house was so crowded that we were obliged to stand during the whole evening ; but our fatigue was forgotten, under the spell of her warblings.

Next day was set apart for the Museum—the most noble institution, devoted to the pursuit of science, in Europe. Besides the collections in botany, zoology, and mineralogy, those of antiquities and Elgin marbles are the most remarkable and interesting in the world. One could spend weeks in the examination of its curiosities, without entering within the treasures of the library.

Within Temple Bar stands Temple Church, a relic of the Crusaders, built after their return, from the original of the Holy Cross, at Jerusalem, which, with its modern additions, completes a perfect structure.

We whiled away most of the morning in viewing its monuments, which, during the recent renovation of the edifice, were restored and set aside in the outer gallery of the vestibule. In cleaning the pillars which support the roof, they were discovered to be of Purbeck marble, which had been whitewashed during the Rebellion, to prevent their destruction, and the ruin of some beautifully sculptured effigies of the knights on the floor.

In the evening of that day I attended the Royal Opera, and heard Jenny Lind in “Roberto il Diavolo.” She sang charmingly; her voice was of the purest tone; and she so chaste, so classic in her style. The house was crowded to excess, and even many women stood during the whole opera, often supporting them

selves on the backs of the chairs, or hanging barely by a precarious foothold. Never was an audience so enthusiastic, or in such a furor. I had never a conception before of the susceptibility of the human voice, and in some passages her warblings approached to the voluptuous richness of the nightingale. There were some notes of such poetic beauty, that they seemed to flow from the recesses of her heart, not unlike rays through an oriel window, on which a thought might wing its way to heaven.

Castellan sang in company, but was lost between the Queen and Jenny ; so great were the fascinations of this songstress, that even the ballet could not retain those who were contented to retire with the opera.

The Queen was a constant attendant during the entire season, and on all occasions, excepting the state visits, keeps herself somewhat withdrawn from the audience : at such stated times, her presence is noticed by the National Anthem, and her maids then have to stand during the entire evening.

Saturday night is that which displays the outpouring of the overteeming population of the town ; gin shops become splendidly illuminated palaces, pouring out of their windows the blaze of that hell which rages with destruction and ruin to the victims within. The Strand is filled to overflowing with innumerable

wretches, of both sexes, and crowds of honest laborers returning homeward with their hard-earned wages. The shops are brilliant with the display of goods under rich gas-lights, and industry is active in supplying the increased demand. All is bustle, confusion, din, and noise ; and increases until the first hours of the Sabbath, when it becomes not unlike darkness itself, more confused and obscure just previous to the very opening of the approaching day.

Contrasted with the confusion of the "City," Hyde Park displays its array of equipages, about five o'clock in the afternoon, when attention is divided between the horsemanship of the riders and the idea of wealth and luxury expressed by the crowds of vehicles which slowly roll through the avenues of the Park. There appeared an air of general indifference and satiety in the faces of all the women of rank ; but very little of beauty in the countenances of those pussy dowagers and listlessly pouting young ladies. I must say the flunkies and the footmen were the only correct things, and under the magnificence of the occasion, there was a good smattering of *Vanity Fair*.

Get tickets of admission from your banker, spend an hour waiting in the anteroom, and you may pass a profitable evening until midnight, listening to the debates of the Commons. There is a free and easy manner in the House, and cosiness of discussion, which

suits the character of an old established form. Most of the members have their hats on ; some one or two lovingly embrace the Speaker, and are tapping him quietly on the shoulder :—a few uncouth postures establish the dignity of the order. Loud talking and “hear him” interrupt the sentences of the orator on the stand. The Portuguese question is on, whilst Lord John Manners is sawing the air, and pendulating his body over the table before which he swings. A whining schoolboy of our village might equal his powers of declamation. Lord George Bentinck followed, with as few graces of oratory or diction ; and Macaulay *alone* was listened to with attention, for his words were earnest, and his ideas were the easy offspring of a well-stored mind. That House of Commons was by no means as dignified as our Lower House, and little less can be said.

A day or two afterwards, we took the cars at Nine Elms, for Richmond ; and thence by omnibus, passing by Strawberry Hill, to Hampton Court. This palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey, and presented by him to Henry VIII. Many of its paintings are excellent ; but are chiefly portraits of the royal families, and distinguished nobles. Raphael’s cartoons are hung, in ragged outline, round the walls of its beautiful chapel. The grounds are prettily laid out, and embrace an extent of miles, but they are seldom frequented by the

royal family. You can return by another route to Nine Elms, and thence to London by the river, passing by Chelsea, Vauxhall Garden, and Lambeth Palace.

Having nearly exhausted London, we made preparations for our departure. In settling your hotel bill, in England, you avoid much annoyance by ordering the service to be included. This charge, though trifling, after the exorbitant prices of first-class lodgings, is unjust, because the servants receive no portion of it. Pay it therefore with a good grace, or you will be beset by the waiter, chambermaid, "boots" and porter. At Surryside you take the cars for Dover. You will be charmed with the regularity and police of all the English railroads: no one can take any other than first class in England, who wishes to travel with ease. The second have no cushions, your baggage goes over your seat; and you are impelled at the rate of forty, or more miles, the hour.

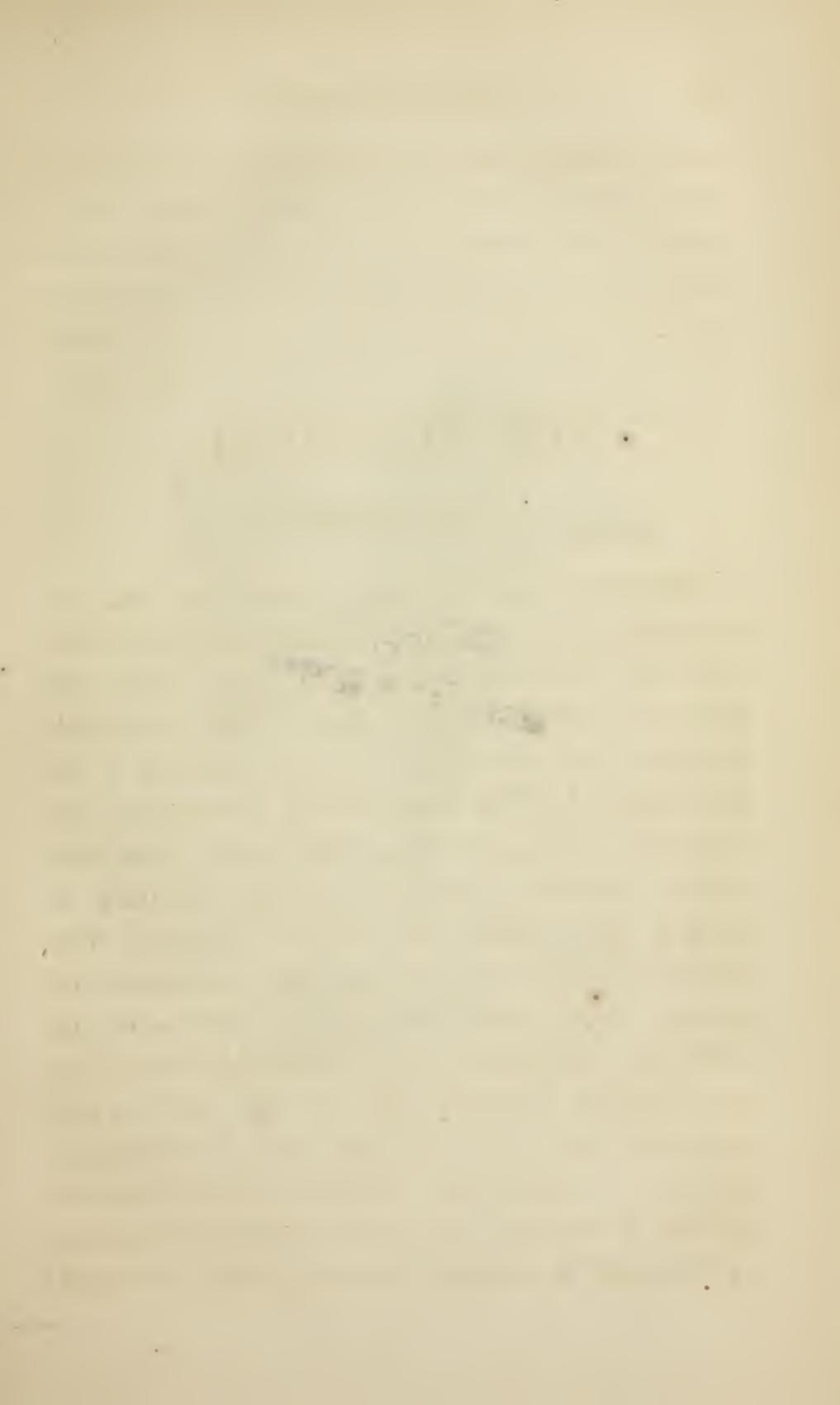
This road passes through a very pretty section of the country, and gives frequent opportunities of viewing the chalk formations. There are no less than five tunnels on the way to Dover, which could only have been excavated in chalk. We reached Dover before sunset, and caught a glimpse of its position, as it is nestled between the castle, which crowns its promontory on the east, and the Shakspeare cliff which limits its western aspect. We can commend the

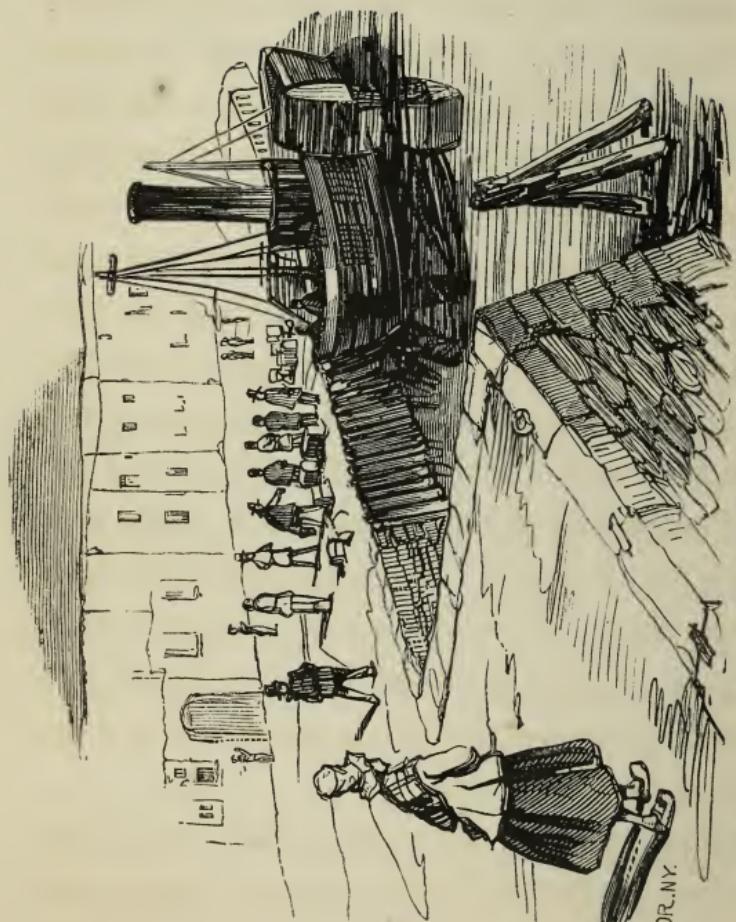
“Clarendon,” though small, as comfortable and good; for we spent the night in it, before we took leave of “merrie England;” a term which we have never seen applied with propriety by any other writer but Shakspeare; and which we deem inappropriate since the middle ages.

THE CONTINENT.

THE CHANNEL.

THE incontinent and fickle North Sea was evidently intended, by Nature, as a compensation for that want of rock-bound coast which characterizes the frontiers of Belgium and Holland. That formidable barrier of waves, rolling in long deep furrows to the land, swells from the magnitude of a continent; and breaks the monotony of those ideas which have been fostered amid the comforts and strict economy of English life. Those four hours of crossing, from Dover to Ostend, were pregnant with merriment and mishaps, which made us forget the horrors of the “Manche;” and opened our minds for the perception of new pleasures, and fresh joys. In fact, the sea was very calm; and only one angry swell, at the haven, caused us to wish for the light-house, and to welcome the flats of Flanders. We were besieged, on landing, by a crowd of animated Flemings, who, no doubt,





Landing at the Haven of Ostend.

MAJOR, N.Y.

mistook us for Englishmen ; but soon found they had a cargo of live Yankees. Here, indeed, the interest of foreign travel commences, the manners and customs of the people become peculiar, and every object noticeable.

Their women wear very high caps and sabots ; and their blouse gowns, overhung by tidy spencers, with ruffled tucks skirting their waists, under the folds of a small shawl, gave them a very marine and washer-woman aspect. From infancy, they are accustomed to those heavy wooden shoes, in which they trot over their pebble-paved ways that are all street, and no sidewalk. Their neatly built houses, with high gables and tiny tiled roofs, indicate a Flemish landscape ; and their language is such a gibberish of patois, as if Germany and France had flown across the country, and melted down into Flanders. We soon walked through their little territory ; and whilst waiting the inspection of our baggage, partook of a rare dinner of Kraut and Paprica, which is a singular conglomerate of all the kingdoms, fish, flesh and fowl.

We hurried away to the railroad, but not a word could we speak of that unknown tongue, to these submarines. So we held out both hands when we took our tickets, and bid them take their pay. They weighed our baggage, when they learned us a lesson, that made us all resolve to travel with less in future.

This railroad passes through Bruges, by Ghent; and is conducted with all the regularity of the English roads, although at less speed. You pass along the banks of the Ostend and Bruges Canal, through a very flat country, in a high state of cultivation, and full of evidences of the industry and neatness of the Flemish. At Malines or Mechlin, famous for its lace, the road branches off to Antwerp, at which town we arrived about ten o'clock at night outside the walls. We had no sooner entered the gates, than our vehicle was stopped; and an official, surveying us by the light of his lantern, asked us, "Messieurs, avez vous quelque chose à déclarer?" when finding we had not, he let us pass unmolested into the city to the "Hôtel du Parc," kept by M. Lapré.

A few scattered galleons on the Scheldt, were but a poor representation of its former commercial importance, in the sixteenth century, when Antwerp had 200,000 inhabitants. On the opposite shore of the river is the famous "tête de Flandre." Many of its houses show the presence of its ancient lords, the Spaniards; and its fine quays are among the traces of Napoleon's greatness. The fortifications, which once encircled the city, have been partially destroyed; although they still bear the marks of the gallant defence of Lasses, whose bravery and chivalry enlisted the noble sympathies of his conqueror Gerhard.

The Cathedral of our Lady is one of the noblest constructions in northern Europe, and its tower is remarkable for its easy grace. It is so surrounded by low and crazy tenements, that much of the effect of its beautiful portal is obscured. Its interior is simply ornate, and needs the picturesque costumes of worshippers at high mass, to fill up the nakedness of its lofty walls. Rubens' Descent from the Cross is the main ornament of the church, its *chef d'ouvre*. Its celebrated pulpit, "The Seat of Truth," is an admirable specimen of that art of sculpture in wood, which has been brought to perfection by the native artists of Antwerp, whose chief was Quentire Matys.

The Museum, which has a numerous collection of the Flemish school, and abounds with Vandykes and Rubens, is of much value from its use by the School of Design attached: a large portion of its walls are hung with paintings of the earlier periods, which are historical of the progress of art in this country. As Rubens is the sole pride of Antwerp, his works abound in all its churches; and, in Rubens-street, his family residence still remains.

The most beautiful in its interior, and richest in art, is the church of Saint Jacques; whilst there are few in Europe, which possess such costly objects and splendid monuments. Here is the celebrated "Chapeau de Paille," a painting in which Rubens' family is intro-

duced, and beyond it his unfinished monument. The marble carvings in this church are extremely elaborate ; and the Altar of the Holy Sacrament is of rare beauty in the design of the marble balustrade, sculptured in graceful combinations of the vine and grape, entwining some exquisitely finished cherubs.

Saint Barromeo, which was built chiefly at Rubens' expense, has many rich and finished designs in wood ; and is especially worthy of notice for the panels of the gallery, which are carved with scenes from the life of our Saviour.

Saint Paul's has a curiously wrought Calvary attached to the church. Its interior has little remarkable after a look into the other churches : whilst viewing its paintings we watched an exposition of relics, and were favored by a sight of the Apostle's jaw-bone, which was held out for the adoration and kisses of the devout, at the moderate tax of a centime. One is struck at the frequency of the shrines which are hung at the corners of the streets. You meet many picturesque groups of people scattered about the market-places and the cafés. The complexion of the women is fair, and of a softer hue and expression than is generally observed among the Dutch. Their out-door habits fit them peculiarly for the study of the artists ; and it requires little effort to make *them* happy and fit

subjects for the sketch-book, who are naturally so adaptive and easy in the walks of their daily life.

Outside the walls are the Gardens of the Musical Society, whither the inhabitants resort for their afternoon stroll. A fine band of music was discoursing popular overtures and waltzes under the porches of the Pavilion, whilst many groups were scattered over the grounds, engaged at coffee and the enlivening dance.

A visit to the dance-house in the city will well repay the lover of those merry interiors, in which Teniers is so happy, and of which Flanders alone furnishes the originals.

On the whole, no one fails to be pleased with Antwerp: a city which unites all the peculiarities and raciness of Flemish life. That striking impression which takes possession of your senses, is not one of mere novelty. The noble simplicity of the Dôme, the magnificence of its temples, the charming naïveté of boorish nature, the picturesque groupings of its people, the quaint character of its edifices and perfection of its school of art, unite to form a new and harmonizing whole, and stamp their images in such pleasing combinations on the memory, that one recurs to that first vision, even amid the brighter skies and more brilliant display of art in sunny Italy.

With regret, therefore, the stranger quits Flanders; for there is satisfaction in the study of a people, whose

characteristic features are those of industry and contentment. I saw no beggars in Antwerp, save the priests, and a few superannuated cripples who sat at the “beautiful gate of the temple.”

You return to Mechlin to get a view of its pretty cathedral, and proceed on the direct road to Brussels. The aspect of the country was less pleasing than that observed around Antwerp; still there was the same prospect of neatness and industry.

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS.

BELGIUM's royal seat has a little too much similarity to Paris to claim any individual existence. In its eventful history, it has survived the terrors of famine, pestilence, siege, and a revolution which severed it from the Netherlands.

It has subsided into a population of about 120,000, and become a lounging place for the English, who seem to favor it from its neighborhood to Blücher and Waterloo.

We took a coach, the morning after our arrival, and rode out to Waterloo, by the Boulevards de Namurs, and were soon rattling over the highway constructed by Napoleon. We hurried by the Forest of Soignes, on to the site of Mount St. Jean, until we reached the famous cockpit of Europe.

Sergeant Cotton is a right proper person to show you the ground; and, as a living eye-witness, grows

eloquent while discoursing of the Duke. He knoweth well the positions and actions of the different armies at various turns of the bloody day ; and he will take you the 197 steps up, panting and blowing, to picture the deployment of the Allies and the French, on that field spread out as a chart beneath, and stretching over the undulatory and broken champaign, from the farm of Hugomont, Belle Alliance, and that hill behind which Blûcher hove in sight to change the sinking fortunes of the day. Your very hair stands up at ends, at his bloody story of that battle ; and your tender soul would sicken on your ride homewards, but for the ludicrous grimaces and rapid somersets of those little begging, velocipede imps, who beset your carriage, and force you to laugh outright, in spite of your sense of outraged decency, as you moralize on this unseemly display of legs on highways, and give your stivers for the support of a national establishment of paupers on the public roads.

We lodged at the Hôtel de France, in town ; whence our windows overlooked the park and the palace beyond. In our morning walk we visited the Chamber of Deputies near by, and found the members very comfortably housed, with excellent accommodations for their committee and reading rooms. In an upper chamber we found an excellent painting of the battle of Waterloo.

We saw nothing peculiar in the Cathedral of St.

Gudule, but some beautifully stained glass, and its fine pulpit, representing the “Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise.” You can spend a pleasant hour in visiting the lace factories, where you will see a number of homely women working this fabric, in all its stages, from the thread to the flower. Had they been any thing other than Dutch, I might have raised some poetry or sympathy on the spinning out of their thread of life into the patterns before them; but as it was, I found the lace inferior to that of Antwerp, and learnt that they made a *point* in Mechlin which was well understood at Brussels.

A terrible shower falling at the moment, called our attention to the want of side-walks in town; but that defect was compensated by the breadth of the overhanging eaves, as we picked our way through the middle of the gutters, to the picturesque stands of the market women, in the “Place” before the “Stadthaus.”

One has a melancholy feeling for the poor architect of this Hôtel de Ville, a rare and quaint old building of the Spanish style; for the luckless wight hung himself, when, in the height of exultation over his work, he was informed that the spire was not placed exactly in the middle of the edifice. Doubtless he fell a victim to his over-scrupulous observance of the “unities.”

Its fine old hall, in which Charles the Fifth abdicated in favor of Philip, has been converted into a

registry for marriages. Some curious old tapestries hang on its walls, commemorative of the life of Clovis and Clotilda. As you look out upon the square, you mark the scaffold on which Counts Horn and Egmont were beheaded, whilst cruel Alba surveyed the atrocity from his window opposite. Crossing over to the Court of Cassation, we looked in to see two modern paintings of great merit, representing “The Abdication of Charles the Fifth,” and “The Convention of Nobles protesting the Acts of Duke Alba.”

Thence we walked to pay our tribute of respect to the Mannikin-Pis, presiding divinity of Brussels. This curious little figure stands on the corner of the Rue de l’Etuve and the Rue dû Chêne. The story goes, that a certain Godfrey, son of a Count of Brabant, was lost one day, much to the grief of his royal parent; and, after great hue and cry had been raised, and much ado, was found in a peculiar position in this corner. The Brusselites call him their oldest Burgher, look upon him as a sort of Palladium, and dread, should any ill luck happen him, some evil might befall their city. A fountain was hit upon, to commemorate *his* memory whose life was deemed a public blessing, and that purling, tiny stream, issuing from below, yields a twin suggestion of a dilemma and discovery. Such is the Mannikin which kings have honored and emperors have crowned; a curious instance among many of the su-

perstitious crotchetts of a people, ever enslaved to an unnatural connection of their own happiness with some mystical influence, and a link in that chain of juggling legerdemain, by which royalty manages to delude its subjects into a forgetfulness of their liberties.

One is shocked, in Brussels, with their peculiar mode of trimming trees in the shapes of globes, pyramids, and rhomboids; a perversion of the true intent of nature, much akin to that fashion which once affected the form of English poetry, when verses were written with a greater regard to the shape than to the sense or metre. The absence of this fashion renders the Allée Verté one of the most delightful walks in the city.

In walking through the city, you do not fail to observe that every house is hung with a pair of reflectors, so disposed that all that passes in the streets is observed without the trouble of looking out.

A ride to Laachen is one of the few and pleasant excursions out of town—where one is more attracted by the reputation of Malibran, whose monument so appropriately suits the merits of that charming songstress, than by a sight of the king's summer palace.

Brussels, on the whole, has little to attract, because there is so little of nationality or of character peculiar to herself, and one is too much impressed with an idea of the neighborhood of Paris to dwell long on the manners or customs of its inhabitants.

The next morning after our visit to Laachen, we took the cars for Paris, having secured a saloon car for the party. Speed in travel is economy of one's pleasures, and permits you to hurry over that uninteresting ground which lies on the frontiers of France. In fact there is little to strike attention on this route, save the curious and fortified town of Mons. We were exempted from the usual frontier investigation, at Quiveraine, by the edict of the fifteenth of the present month. Beyond this, the appearance of the country is flat, and of a boggy soil. For the last sixty miles the land is better cultivated; and, as you approach the city, you remark that usual abundance and richness of cultivation which notifies you of the presence of a capital.



The Mannikin.

F R A N C E.

PARIS.

You enter Paris under those recently erected fortifications designed by Louis Philippe as defences against foreign aggression, but actually intended to keep his own rebellious subjects in subjection. How plausible this sophistry, and how fallacious his plans, subsequent events have proved.

On entering Paris from the north, one scarcely fails to be disappointed. Those narrow streets, low shop windows, blouse-clad ouvriers, and meagre fiacres, which flutter by your carriage as you are driven to the hotel, are a pitiful substitute for those exalted ideas of Paris which can only be filled by a long residence, ripe acquaintance with the capital, and a domiciliation in your quiet and snug little lodgment *au troisième*. Your view changes when you become somewhat *habitué* to the life on the Boulevards, discuss “*La Presse*” at your café, and your awkward and formal parlance

wears away, from your ease and intercourse among the French.

To enjoy the French capital, one must frequent some of the popular cafés on the Italiennes, throw off the Anglais, laugh over “Charivari,” attend the Gardens, visit the *Spectacle*, dance the cancan, douceur some member’s lorette, and you will do the *correct* thing, if you have plenty of money.

One who makes a short visit only should employ a valet-de-place; and a proper one was Rodolph, who was with us in our ~~ounds~~ about Paris: he is up to all the “*passant*” of the day, and will make your little purchases, charge only a round commission, buy every thing “*en confiance*;” after which you will be satisfied with his politeness, and return home amused to find yourself moderately cheated, while you esteem him only a little *less* rogue than valet. Doubtless a traveller led round by a “commissionnaire” becomes a mere automaton, and sight-seeing one of the greatest bores that ever tired the intellect of a stranger, whilst it woefully disturbs the dreams of one who has hitherto supposed himself a mere man of leisure. But some things must be done for the pleasure of the action undergone; and the quicker done, the more room for solid and mature reflection.

We began with the Bourse, or the Exchange: the exterior is imposing, and the interior is opened to the

daily concourse of brokers and stockjobbers. A novel scene presents itself to those who look down from the gallery, whilst one doubts, until instructed, whether he is present at a bear-baiting or a universal auction ; such is the din, clatter, hurry, and animation of these excitable Frenchmen.

The history of Paris is that of France, and a walk through her streets, recalls some of the most stirring incidents of her revolutions. We passed from the Exchange, to view the recently erected statue of Louis the Fourteenth, replacing that destroyed in the last "*émeute* ;" then crossed the market-place, threading our way through the crazy irregularities of ancient houses, to the spot where Henry Quatre fell, under the knife of Ravaillac ; we came out by the "Place des Chateuets," with its column erected to the victims of July, near which, a fountain pours forth refreshing waters over the monuments of the innocents, massacred on St. Bartholomew's Eve.

Then over to the "Isle of France," where fresh flowers display their charms, and smile in the market-place, under the frowning walls of the Conciérgerie, seeming like garlands strewn over the graves of the guillotined ; and mournfully, opposite stands the "Morgue," gloomy mansion of the drowned. What a sad evidence of human depravity is found in the fact, that men are sometimes pushed into the Seine,

that the paltry pittance of ten francs for a recovery may be gained.

To change the scene, one should visit the Goblins, mount the Barrière de l'Etoile, see the Hippodrome, laugh at Franconi, and play with the little children frolicking with their nice tidy *bonnes*, in the Allées of the Tuilleries.

The collections at the Louvre are a never failing resource of a rainy day, of which there is no lack in Paris. But if the sun is out and the air bright, take a Sunday for St. Cloud, or Versailles, a day when all the town is there a merry-making, and the "*grands eaux*" are played. These are rare occasions to observe the manners and customs of the people.

It happened a fête, when we visited St. Cloud, and the grounds were filled with animated and happy people, waiting, and eager to see the display of the fountains, which were to be let off at five o'clock. In the meantime, walk about among the temporary booths, erected on the green lawn, and by the foot-paths, and look in, and see the devices for gaining a sous from a passer. Here, you may shoot at a swinging little jackanapes, who turns furious somersets when you hit him ; there again, you may be weighed ; and near by, look at those theatrical women in shorts, tumbling, in ground and lofty, whilst they announce to you ; "*viola ! le chat, le double chat, le grand souris*

l'elephant ;" and all this, for two sous ; then laugh with these simple people, and observe how easily they are pleased ; the great secret of their amusement, which demands little effort and less outlay. Gayety is the dominant instinct of the mass, and the pursuit of pleasure engrosses all classes, peasant, sans-culotte, fop, and sovereign. Saunderson, in his "American in Paris," gives their picture to the very life ; truly, says he, " who can describe a people who call their mothers, *mares*, and horses, *shovels* ?"

One cannot stay long away from a sight of Notre Dame ; so grand in its own architectural proportions and its associations with the greatness of the Emperor. Here was the scene of his coronation ; on which occasion he presented those magnificent robes and vessels, which are shown you in the sacristy, and have survived the ravages of the Revolutionists. In fact, most of the noted spots of the city are associated with the history of its many revolutions, or the life of Napoleon, as witness the July column ; that of the Place Vendôme, the most imposing in Europe ; the expiatory chapel over the bodies of Maria Antoinette, and Louis, and their faithful Swiss ; the Invalides and the Magdaléne. Next to Notre Dame, and a model Institution, is that of the Hospital of the Hotel Dieu. As you walk through its various departments, you are struck with the perfect order and regularity which

prevails in every department, from the pharmacy to the kitchen. From the hospital to the church, there seemed a natural connection with the cemetery of “Pere la Chaise.” I must confess, I was disappointed with its aspect; and despite the memory of great names, which meet you among its many monuments, there seemed too much levity in the garb of these tombstones, as if the very dead were tinged with nationality. Those wreaths of perpetuals, which deck the monuments, are fresh tokens of friendship, and evidence touchingly those attentions which affection nourished; and they yield the only striking sentiment which that sepulchre calls forth.

From death to immortality, one passes from “la Chaise” to the Pantheon, for relief and comfort; that sublime temple of Immortality, whose every aspect and proportion is grand, and presence lofty. You need not those signal letters, “aux *grandshommes de la patrie réconnaissante*,” over the portal, to remind you of its object. You feel it is a mausoleum. Its interior is no less grand; and as you stand beneath the dome and look up to view the frescoes, high aloft, the spirit soars into the intent of its depictions, and elevation of thought bears you to those Elysian fields; and when you mount the top and watch the capital at your feet, that vast city stretched out and around, your whole soul becomes catholic, and you catch a ken universal.

In that same quarter of the Cité is the Hôtel de Cluny, a curious hospital of old furniture and meubles, gathered from the earliest periods of French civilization. No true lover of the antique will fail to be amused at some of those social implements and bijoux, which quietly tell out the history of their times.

In the interior upper rooms, many relics of the age of the Rénissance and the middle ages are spread forth, with models of old cabinets, porcelain, Sevres ware, and tapestry in its early art. The collection is well preserved, and presents a pleasant study of the domestic life of early France, whilst not one relic only, but several, hint at the ménage of the gallants of Louis the Fourteenth's Court. Adjoining this curious old building, which is still retained in its primitive style and order, are the remains of some Roman Thermæ.

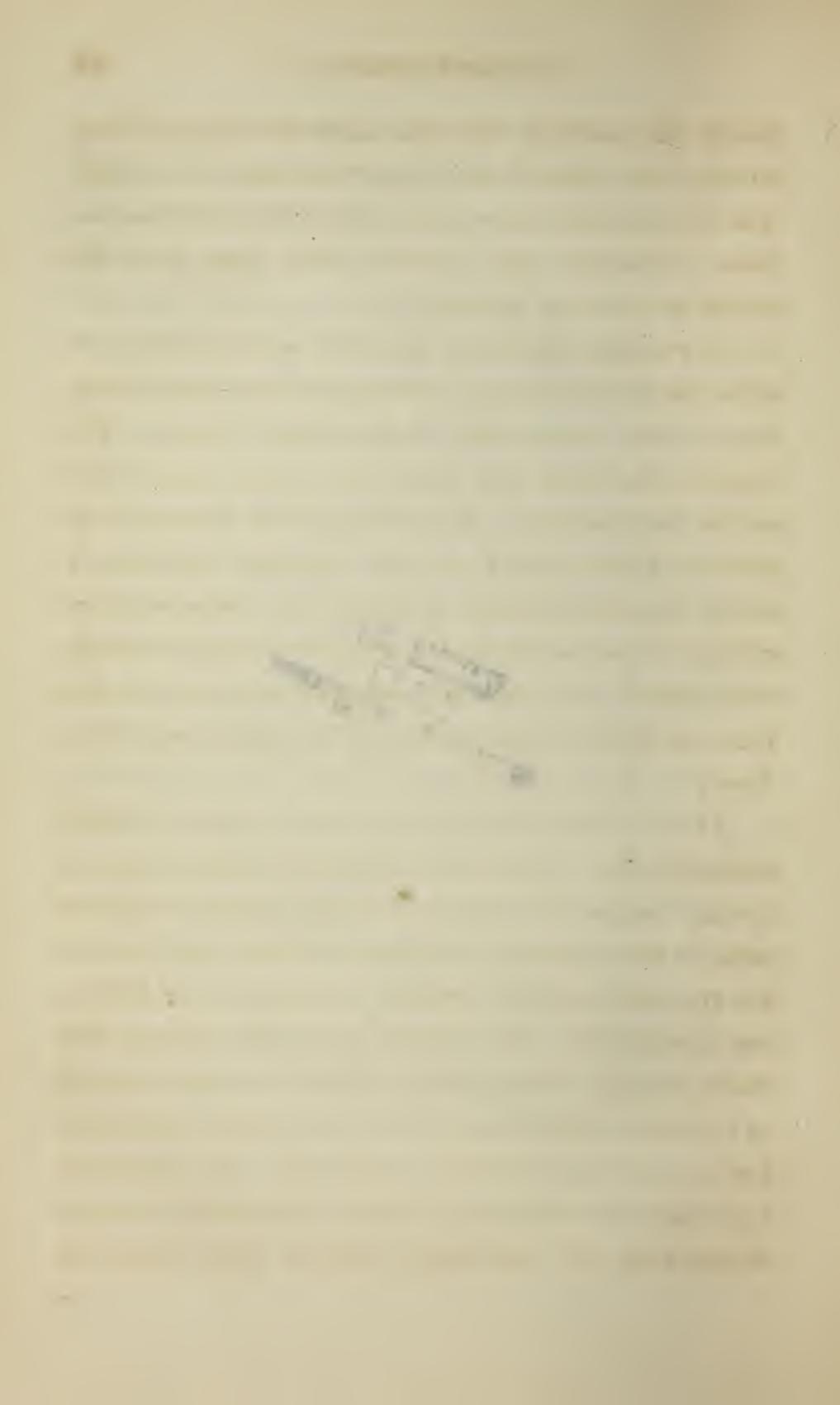
Few, who are given to sight-seeing, fail to rest the day with a dinner; which leads one to speak of the restaurants. Epicures grieve for those days, when princes drove to the "Rocher des Cancales." Phillippe, in our experience, has supplied its fall, and equals the more noted and dearer of the Boulevards, or the Palais Royal. Besides, one does not wish to be bored by English, but seeks the resort of quiet, full-fed citizens, who have made the reputation of this voluptuous resort in the Rue Mont-Martre, near the passage Saumon.

We quote, only, the rich tastes of his “Sole à la Normande” and his “Soupe à la Bisque.” No restaurant life would suit that man who counts his mouthfuls as he eats, and sighs as if each forkful ripped up the lining of his pocket. We would recommend the “Europe” to him, where he can get dog steaks and horse chops for twenty sous. A glorious appetite might ruin such a youth, and make his very stomach spendthrift.

He is cross-grained by instinct, who cannot be pleased in his daily walks in Paris. Your sobriety must be checked here, rather than your vices, where, with a share of good-nature and humor about you, you fall into excellent keeping with those thousand petits riens and absurdities, which hourly amuse you. Our daily habit was to hire a chair before the Café of the Trois Frères, where we picked up many little fragments of joy, and used to laugh at the coquetry of the garden, and at the roar of our waiter, whose “bon” for coffee made the reputation of that little glazed shop which protrudes into the court before the fountain. The correct thing is to take your cigar at another café, or sip your mocha on the “Italiennes,” whilst some one of your acquaintances is passing along, and you wonder “who is that pretty woman on his arm;” you may be sure she is only his *cousin*. Or for novelty, you may stroll to the quarter of the Fâubourg St. Martin, and



Dinner at the Café Empoisonneur.



watch the ouvriers with their grisettes tripping along so light, with their frilled caps fluttering in the wind. There are no grisettes at the Court End, for they become converted into lorettes when they pass the chapel where they worship.

A pleasant excursion was that to Saint Denis, to view the old church so desecrated by the Revolutionists in their destruction of the Royal Tombs. The monuments under the crypt are of an elegant and costly construction. That urn which contains the ashes of Francis the First, is the chaste specimen of art in bas-relief extant ; its design is a representation of the rénaissance of art, to which this monarch chiefly contributed, and, from the beauty of its execution, has been attributed to some of the early artists, even to Da Vinci.

The hot days of July made a longer sojourn in Paris uncomfortable. The next morning we packed up, and having booked our names for Fontainebleau, took our seats in the omnibus, at 22 Rue de Bouloz, and set off for the station of the Orleans railroad, on the way to our destination. We passed along the banks of the Seine, through many pretty villages, until we stopped at Corbeille, where we had our first trial of that lumbering vehicle, miscalled a *diligence*. A moderately high ladder introduces you into the banquette, but your better view of the country repays your fatigue in

clambering there. Our companion was an intelligent gentleman, attached to one of the Bureaus in Paris, and at his suggestion, we put up at the Hôtel de Paris in Fontainebleau. We had no sooner entered its court, than our attention was drawn to a graceful nymph ornamenting the niche of its portal, a happy omen of the good keeping within, and of the taste of its host, who did his best to make us at our ease.

After breakfast we visited the royal palace and gardens, and were much pleased with the ensemble of the parterres, gardens, and parks. Fontainebleau was the favorite resort of Bonaparte. We were also much interested in the secretary, on which a copy of his abdication was displayed, and all that part of the palace which he inhabited. The great stairway on the court is that from which he parted so touchingly with his officers.

The forest of Fontainebleau is first in attraction after the palace. We were carried thither in a sort of covered cart, to visit its most noted points and sights, which are variously designated as Mount Calvary, the Fountain, &c., &c. From many of these elevated landmarks you catch a view of the village lying far off in the distant landscape below. At the Fount of St. Sauveur we met an old *hag*, who seemed the presiding genius of the grove, ready to deal out lemonade and diluted eau-de-vie. Her whole life was centered in

this solitude. That little well, springing up under the rocks of the woodland, afforded her support ; whilst her little all, besides a few dirty tumblers and a bottle, was a miserably sad donkey tied to a tree beyond her, the very picture of patience and resignation.

Leaving the old crone to her vocations, we passed on to view the more prominent points in the region of these forests, once famed for the bold robberies committed, and then took a return route to the village by the way of some of the largest trees which exist in France.

After dinner we paid a visit to M. Billet de Creury, our companion in the diligence, and were regaled with a sight of a very valuable collection of paintings and Sévres which we had accumulated in occasional visits to the neighboring provinces, where, by a proper use of opportunities, he had succeeded in rescuing from oblivion many gems of art, which otherwise would have lain neglected in the garrets and lumber-rooms of the peasants and farmers. During the troubled days of terror and revolution many of the choicest works of the French school were removed from the capital for preservation.

It was midnight before we resumed our seats which had been secured in Paris, and we were snugly lodged in our banquets in good fellowship with our conductor, as jolly and rollicking a garçon as ever withdrew from

the dissipation of the capital for the benefit of his morals in the country. There are few of these conductors who do not fail to interest you by their history. You take their word that they were all born gentlemen and courtiers; and he is a beggarly wanderer who grudges him his proportion of cigars and eau-de-vie, or reserves not an ecu for one who contributes so much to his comfort and information. Right saucy fellow is he: has a word for all the girls and old bonnes he meets; he rides his circuit, carrying the bag, whilst he tips the wink to the postboy, and hurries along the leaders as you are wheeled out of the village into that long, dark, and dreaded forest of Fontainebleau.

We had some slight dream of the rattling and clanking chain of the drawbridge, as we fell asleep outside the walls of Mosceau. Next morning we found ourselves at St. Florentines, with a breakfast on bad claret and worse bread; but we consoled ourselves in the racy qualities of Jacque, who entertained us with his young days in Paris, until we believed that the route from Paris to Lyons was the best conducted in all France. Thus we rode on through a delightful country, full of the vine and abundance, and glowing in all that warmth of light and summer which fills up one's vision of "La Belle France," until we reached dinner at Semur, a quaint and perfect middle-aged town

impending the wild and now rapid Seine ; and, as we watched its queer old turreted prison, we thought of those days when Burgundy's castles frowned over the land, and the duke ruled with “ wassail and bowl.”

Another night, and the morning broke upon us at Châlons. Here we took a little steamer and floated down the Soane, picking our way in its dull and shallow waters. We were surprised to find so much interesting scenery, and now and then the ruin of some ancient stronghold, or again, on some sunny bank, a pretty church, with its sidelong tower, whence sounded the tocsin ; and thus, between breakfast, landscape, and steam, we ran until Belle Allemagne showed its town before we dropped quietly down and moored at the quays of Lyons, situated at the junction of the Rhone and Soane. We lodged at the Hôtel du Nord, near the City Hall, and not far from the banks of the Rhone, which afforded more comforts than most of French inns.

After dinner, whilst walking at the river's side, there arose a terrible “levant,” with the fury of a tornado, which blew so strongly that the whole atmosphere was filled with dust, and caused us to take shelter until this hurricane was over ; after which, we paused on the bridges to watch the course of the “arrowy Rhone,” flowing with its full broad stream between the two divisions of the city.

The manufactories are the boast of this second of French cities. Besides these there are few objects worthy of notice, except an excellent collection of Roman relics in the museum. Of the many pictures in the gallery of ancient and modern paintings, but few are good. The operatives in those rooms where velvets and brocades are worked expect a small gratification for your visit, but one must be sly in the gift, to prevent your valet from seizing his share.

The population is crowded into a very small space, owing to the narrow limits of the town, and one house was pointed out in which were fifteen hundred lodgers. The inequalities of the land lend a highly picturesque effect to many quarters of the city, whilst not the least interesting, is that stern old bluff across the Soane, where stood ancient Lugdunum and the palace of Commodus, whence he could overlook this once Latin capital on afternoons, after dining on peacocks' tongues and Falernian.

SWITZERLAND.

THE road to Geneva passes along the banks of the Rhone until you reach Bellegarde, where it is lost for awhile beneath a formation of rock. At Collonge, are those strong fortifications which guard the French frontier, where you cross the river amidst the wildest and most beautiful scenery of the route. Perpendicular cliffs overlook the path ; and as you enter the fortress, there is only room for one carriage to pass : thence you catch the last sight of the Rhone, foaming and dashing over its rocky bed far down in the valley ; and over the brow of the mountain, Switzerland bursts upon the view. What a change from France ! Yonder plain marks the labor of the industrious peasant, and neat farm-houses dot the roadside, where groups of happy people cheer you with their laugh. Far in the distance gleams Lake Leman, holding Geneva at the confluence of the Rhone and Arve, locked in the embrace of the Savoy and the Alps.

You meet crowds of intelligent travellers at the “Ecu” or “Bergere,” at this central point of divergence to Italy, the Rhine, or the Bernese Oberland. Here you can rest awhile to digest all future plans, and learn from the experience of others, resting from the fatigues of the season. Just opposite your windows grow those tall poplars on Rousseau’s island, and far off in the south rise the majestic forms of the greater Alps.

That plain old church which stands in the middle of the town, marks the spot in which Calvin preached ; and high aloft in the towers, you mount to command the glories of all the Swiss, a view which reaches far down the lake, and gives a panorama of the distant mountains.

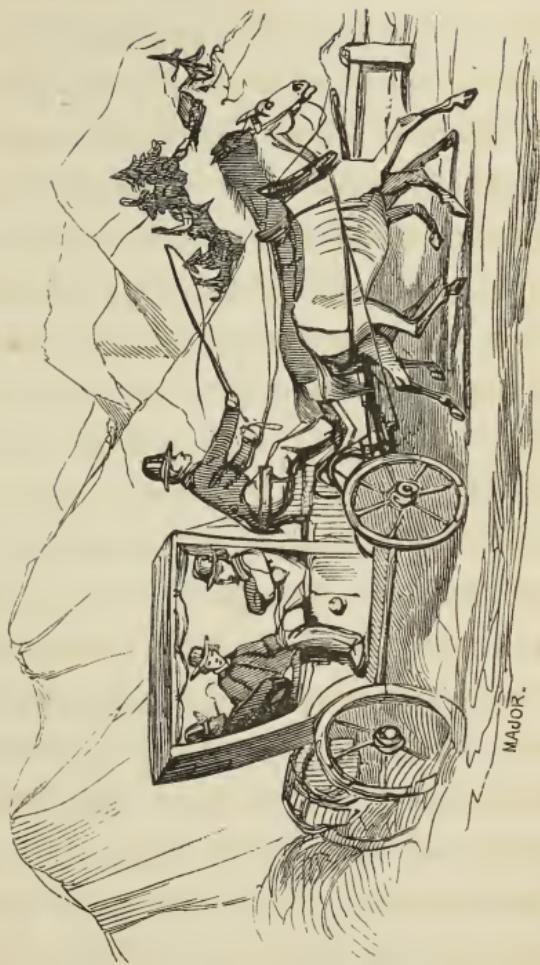
We took the “Helvetie” which plies the lake, and sailed down to Villeneuve, where the boat stops long enough to allow a visit to Chillon Castle. Go in, and see the bolt to which the prisoner was chained, in the immortal verse of Byron ; and as you return, catch a view of those pretty villages which mark the margin on the north. A day at Ferney will repay the visit, if but for the anecdote of Gibbon’s call. He and Voltaire were enemies. On one occasion, Gibbon left Lausanne to visit Voltaire. Having been refused by the latter, he very calmly seated himself in a chamber, and remained three days, hoping to have an interview. The poet resisted, and still Gibbon persisted. At

length, as Voltaire, walking as usual in his garden, perceived that he was observed by the latter, he ordered a servant to tell Gibbon "that he had heard of certain persons who had taken an inn for a chateau, but he it seemed was disposed to take his chateau for a tavern." Nothing daunted, Gibbon still remained. Finally, Voltaire having learned that Gibbon had caught a sight of him by accident, sent his valet again to tell him "that as he had seen the beast, he must pay eight sous for the look." Gibbon replied: "Here, my man, take these sixteen, eight for the one view I have had, and eight more for the sight I expect to have of him again." The poet, pleased with his sangfroid and wit, invited him to dine that day, and ever after they remained friends.

At evening, the fortifications are used by people as promenades; and from the mole stretching out into the lake, you have the best view of the chain of Mont Blanc. Here one lingers to catch those last and pleasing impressions of the lake and mountain scenes which are treasured up in your recollections of Geneva.

Next morning we took our carriage and started at early day for St. Martin. The road runs most of the way along the Arve, rolling its dark and troubled water, sprung from its sources at Chamounix. Its valley is highly picturesque, and those noble mountains impending its banks lend a sublime effect to its scenery.

The Mole now becomes visible, and frowns across the muddy stream at the opposite heights of the Brevent. At Belleville, the view of these mountain spurs crowding the channel is truly magnificent; your admiration increases as you cross that rich plain still overshadowed by the Brevent; and when you enter the pass at Cluses, you scarcely know where to escape from these high barriers which almost forbid progress. Thus your journey is gradually enhanced in grandeur and effect until you reach the climax, which is your first view of Mont Blanc, "the Monarch," glowing with its masses of snow, so brilliant and sublime that it defies all power of expression. You catch the best feature from the bridge which crosses to Sellenache. At this point the path becomes so rugged and narrow that one must hire a "char à banc." This vehicle of the country much resembles a cushioned bath-tub on two barrows crossed. In many parts of the road we were obliged to dismount and take to foot. You now pass into the very heart of these rocky fastnesses, and mountain piled on mountain rise majestically around. Whilst winding over the circuitous pathway which leads you to the summit, now buried among rocks, now perched on the brink of precipices, looking fearfully down into those mountain streams which break in white foam through their valleys, and dazzled by the glare of eternal snow above, you are relieved by a temporary re-



Char à banc ride over the Alps.

MADOUR.

pose at Nervos. Here one first observes those unseemly goîtres which deform the human face, and are so unsightly that few have nerve to regard them. Having baited our animals, we continued on towards Chamounix. The landscape differs little until you reach the bridge of Pelassier, where it increases in wildness and grandeur, and which crossed, opened to our sight one of the most fearful defiles of the mountain chain. At sunset we mounted a rock about two miles above the bridge, whence a gorgeous scene presented itself. One coup-d'œil embraced not only a panorama of the seasons, but all the varieties of the earth's temperature. Deep down in the ravine, the rich green of the valley glowed like emerald against that rocky foreground; the lesser Alps, clad in their foliage of sombre pine, rose around till vegetation fled from those pointed needles, clustering round the eternal snows of Mont Blanc, and towering with their pinnacles of glory above the golden clouds breaking about his base. The whole gorge, bathed in richest tones of purple light, contrasted with those mole-brown shadows of reflected sunset, whilst emitted flashes of the sinking orb gilded the neighboring peaks with crowns of light, more dazzling than the whiteness of their fields of snow. Shortly after, we caught a glimpse of the valley of Chamounix, nestled within the Savoy and Alps; and here at the very foot of "the Monarch" we

laid down our fardels, and retired within the shelter of the "Royal."

The next morning three demure donkeys were ranged before us, awaiting to be mounted by our party. We were, of course, pleased to learn that our appointed guide belonged to that celebrated family of muleteers who had been noted for sliding down the Glaciers on an avalanche, so that we had no apprehension of an ascent up the gentler declivities of Montavert. We rode up the valley of Chamounix until we reached the foot of the mountain, and thence commenced our slow and painful ascent towards the Mer de Glace.

Winding round the hill you catch glorious views of the far-off village nestled among those mountains which inclose the valley, until, at a sudden angle of the path, you are threatened by those bristling aiguilles which guard the margin of the "frozen sea." You do not appreciate the grandeur of that upturned ocean of ice until you descend from the cottage, to walk among its crags and crevices, and look down into those fearful chasms which yawn under foot, and show the abyss profound. We did not visit that "emerald green," where nature smiles the year around, amidst those regions of eternal snows; but were content to return to the châlet, to partake of savory bread and cheese, and crack a joke with an honest family of Dutchmen, too fat to descend upon the Glacier, and too practical to

view it by other means than a spy-glass. We started again from our inn at Chamounix, and had the same guide and mules on our passage to Martigny. We kept to the valley along the waters of the Trient, leaving the Glaciers behind us, and the Col de Balme to our right, until we struck that wild and picturesque bridle-path leading to the Pass of the Foreclas. The road becomes shadier, and the pretty little fall of the Eau Noire relieves the eye as you ride among the dark pines which overhang its banks, until you escape into the defile and look back to take a sweeping glance, your last, of Chamounix, the Aiguilles, and the Monarch. Onward, and the path becomes wilder, now running through tunnelled rocks, then over cataract and hill ; at times you are perched high above the mountain streams, and the sight grows dizzy over those awful precipices which tremble with the beating torrent ; and so, on to the Tête Noire, as your poor mule picks your way over pebble and flint, until you gain the Foreclas and its summit, whence that fine view is had of the valley of the Rhone, and of the ribbon course of the Simplon, stretching its length over the plain at Martigny. That Foreclas proved a true Pons Asinorum ; and the man who is not deterred by the various fortunes of the road, in form of tumble and kick, hair-breadth escape, and famine, is fit to travel to Dan, and need not stop this side of Beersheba. Tired as we were with that day's work,

we had zest enough to race into the village of Martigny, whilst we urged our donkeys at full speed, with stick and stirrup, eager to change our bemired garments at the first offers of an inn. Right glad were we to reach the "Swan," and no less so our poor jaded jacks, who showed their joy by a scream of most varied brayings, which shook the very hills of the valley and made them resound with their nasal travestie of the Alpine horn. There is not much to see in Martigny, for there is nothing in it but the echo and ruin, and one has little else to do at the inn but to order dinner, and study out that printed *carte* of prices which hangs on the doors of all Swiss taverns, and tells of the conspiracy of Swiss Bonifaces in combination against all luckless travellers.

We took carriages from this to Saint Maurice, and hired a guide, one Alois Schmidig, to help us in the pursuit of Swiss pastimes. A more honest rogue is not to be had in all Switzerland, and the fact of his discharge on the score of honesty, by a young Hollander, who had been travelling on the faith of his note, led us to hire him to escape aught worse. The road to Saint Maurice is somewhat intermittent from the frequent inundations of the Rhone, which give it the aspect of a lagoon. Those few buckets-full of water which tumble over the side of the mountain give to the Pisseyvache the faint image of a cascade. A picturesque hermitage and the quaint old church of the Augustine convent



Passage of the Foreclas.

are the only objects which meet you at St. Laurence, until you cross the bridge which separates Canton Vallais and Vaux, "where a gate divides two kingdoms." This is one of the grandest points of the road out to Villeneuve. A few stray peasants, trundled along to church in an ox-cart, rather surprised by the abominable shapes of their head-dresses, than afforded pleasing observations as to beauty or costume ; whilst not a few unseemly goîtres appendant to their throats, rather divert one's attention from whatever of pleasing they might be supposed to have of personal beauty or picturesque appearance. But Vallais once escaped, there is unceasing beauty in nature until one overleaps the confines of Canton Vaud, when you find yourself once more at the margin of Lake Leman at Villeneuve. One happy hour passed in sight of Chillon, and you are landed at Vevay. In a moment more you are ushered into the comforts of the "Trois Frères," one of the best inns in Switzerland, built on the bank of the lake. The charming position of the town, its delightful climate, those many pleasant excursions on the lake and in the neighborhood, with the concourse of agreeable strangers, render Vevay a most delightful resort in summer. You meet hosts of English snobs at the hotels—that singular class of economists who carry an atmosphere of fog wherever they go ; who, in spite of those comforts which they grieve for "at home," are

the most uncomfortable and damp-looking strangers abroad. Our society was much relieved by the presence of a stout dowager Marquise and the “bonhom-mie” of a gay lad from Geneva, who had fled to the seclusion of the lake to escape the recent troubles at home.

We spent several days enjoying the beauty of this sweet spot, and were delighted with those charming views which claim all praise and admiration, from the terrace of the fine old church of St. Martin ; and strolled by the shore walk, where every evening groups of fair citizens promenade near the margin, in sight of that pretty Gothic chateau of the Landvoigtei. As you ride along the banks to Lausanne, you do not wonder that Rousseau should have chosen such sweet nature to be inhabited by the presence of his Julie. The whole path runs through a vineyard, and gives prospects out on the lake, or over the mountains of opposite Savoy and Mont Blanc. The hotel where you dine has little left of the residence of Gibbon, or of those rooms in which he wrote the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Near by is the noble viaduct crossing the Fons, which divides the lower and upper town ; whilst, prominent over the rugged sides of the abyss, stands that fine old Minster Church, grand in proportion, and evidencing the transition age of the early pointed Gothic, from which you descend down some rough and

unsightly stairs to the quaint old Bishop's Castle, now used as the Canton Stadthouse.

The rain fell in torrents and obscured our ride from Lausanne to Moudon ; and night closed in, as we rode through its gates and descended at the antiquated "Stag," whose capacious rooms, ranged round a common hall, were large enough to admit a caravan, and chamber the animals into the bargain.

We were glad to escape from this hostelry, and even in the rain to ride to Freiburg, only baiting our horses at Payerne. On the road you pass one of the largest Jesuit foundations in Switzerland. You enter this capital under its queer old gateways, studded by singular old towers of defence. Within, the houses are guarded by strong iron railings at the windows, which speak of those warlike pages in its history, when each house was a separate castle. The rapid course of the Soane divides the city into two fearful chasms, over which two remarkably high suspension bridges are hung. That stream also marks a peculiarity of dialect ; Dutchmen occupy one bank and Frenchmen the other of the upper town. Many of the houses are built up the declivity of its steep banks ; and oftentimes the stream passes under the foundations of the houses. In the High Church of St. Nicholas, is that world-known organ, which has no equal except at Haarlem ; we were prevented, however, from hear-

ing its thunders from the singular reason, that the priest was engaged with a prayer for the extermination of all Protestant Swiss, and invoking curses on all enemies of the Sunderbund. The terrace of the Zahringen Hof commands one of the most striking features of the Galtern valley, on which the greater part of the town is built, and presents a series of the most curious geological *faults* to be seen in Switzerland. We can commend the good fare and excellent Beaume of mine host, for, certes, one warms into the appreciation of scenery, after a good glass of negus, who comes miserably soaked out of those drenching rains which often overtake you in a hurry, in travel.

The sun was setting, as we entered the gates of Berne ; groups of happy villagers were seated under the shade of those lofty elms, which line the road-side leading to the city ; and gay peasants, in the Bernese garb, strolling, in the cool of the evening, among the gardens and promenades which hang on the outskirts of its walls, enjoyed the pleasing outlines of the distant Oberlands.

These graceful Alps limit your views to the horizon, on the south ; and lend their charming features to that landscape which renders the situation of this Swiss Diet seat, one of the most beautiful and attractive in Switzerland.

Associated with some early legends, and connected somehow with the origin of this capital, are those rampant bears, which are still seen, on the city arms. Such favorites are these animals with the citizens, that an annual sum is voted for their support, and they are maintained as pensioners, for the diversion of the young, in deep pits sunken within the suburbs.

One is particularly struck with the profile of this quaint old town ; the odd construction of its houses ; those many red towers looming over its roofs ; its arched side-walks, its streets raised above the footway ; and the bold tapering needles of its spires, thrown in such fine relief against the clear atmosphere of its northern sky !

There are few cities which command so many mountain prospects or present so singular and striking an aspect, within or from without, as it rises on the semi-insular bend of the Aar. That view of the Oberland, taken from the Minster's terrace, is glorious ; and at its brink, you look fearfully down on the lower town, and shrink with terror at the story of that fearful leap, “ whence dauntless horsemen plunged below, unscathed.” A noble stone bridge joins the old and new town.

Among the minor attractions of the town, are its baths and the hour-clock, its fountains and its Diet, composed of those singular representatives of Swiss

honor, with their red and black cloaks, who look as if they strove to represent the division of their parties by their habits, or to unite their French and German constituency, in the double colors of their mantles.

There are few prettier roads than that which leads from Berne, by way of Thun to Interlacken. You can always meet with a “voiture de retour” to take you along the margin of Lake Thun; a ride which gives you more picturesque scenery, than a passage in the steamer. At Thun, the vivid Aar leaps exultingly from the narrow limits of its rock fastnesses, and bounds through the village, rolling its waters of crystal clearness and ultra-marine, like two rich veins, joining to mingle in the bosom of the lake.

High above the village, stand the picturesque ruins of its castle; and near by, from the opposite height, the belvidere of the Pfarr Church commands a glorious prospect over the romantic shores.

Midway on the lake you pass the ruined castle of Spitz; and the entire shore presents a succession of delightful views, and reflections of those noble hills, which frown over its opposite banks.

Unterseen lies at the foot of the lake; and with Interlacken fills up the valley, and that plain, which separates Lake Thun from Brientz.

The society of Interlacken is almost exclusively English. Its situation is unusually beautiful, and

climate delightful. The narrow lake of Brientz affords its charms to those curious enough to venture to the miniature waters of Fall Griesbach ; under which cascade you purchase those curious wooden toys, that are made by the inmates of the neighboring cottage. You return to your hotel, to watch the eternal snows of the Jungfrau, as it closes up the valley ; and glows with its masses of transcendent brightness. Its lofty and sublime peaks dazzle with the brilliancy of those icy fields ; and its summit blazes with a crown of light as pure as a vestal's robe ; a glorious prospect of what awaits you in the Oberland beyond ; a constant source of incitement to the pursuit of those beauties, which lie ensconced within the rocky barriers of those impendent hills.

That deep cut in yon mountain, marks your course over the plain to Lauter-brunnen. It is a rough and stony road for your carriage ; but your mind is too much enwrapped among those sublimities of nature, to be concerned about personal inconvenience.

Crossing by the Castle of Unspannen overlooking the scene of the peasants' annual fêtes for wrestling, you come abruptly to that high rock which blocks the way to the ravine beyond, and marks the spot of a horrid fratricide. The Boir Stein still witnesses that deed of darkness, in those foul stains of blood, that mar its surface ; and casts a mournful

shadow on the Lutchine's gurgling stream, flowing amidst the seclusions of that gloomy defile, the grandest in your path. About a mile from Lauter-brunnen, the Staubbach (or Dustfall) drops its graceful veil of water, over the shelving of yon beetling crag ; and in its long descent, scatters showers of mist and beauty, before it breaks its arrowy curve against the rough margin of its rocky basin below.

A short distance beyond a bridle-path winds up the mountain, in the ascent of the Wengern Alps to Grindelwald, and then pursues its zigzag course, increasing in wildness and grandeur, until the summit is attained ; whence you look back and catch a crow's view of the low valley beneath, and view the clear waters of the Dustfall, which now seems like a ribbon suspended from the precipice, and so slight is its pliant form, that the winds blow it aside like vapor.

At the relay-house you have a glorious sight of the Jungfrau, Eigerhorn, and other of the Bernese chain, whilst every instant the air rings with the thunder of tumbling and crashing avalanches.

Beyond this, the path increases in wildness and sublimity.

Our poor beasts scrambled with pain over the rocky traces of the footway. We were obliged to dismount, and walked, at times, through a drenching rain ; now taking shelter under a chalet, and again,

under those almost solitary trees which battle for existence in this wilderness of granite. We should have almost despaired of ever reaching a cover that night, but for the example set us by two courageous ladies, who bore the fatigues of this terrible journey with noble fortitude.

That night we stopped at the village of Grindelwald, lying at the foot of its glacier. We were entertained at the inn by the songs of the peasants, and the conversational French of some English gentleman, giving an account of his passage over these mountains; during which, we thought, had his ascent been accompanied with the same irregularity as his description, he could have chosen no better exponent than this conglomerate of broken and disjointed Gallic.

A bright and glowing sunshine broke over the summit of the Sheidœck, at which we arrived, as some peasants were assembling for the dance. The sound of simple melodies in this distant land was too potent for resistance, and no sooner heard, than we all dismounted, and joined in with the mountaineers.

Here also we listened to those lugubrious echoes of the Alpine horn, an instrument which defies all power of description, and claims no origin, except it be in the mouth of some ancient geological mastodon.

Keeping in sight of the Wetter, Eiger, and Engels-

horn, we hurried on, and soon commenced a descent into the picturesque valley of the Rosenlau. At its foot, that pretty fall leaps over the last steps of the mountain, and sends its rapid waters to join the melting streams of that sweetest of all forms of glacier, which rises at the side of the Angel-horn.

Beyond this, on the way to Mehringen, you pass the Seidfall, as insignificant, although not less beautiful than others, on the road leading to the highlands, and overlooking the village.

Leaving it, with the greater fall of the Reichenbach on our left, we crossed the plain, and entering the Boden Pass, followed the valley of Aar as far as Guddenée that night.

Crags and precipices rise abruptly over the rapid and boisterous stream of the Aar, as you emerge from the rugged sides of the Boden.

Mountain follows mountain in terrible succession, and these rocky barriers rise, like mural defences, against the ever lowering mist of their regions. Their stony faces are so moistened by perpetual dews, that scarcely foothold can be had for man or beast. The defiles become more narrow, the path more intricate; and it is with timorous step that you are led by the brink of some fearful chasm.

Misshapen and huge piles of rock strew the way, straggling in singular confusion of the road, until the

sounds of thundering waters strike the ear, as you come out amidst those chaotic masses, where the Aar leaps in its crazy fury over the gates of these mountain gorges.

This spot is the climax of sublimity and awe ; and as you walk out on that slight plank which overhangs its brink, you feel suspicious of your foothold, and tremble with the motion of its waters.

That sight is beautifully relieved by the contrast of its muddy waters with the clear and gentle stream, which runs in close proximity into the same abyss.

Passing thence onward, your admiration is sustained by the wildness of its margin, and the stupendous height of those overlooking mountains ; and all is grand and sublime in effect, until you reach the gloomy and sterile district of the Grimsel.

Our over-excited minds and wearied bodies found relief, even in the placid gloom of its dark and sullen lake. That dark sea seemed like a funeral pall over the death of nature ; and its terrible grandeur is heightened by the presence of overhanging cliffs, casting their long and black shadows over the surface of those mystic waters.

All here is sterile and barren ; and save the sheltering roof of the Hospital, its solitary inmates, and a few goats scrambling among the crags, all is deathlike and deserted.

The saddle-formed ridge of the Grimsel rears its gloomy head over the margin of that pond, and divides the path to Italy from the Rhone. You climb up its stony steeps, and through its perpetual mist, grope your direction to the glacier beyond.

Here the guide led us by his own instinct, sometimes over the surface, and at times by the side of the frozen sea, until we emerged from obscurity to the more accessible, but less firm base of the Furca.

During its ascent, you catch a grand view of this, the most magnificent of Alpine snows. The glaciers of the Rhone impressed us even more than the Mer-de-Glace, as it stretched its icy walls across the valley, and dropped from the mountain tops like a cataract frozen in its fall.

The summit of the Furca came after a tedious ascent, but not without provoking the laughter of a party of Austrians upon our appearance and the aspect of our fat friend, whose embarrassment on muleback was not dissimilar to Panza's position amid the Sierras of Morena.

We were indignant at this outbreak on our misfortunes, and would have stopped to settle a round with our guides, but for the peaceful influence of the cause of this untimely merriment.

On descending the Furca, you gain your first sight of the St. Gothard and its chain. A few wild flowers

now growing by the roadside afford a pleasing contrast to the desert we had passed, and beyond, the comfortable lodge of the monk at Realp gave us an appetite and zest to enjoy our hurried march to Hospenthal.

SAINT GOTTHARD ROAD.

We had now reached the St. Gothard road to Italy. We dismissed our guides, and took a carriage for Altorf.

The hole of Uri is no unfit introduction to the fearful wildness of the country beyond.

Shortly after passing this tunnelled rock, amid the howling of the wind, a beating rain, and almost enveloped by the low clouds drawn by the swift current of the Aar, we came suddenly upon the “Devil’s Bridge,” so terrible in situation, and so gracefully suspended over that dashing and furious torrent. Never was spot more fitly named, nor time more opportune to view. This road is one of the best in Switzerland, and is surpassed by none in the beauty of its scenery. In spite of the rain and storm its grandeur was ever prominent, and our interest was sustained during the entire journey, even to the environs of Altorf.

We walked over to Burglen, where a small chapel marks the birth-place of William Tell. The Reuss flows with its rapid waters beside the homestead, and

near the bridge, from which we viewed it from the bank, its current rolls over the spot of his untimely grave. He was drowned in his attempt to rescue a child, during an inundation.

An hour's walk brings you to Fluellen, situated at the foot of the Lake of four Cantons.

Four stalwart oarsmen pulled us to the chapel of William Tell, located about midway, on a ledge of rocks projecting into the lake, and marking the spot whence he escaped Gesler's vengeance.

Its wild and secluded position makes a sweet picture amidst those shelving mountains: and thence you command the most striking features of those waters.

Shortly after, we landed at Brunnen, from which you obtain a long vista down the entire lake. Here we took conveyance for Arth, passing through the very heart of Switzerland, Canton Schweitz, from whence its name, and in which the Jesuits have one of their largest establishments. I could not but be amused by our guide's contempt for such unnecessary expenditure in this poverty-stricken district, or by his quiet assurance, "that those drones should be driven away, and that college would be better used as an alms-house." These words were truthfully fulfilled that very summer, when all Jesuits were banished from Switzerland. We were struck by the many chapels

which deck the roadside, at which some peasants knelt in silent prayer, and counted beads before the image of the Virgin. One cannot but sympathize with the sorrows of a heart whose body suffers in the stormy trials of life. Far be it from any to scoff at these forms of devotion, but rather respect a feeling, even superstitious, as it may seem, which has but one spark of the element of true religion.

You are charmed by the pleasing landscapes which fill up the valley to Lowertz ;—that pretty village en-sconced at the angle of its lake, as it is watched over by two giant “mitres,” irregularly bold and abrupt peaks, which stand as sentinels over its beautiful repose.

The road now ran along the margin of this picturesque lake, and a short ride brought us in sight of Goldau, which still bears the marks of that fearful avalanche in 1806, when the Rossberg was shaken from its base and slid into the valley, covering its inhabitants and houses with the debris of its fall. The old, imburied town has been replaced by a new one. The whole landscape wears yet a misshapen and abnormal form. Huge boulders lay scattered over the plain, and are fearful evidences of the violence and force of nature when a mountain is set in motion by an earthquake.

The sun was setting over the Lake of Zug, as we looked out from the porch of the “Aigle Noir,” and

watched the last lingering tones of daylight stealing away from its placid waters, and softening the outlines of these distant mountains.

In that hour of soft repose, when the last waves of daylight roll from the face of nature, and the shadows fall dark and long, the soul is seized with the transforming power of creation, and elevated to devotion and adoration of such beauty. It is the gentle beauty of her lakes, which contrast so sweetly with the wilderness and sublimity of her mountains, that makes up the poet's idea of Switzerland. Magnificence and beauty are wedded in the birthplace of the Swiss.

There is a pretty bridle-path, which leads from Arth to Kussnacht ; and by the roadside, on the margin of the lake, stands another chapel commemorative of Tell, as it rises in association with the death of Gesler.

Lucky is he, who finds a clear day to ascend the Righi. I have known parties to wait a week to hail the sunrise from its glorious culm. We arose at dawn, and started with the promise of fair weather. Our party, mounted on steeds which would have rivalled the bare bones of Rosinante, commenced the ascent, and were fortunate in reaching the summit without rain.

The view from the top is magnificent, and extends over all that glories in the name of Switzerland. That



Descent in the rain from Righi Culm.

panorama, from its sublimity, beauty, and extent, has no equal in Europe. Lakes, villages, mountains, Alps, all lay stretched out on the face of nature. It seemed the very pinnacle of natural glory. It is one of those spots from which the soul wings its flight to regions of celestial bliss, and poised amid transports of transcendent joys, revels in those visions of infinite purity and love which magnify our relations to eternity.

We enjoyed the view so long as to be fully impregnated with its magnificence, and until a heavy and obscuring mist rose from the valley and spread its veil over the whole landscape.

As we descended, we crossed the mountain directly to the vale of the Capuchin Convent, and ere we were under shelter the rain fell in such torrents as to render our further progress uncomfortable.

That misfortune rather added zest to our sport, and as we descended in the rain, our guides assured us that there never was so gay a party, such good horses, or such *generous* men as the *Americans*. We, in return, so charged them with the ideas of liberty and money, that they almost swore they would come to the country.

That same afternoon we crossed over the spur of hills which runs at the side of the Rossberg, on our way to “Erèmite.” We reach Einsiedeln about night-

fall, and next morning walked into the church of the Benedictines, in which is the shrine of the black Virgin and black Child. One is rather surprised to remark this color of the Madonna and her infant, a discrepancy which was readily overcome by the discovery of the image in Africa.

This resort of the faithful is annually visited by one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims, who arrive, wearied and fatigued from their march, to drink the waters of life out of the springs which gush forth in the porches before the cloister.

That mountain has an identity with the Sermon on the Mount, and one fountain is the same as that from which our Lord slaked his thirst ; which one, the faithful even know not, but for fear of mistake they drink out of all.

Within the church are the remains of all the saints in Christendom, set in glass coffins, to be viewed in all their ghastly deformity.

We escaped from this scene of beggarly superstition, heart-sick with the mummery of that infant darkey, and were glad to breathe the free air of Rapperschwyl, as we came once more in sight of the waters of Lucerne.

The gentle shores of the lake enliven the roadside, which is richly cultivated with vineyard and orchard.

The pretty village of Zurich adds its charms at the head of the lake.

Zurich has many points of interest, but no peculiarity over other Swiss towns. The country about it is very flat, although in a high state of cultivation ; and the plain which you cross at the intersection of the Duchy of Baden, is covered with pretty villages. On the road to Schaffhausen, you pass through the towns of Jetton and Lotteson, which afford a strong contrast of misery and filth to the neatness and propriety of the Swiss.

The hotel at Schaffhausen commands a striking prospect of the Falls of the Rhine ; but a still better view is obtained by crossing the stream to the picturesque chateau of Laufen. Two pretty Swiss maidens crossed with us in the boat. They were dressed in the perfection of the Bernese costume, and seemed highly pleased at viewing those Falls, in whose neighborhood they had spent all their lives.

Owing to the many heavy rains, the Falls were fuller than usual ; and their effect was much heightened by a sight through colored lenses which gave to the same scenes the various tones and aspects of the seasons.

We rode on to Waldshut that night, and lodged in an inn which had been formerly the mansion of some royal duke. The next morning we continued on to

Bâsle, passing through many small villages, and by the side of the Rhine.

At Laufenburg this river has a wild and rapid movement, and at the mill the stream swells to the fury of a cataract.

OVER THE BORDERS OF FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

BASLE.

THE site of Bâsle, extending on both sides of the Rhine, was highly striking ; the more so, from being the first river town of note in our course. Its features are more particularly German than Swiss. Its cathedral is of a Gothic style, peculiar to the north ; and outside, on its portals, are two striking stone images, such as are rarely seen in any other lands but Germany and France. There is an excellent collection of Holbein's in the Museum, besides a good copy of the "Dance of Death."

We felt, however, that we were more especially out of Switzerland ; and in order to give full force to our German entrance, the whole party took to meerschaums and tobacco.

Outside the town you take the railroad for Stras-

burg, and pass most of the way on the confines of France.

The classic Dôme rises in sight for miles before you enter within this city, which has little else than the cathedral and its *pâtés de foie gras*. We mounted to the pinnacle, more for the sake of admiring the minute finish of the stone tracery of the tower, than for that dull view over the flats of the Rhine. The whole exterior may be deemed the perfection of ecclesiastical Gothic, and will live with the memory of Erwin of Steinback, as the noblest work of man ever dedicated to the worship of the Incarnate God.

At Kehl, about one hour's ride from Strasburg, you pass the bridge of boats over the Rhine, and here take the cars for Baden-Baden. This European Saratoga is one of the most charming spots on the Continent. Its central position renders it accessible to all nations; as you observe from the features and languages of its visitors, who are Jews and Gentiles, French, Germans, Russians, Swiss,—everybodies and nobodies.

Its environs are truly delightful, and your daily drives are to the castle of the Princess Sybilla, la Favorite, and up the valley of the Mungthal to the Fabrick. Every path through the town is a walk of pleasure. The old ruined castle, Eberstein, is one of the most delightful promenades, and commands a most pictu-

resque view of the country beyond the Munghthal valley, extending on fair days to the distant spire of Strasburg and the town of Speyer.

In the Cursaal, you can be diverted with a look at the gambling tables, which are open to the public. Both sexes are admitted, if foreigners ; but no subject of the duke is allowed to play.

In the evening, a fine band of music played in the open square, in front ; and the ground was covered with groups, scattered around the tables, before the cafés, smoking and drinking coffee. Besides these, balls, concerts, baths, and converzationes are added, to complete the numerous amusements of this curious watering-place. There was every thing here but beauty in their women, who lack even the consolation of making an uglier grimace before their glasses.

We secured our seats in the railroad for Heidelberg. The country through which we passed was well cultivated, and abounded in tobacco. You pass along the valley of the Neckar, and occasionally catch a view of a picturesque ruin seated on those hills which border the immense plains of this region.

HEIDELBURG.

Heidelberg is famous for its University, but chiefly for its glorious old castle, that frowned for ages over

the quiet village below, and still casts its shadows over the Neckar, which flows at its feet. In its ruin, it is magnificent, and evidences not only those formidable intrenchments of Baron robbers of old, but a beauty of architectural proportion and comfort which is rarely met with in the frailer tenements of modern date.

At evening, when the pale moonlight gleams through the casements of its crumbling walls, there is a witchery in the scene, which entrances the sight, and little effort of the mind is needed to revive the spirit of its ancient days, or to people its halls with vassal and train ; and, less than magic, to lull those soft summer winds into the music of gay troubadours, singing the lays of ancestral feats and prowess. It is a grand old ruin.

The famous old tun which lies in the cellar, is the same as that filled with wine at vintage time ; and, when holding its 800 hogsheads, then was the time for peasants to dance upon its head, at the crowning feast of the autumnal harvest.

There are many beautiful walks in the woods behind the castle, and glorious landscapes over the Neckar and its plains.

FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN.

Frankfort glories in the celebrity of its Goëthe, to whom they have erected a noble bronze statue just opposite his former residence. We stopped here long enough to see the “Ariadne” of Danneker; that beautiful statue, of such soft repose and grace, that it repays all the trouble which you have in seeing it.

We left this singularly Jewish town, which has been given up to commerce and old clothes, for Mayence, on the Rhine. This military post affords little beyond the strength of its fortifications for admiration. It is here you take the steamer, and commence the celebrated and much travelled Rhine trip.

VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE.

THE RHINE.

ONE has heard too much of the Rhine. Poets have sung its beauties ; freebooters, barons, have governed in its castellated hills, and under the name of lords protectors, have been ever ready to pounce upon their unsuspecting subjects, and rob them of their harvests and their freights.

The whole interest of the Rhine begins at Mayence, and ends at Bonn. In that space lie all its castles, picturesque villages, hamlets, palaces, and vineyards. These castles lend their charm of ruined loveliness to the beauty of the landscape, and form chambers of hallowed memories, in which all that is beautiful in thought and fancy lingers ; their ruined walls lifting their forms over the vine-clad slopes, are subjects for the pencil, and for works of fiction ; the well-terraced

vine spreads its mantle over its peaceful hills, and the naked rocks glow with the berry and the grape. Towns and hamlets speak forth their tales of ancient deeds of fearful wonderment and woe ; they charm by their histories, and combine with its rapid stream, castellated heights, pretty round towers, steeples, and vineyards, to hallow the associations of the Rhine ; whilst every object seen, as grouped by art and nature, tends to harmonize those feelings which have been cherished with beauty and nourished with religious care, for the entertainment of the heart or the inspiration of the excited fancy. All, indeed, is beautiful ; and fairer yet, at evening, when the moonbeams play on the rippling waves, and the fitful shades of light clouds break into fantasies of enchanted visions.

But there is a fairer river which flows amid thy hills, Manhattan ; and thine is a beauty which the old world knows not. On thy banks, sweet Hudson, are scenes of gentler mien ! and thine is an enchantment of more truthful force ; thy legends are not traced with the finger of blood, nor thy clear surface ruffled by the fearful waves of tyranny. The pure airs of liberty are wafted over thy waters, and the free people thy shores. Give me the Hudson ! The Rhine may be named apart ; take away its castles and those vines, its poetry, and all is muddy, turbid, and rocky. Avaunt ye visions of the Rhine ! keep your dismantled castles

as the watchtowers of sour grapes, and give us a lodge, even in a garden of cucumbers, in America.

COLOGNE.

Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Bonn, Ehrenbreitstein, and Coblenz, are among the many pretty and interesting towns which cheer your sail down the Rhine to Cologne ; but nothing pleased so much as the approach to this city, with the bold outlines of its noble Dôme, and its numerous church towers looming in glorious sunshine against the dark gathering clouds of an evening storm.

It was Sunday ; and all the town were out, and gathered about the gardens and cafés at Dieutz. Its noble cathedral, over 400 feet in length, with its unfinished tower, when completed, (of which there is little hope,) will form one of the most imposing edifices in Europe. That view of the city had from the opposite bank of the Rhine, perfects the outlines of its features and harmonizes the whole into a pleasing picture. I found the garden full of people, variously occupied at seltzer water and tête-à-tête ; and, strolling among its walks, whilst they smoked and drank, I listened to the music of the bands, until I stopped, with fixed gaze, to watch the beautiful effects of sunset gilding the spires

of the distant city. Cologne is, nevertheless, one of the filthiest cities in Europe.

“ Ye gods ! what stenches in your streets
The oft offended nostril meets.”

Such scenes alone account for the abundance of Cologne water, and nought but so stern a nuisance could have called forth the genius of Farina’s invention.

Although it was Sunday, all the shops were open, and the market-places full of buyers and sellers.

The Rhine ceases to interest at Cologne, whence its banks continue flat, monotonous, and dull, even as far as Arnheim.

HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM.

WHEN you first set your foot on Dutch ground, (if that may be called soil which is nothing but piles and mud,) you can do nothing better to amuse yourself, than read about the eleven thousand virgins who were drowned somewhere about the lower Rhine, and whose bones are so neatly classified in the old church at Cologne; but you must pin your faith on the legend of those vestals, for never since that day have so many maids been found in Germany.

No sooner do you approach Dutch territory, than you are reminded of their nationality, by a sight of those lumbering arms of windmills which indicate a Dutchman, as well as a hovering buzzard the presence of some neighboring carcass. These flying Dutchmen are not unfit emblems of the untiring industry of

a people, who, by force of continual pumping, draining, diking, and canals, have reclaimed a vast territory from the sea, and set up their cities upon masts from the forests of Norway. Again, honest Mynheer, with his pipe, is no bad illustration of practical philosophy ; and whilst he throws smoke in his neighbor's eyes, is all the while chewing his quid of lucrative and shrewd speculation.

Amid darkness and these reflections, we were ushered at night into Amsterdam, one of their most notable cities. Built entirely upon driven piles, along the arms of the Y, it assumes the form of a demi-lune, and becomes the very embodiment of the Dutch themselves, just saved between wind and water.

That grand view from the Stadthaus belfry, but for the Amsel and its bank, would be Venetian. Just walk out from your hotel and see the versatile movements of the people, their occupations, and their habits. You may take few by-paths, but much water ; you can go by wind, water, steam, or carriage. On water, you move by dreyschutz, scow, flatboat, or galleon ; and on land, by sledge, drosky, sedan, or sabot. Just look over the bridge, and see the jumble of a Chinese landscape, or fancy a Dutch travestie of Hogarth's false perspective, where you have trees with shipping, houses and canals, boats and windmills, all huddled together in delightful confusion before you. Truly

these people are troglodytes in ships' hold, and no less amphibious than the very frogs who croak to their evening repose. Some, indeed, go the *entire* turtle and always inhabit the water, and carry these shells, or casements on boats, with their whole family, including pigs, poultry, and cattle.

One universal feature of neatness and cleanliness pervades their streets and dwellings. The pavements are well laid, and the sidewalks, in small bricks, diagonally laid. Their houses are constructed of very small bricks, some painted in a dark lead color, and others left in the natural, with the most scrupulous precision in the pointing of the mortar. Their tiles are particularly red; their green blinds glow with the harmonious tone of the trees, and the whole exterior is very prim and tidy. To save the bruising of the front door, each roof is provided with a projective pulley and tackle always in readiness to hoist any furniture or luggage, which peeps out so funnily under the eaves, as if afraid, or on guard, lest something might slip in at the windows. With all this, it is not rumored that the Dutch are over nice in their persons; but, that their industry is striking and their women are pretty, is as undeniable as my own Dutch origin by my forty-ninth cousin.

The very animals in the zoological gardens bear out these specialities of propriety, for the very ducks

were sprinkled with the watering-pot, and the swans' tails were tied up to keep them free of the water.

The impression of Amsterdam is pleasing, and one leaves with an idea that there are some good Rembrandts in the museum.

By way of excursion, our next visit was to Haarlem, celebrated for its immense culture of bulbous roots, which are sent thence to every quarter of the globe, but *noted* for its grand organ, which was played for our gratification, and showed itself to be an instrument of great value and power. This pretty town sustains the reputation of the Dutch for cleanliness. In the suburbs are many well-cared public gardens, which skirt the line of its ancient fortification, and contribute with other attractions to render it a pleasant resort.

LA HAAG.

That same night, we passed on to "La Hague," known as one of the most interesting towns on the Continent, and holding a most agreeable court. The presence of the King, and the residence of all the foreign ministers, render it truly delightful, even for a sojourn of a few days. Its great attraction is the museum, which contains some of the finest paintings of the Flemish school; among these, ranks first, and *lives* almost on the canvas, "The young Bull" of Paul Potter; nor is it deficient in its collection of German,

French, and Italian art. In the King's private palace, there is also a fine array of paintings and statuary ; besides one of the choicest portfolios of original crayon sketches by Raphael, Rembrandt, and Da Vince, extant. My relish for this visit was somewhat lessened by the established tariff on admission ; for before you go out, you are astonished and shocked at the importunities of a nice, and neatly cravatted person, to whom in any other country you would have been delicate in offering a fee, but who in Holland—and in England, which she apes—under the garb of flunkies and lackeys, lead you to suspect any individual, who dresses out of the proper habit of a gentleman.

The old palace, opposite that now owned by the King, is shabbily furnished, and has but a poor collection of landscapes and royal portraits.

The museum, besides its paintings, has its gallery of curiosities, Japanese and Chinese ; and a sight at these royal baby-houses is highly suggestive of the facility with which Kings are flattered, and a nation's money is absorbed.

You have the most delightful quarters at the "Bellevue" before the Park ; and every morning avail yourself of seeing a review of Lancers and Artillery.

La Hague is chiefly frequented on account of its proximity to the sea, and the bathing which can be had at Scheveningen.

This haven is about a league distant, and a fine carriage road and footpath runs all the way under the shade of overhanging elms; whilst the avenue is skirted by a pretty natural forest.

As you ride out, you will be amused by the characteristic costumes of the fishermen and of the Billingsgate Dutch *fraus*, returning on donkeys, or with little dog-carts, after their sales in the market-place of *Haag*. Just as we arrived at the town, we saw a gay party from Rotterdam, as they dismounted at the inn, in all the varieties of fancy costumes, and ready to keep carnival at the music of their viols and tambourines.

In short, S'Gravenhage (its proper name), its palaces, court, and resident ministers, with its gardens and galleries, baths and libraries, society and manners—are so curiously and quaintly grouped together, that there is no wonder in finding among them so charming a residence. It is, in fact, an assembly of palaces.

We left La Hague with regret; and by railroad started for Rotterdam, passing through a country suitable only for grazing, and destitute of every object of interest, save those lumbering windmills, which beat the air in every direction. Schiedam, through which you pass, needs not any reputation beyond its *Gineva*, which almost stretches its length to the Port.

ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam is purely a commercial town, which offers but the attractions of its Cathedral, a statue of Erasmus, and that view from the Exchange which portrays the singularly triangular plan of the city. An hour in the market-place, and a stroll at evening, will give you a surfeit of its seafaring character, and its over-crowded populace. We were diverted by that class of biscuit friers, who exercised their calling by torchlight in the lower part of the town, and who answered somewhat in description to the Macaroni venders of Naples. Here we caught the originals of those strong fire-lights, of which certain painters of the Dutch school were so fond, and so apt in their imitations. At the wharves, crowded ships, charged with their freight of emigrants, were ready to embark. We thought of the possibility of meeting them again in America, and passed by, not without a faint suspicion, that in some of those vessels there might be the germ of a future President. These Dutch beat the very deuce for sourkraut and cabbage.

My companions left me at this point on their route to Paris. We parted, not without feelings of deep regret at separation. Forty days we had been together, enjoying the beauties of this land and Switzerland. Our various dispositions and tastes were blended in a

common admiration of the beautiful; and our perfect accord led us to a fuller appreciation of our travels. Schmidig and I left that afternoon, and returned to Amsterdam; they, to Paris and America.

We sallied forth after our first pipe—for one soon gets in the way of piping to time in Holland—and started on an excursion to Saardam; first having run up and down the wharf, thrusting our noses into every third house, and perplexing some score of stupid Dutchmen by our patois of adapted German.

We succeeded in finding the office of the steamer for Hamburg, where we took passage by securing berths for that port.

Returning over the delicate Dutch tiles, to the wharf of the Saardam ferry, we waited patiently, and occupied our leisure by watching the constructive economy of some Dutch pile-drivers, who were floating at work, on a very hazardous platform in the river, and were striving to shift a derrick, so as to bear upon the object of their labor. We could not but be amused at their awkward engineering, and ignorance of mechanics, as they tugged with a shout, at the ends of fifty ropes, whilst they hallooed and grunted as the hammer fell, at the loss of their pull all together; but we reflected that innovation on these habits might prove disastrous to Dutch character, and that activity and over-

exercise would be derogatory to the unity and complacency of Oulde Holland.

EXCURSION TO SAARDAM.

Our ferry started in the midst of our musings. As we crossed the river, we had the bold outline of the city before us, whilst we observed the numerous craft sailing over the Y, under the influence of a strong breeze. The land before us seemed wrought into tumultuous action under the beating of so many windmills, here used in every variety of manufacture, and in which capital is so universally employed, that they have usurped even the probabilities of employing steam.

Saardam, which holds 9,000 people, has lost its importance for its naval architecture. It is now celebrated from the fact, that Peter the Great here learnt the trade of ship building in early youth. Whilst there, he occupied a small house which is still shown to visitors, and over it the present Prince of Orange erected a brick casing, as a sort of mausoleum over the memory of departed greatness.

I was somewhat puzzled to retrace my steps after leaving this humble tenement; and, in my attempt to walk through the village, ran against some private fences, and barely escaped drowning in some of their

particularly neat ditches, spread aside of the cross lanes. I found no remedy but to return to the only direct and straight path, that of order and propriety, the main road, and followed it afoot, over the dike which runs indented with the coast and forms a rampart against the ingress of the sea. This was, surely, that “long way which has no turns,” whilst you have nothing upon these flats to relieve your sight, save those unceasingly flapping windmills, and a glance at the city opposite. At Bucksloot, however, we hired a carriage for Brock, and on the way stopped half an hour to examine a cheese-farm and its outhouses. This dairy is not only a specimen but a type of Dutch propriety and neatness, beginning with that tidy young maiden who refused a half-crown and a kiss for showing us the rooms, and descending to the last extreme of the cows’ tails, which are so primly tied up with ribbons, and hung to the ring in clear avoidance of aught of taint or filth. These cows are housed in winter, in the very stalls which glow with an array of the plates and china in summer. Such stabling, we will vouch, is not held by the sacred ox at Cochin. The same scrupulous neatness and care ordered the interior of the residence. Each room was a curiosity-shop, and although pleasing, as characteristic, appeared in very bad taste, thus evercharged with such gewgaws and trinkets as would best suit baby-houses with us.

BROCK.

On arriving at Brock, we stopped our vehicle at the inn, outside the town; for no wheels are allowed within its sacred walls; and then walked to see the interior. It is, properly, a very small village, with lanes instead of streets; and every house is so constructed, after the precise fancy of each maiden's heart, or retired placeman's fancy, that you might almost infer the features of each owner from your outside view of their terrestrial abode: so neat a habitation is rare even in Holland. It is a caricature of Dutch fastidiousness, and even outdoes the very Dutch. It is intersected by diminutive streets and canals. The pavements are of diminutive brick. The outer and inner court-yards are paved in mosaic of white and black cobble-stones, in faint devices of hearts, diamonds, and crosses. The houses are generally painted white; others are tinged with delicate pea-green, or touched with the rose. The very fields look as if they were occasionally swept out and combed. The interior of their houses is rarely seen, and the front doors are only opened in the event of a death or a marriage. The costumes of the people are quite pretty. The women wear a singularly becoming cap, with their hair dressed in plaits, and orna-

mented with filagree bands and rosettes. Sabots are worn by the lowest class, and outer shoes are always left on the sill, as they enter the interior in stocking feet. Their whole existence is grotesque. Their peculiarities are equally characteristic as those of the Chinese or Turks. Their public garden unites all the features of this eccentricity, and is the most interesting spot, because it contains the most absurdities. As it was carnival, the females seemed privileged to act with more freedom than usual, and the occasion gave us an excellent opportunity of seeing the people at their fairs.

We hurried away at sunset, from the dikes and ditches, flats and ponds of Brock, and crossed the ferry at Bucksloot toll-house, just as the last rays of twilight were stealing over the liquid Y.

PASSAGE OF THE NORTH SEA.

At midnight, we sailed out of port, and left these quiet Dutchmen soundly sleeping within the city, now bathed with a rich flood of moonlight, which lent a magical effect to the glowing spires of her churches, as they towered amid the frosted needles of ten thousand masts.

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps,” at Amsterdam! That rough and boisterous North Sea roused us from this “pale cast of *thought*” to the stern realities of its

troubled waters. A strong head wind, added to its ordinary fickleness, soon reduced our poetic feelings to the level of human frailty. Extreme debility and desperation marked the features of our deck-stretched passengers. Our common infirmity left us easy victims to the revenue officers, who overhauled and cleared us in the morning; as well as to the steward, who charged us with meals which we could not eat. Our company was a motley mixture of Poles and Russians, and there was nothing to interest or relieve this sail, until we turned into the Elbe, at Cuxhaven, on the second day.

This river is quite wide at the mouth; but its sides offer little to attract notice, until within a few miles of Hamburg; where the banks are bolder, and many snug country-seats remind you of the vicinity of a large city. We met with some little delay on landing; as we had to be removed in boats, on account of the low state of the tide.

HAMBURG.



Widdronscoff, my fat fellow-passenger, who had quite won my heart by his kind application of brandy, during the tempests of the North Sea, and had more than interested me, by his accounts of bear fights and travel in the wilds of Russia, purposed to join me, at lodgings. Leaving his carriage in charge of Schmidig, we walked up the "Wall," and took rooms at Streits'.

This Russian had three sterling points of character, which rendered his company quite agreeable, during my stay at Hamburg. He was too fat, *not* to be good-natured, too rich to be parsimonious, and too well-bred to be snobby. With him, Hamburg, with its fine views, handsome edifices, and gay life, proved its reputation of being one of the liveliest, prettiest, and greatest cities in Germany. To obtain a complete idea of the beauty of its site and its relation with the surrounding country, you must ascend to the gallery outside the Tower of St. Michaels. This city is beautifully laid out with wide streets, and broad canals, and has been much improved since the fire of 1842.

Most of the hotels lie near the Yungfraustieg, or the Maidens' walk, the fashionable promenade along the banks of the Binnen Alster, and under your window the life of the gay city is spread before you, with the brilliant concourse at the café, and the boats on the basin beyond.

In the evening, the whole Amster is glimmering with the reflections of ten thousand lamps, whilst notes of stirring music reach the ear, coming from parties of gay revellers on the Binnen: and the gay scenes of the dancing halls of the Coliseum and Pavillion give you a view of the amusements and diversions of the grisettes and mechanics.

Out of doors you are struck with the neat costumes of the Vierlanders, pretty peasant girls, who sell flowers and fruits, at every corner, and woo your purses whilst you are looking at their blue eyes and pretty faces under the rims of their broad-rimmed hats, or are following the lines of their twisted braids, which droop over their lengthened waists, and are gathered into the folds of a very short petticoat, but not to prevent a sight at a well-shaped leg, or admiration of a well-turned ankle and foot. Then watch those servant maids, who go tripping along round the corner, with their basket on arms, and contents carefully concealed or covered over by a rich shawl, thrown carelessly over all.

Nor will you fail to meet that peculiar class of servants who are hired out on all occasions ; and are equally ready to serve at pall or festival ; Jacks of all trades, who change their garbs with their profession.

These “Reitenden Diener” form the Senate guard, and assume no less than five distinct costumes ; on horse, with sabre and carbine, under a yellow riding cape ; as pall-bearers, in the old style black Spanish garb with round perukes ; attending the Burgomasters, they wear blue with silver lace ; whilst as undertakers, in black frocks ; and at weddings, they assume *shorts*, and the powdered wig with rapier.

Three of these motley characters passed, as our carriage drove off for the station at Altona, where we took our seats for Kiel, in Denmark.



Vierland Flower-Girl.

D E N M A R K.

KIEL TO COPENHAGEN.

THE country through which the railroad passes is very flat, the soil sandy, and admits of but little cultivation.

After taking our berths on board the steamer for Copenhagen, we were struck with the similarity of their words of command with the English; for there was nothing spoken but "*baack* her" and "*stap* her."

We had a fine run that night, and under the light of a full moon, soon made our way through the Ost Sea. On the morrow, we were agreeably surprised at meeting Mr. Flenniken, our chargé at this court, on board; so that our entrance to the harbor was enlivened by a pleasant chat over the beauties of the city, which lay so charmingly in prospect.

COPENHAGEN.

Copenhagen is built on the islands of Seeland and Amack, which are united by two fine bridges. Besides the remarkably strong fortifications which defend its coast, and its charming and picturesque location, it has the peculiarity of having suffered more from war and conflagration, than any other city in Europe.

The day after my arrival, I had the pleasure of meeting a class-mate, who had just come from the North Cape, after having completed a tour of two years in the North of Asia and Europe. One feels a sense of diminutiveness on seeing a man who had visited Siberia, and lived on fish-skin and whale-oil for the last four months; for I must confess, my pretensions to travel grew less, as I viewed with awe the huge beard of my old chum, who had ridden the great polar bear, and cast a squint over the crater of the Norwegian Maelstrom. In my confusion, I sought relief within the chaste proportions of the "New Kirche," the King's Chapel; and recovered proper balance of mind, in the calm and quiet contemplation of what was truly great and beautiful in art, as brought out and created perfect under the inspiration of Thorwaldsen's genius. There stands his Christ, and the twelve Apostles, on each side of the nave, and

behind the altar. Before it is that beautiful baptismal font, a simple shell, held by a kneeling angel; and over the portal, is the Sermon on the Mount, exquisitely touching, in marble bas-relief. The spirit of truth, love and devotion breathes in those mute blocks; they animated his finer clay, who inhaled them at his birth.

In an afternoon stroll on the ramparts, our chargé introduced Mrs. P., whose husband once represented the Danish Court at Washington. We accompanied her home, and there met Mr. P., still in possession of full health and mental activity.

The view from the parlor, as we looked out on the Castle of Rossburg and its gardens, suggested a visit. The next day, we obtained admission by ticket. This castle was built, it is said, by Inigo Jones, (1604.) It is an irregular brick building of half Gothic, half Italian style, flanked by four unequal towers, and is only remarkable, beyond its antiquity, for its curious array of old armor, costumes, and a dilapidated Knight's lodge. The crown jewels are still preserved here, and the grounds, by sovereign grace, are used daily by the people as a public walk, whilst they are much frequented on those evenings on which the band plays.

The Christiansburg palace, now neglected by the King, contains a few rooms in excellent taste, among

which the Hall of Justice is alone remarkable. Here also you will see the “Triumph of Alexander,” one of Thorwaldsen’s best bas-reliefs.

Among the many towers of the city, most of which are merely designed as watch-towers, or fire look-outs, that of the Observatory is most conspicuous, and has some claims to antiquity ; and its ascent by the winding stone-way is liberal, and gradual enough to admit the passage and return of a coach and four, a feat of the whip which was performed by the Czar of Russia on a late visit.

The Amalien Plad, one of the most striking squares, which is faced by four palaces, and ornamented by an equestrian statue of Frederick the Fifth, made a happy point on our way to the “lange-linie,” a very beautiful walk, running between the line of the fortifications and the shore, and commanding fine views of the haven, shipping, and opposite coast of Sweden. Our walk terminated in the direction of the old castle of Frederickshaven, a stronghold with a double bastion. Within its prison, an African King was confined, whose sole crime (so adjudged, as *he* thought, by force of sheer prejudice and bad taste in Denmark) was an afternoon’s repast on one of his Danish majesty’s colonial subjects ; and he has evinced great solicitude since his arrest, lest the King of the Danes

might apply the “lex talionis,” and eat his Blackship in return.

Within a few years past, the savans of the North of Europe have been much engaged in inquiries into the history of the Northmen, and in the collection of curious remains of the arts, usages, and language of these nations, which may lead to the development of their character and customs, and tend to perpetuate their discoveries. The field of observation embraces much of Norway and Sweden, but Denmark claims the privilege of locating the treasury of these researches, from her peculiar forwardness in these investigations, and from the testimony of numerous facts, which conclude this right in her behalf. Vast numbers of relics have been found on the Island of Seeland; and in the Christiansburg Palace, the result of these accumulations have been arranged, so as to show the progress of these nations from the age of stone; and thence tracing their advancement by the use of bone for arrowheads and fish-hooks, to copper for utensils, and afterwards to gold for ornaments, have descended to the working of mines for iron, the last period of their prosperity prior to a relapse occasioned by luxury, and a subsequent decline into barbarism; from which the first steps to the establishment of Christianity, and to that increased civilization consequent upon its diffusion, are apparent. This

cabinet has been very carefully classified ; and we were exceedingly interested in a cursory examination of this instructive subject.

Just opposite the Palace, the King has erected a large oblong building, designed for the exhibition of Thorwaldsen's sculptures and basso-relievos. The external walls are painted somewhat after the interior of the Egyptian tombs ; and within, a sepulchre was building to receive his ashes. The whole forms a noble mausoleum to the memory of this Danish sculptor, and is a just tribute from royalty to the genius of one of those subjects who make up the glory of a reign.

No obtrusive epitaph marks his monument. Here will his works live around him, to tell their story of his well spent life. Those speaking statues stand as high priests in the temple of his fame. The spirit of his genius breathes through those well-filled halls, and the hollow tomb resounds with the glory of Thorwaldsen.

A pleasant dinner at P. gave us an insight into Danish etiquette at table. In drinking healths, it is customary to touch the glasses, and to pronounce the word "scoll,"—a habit which dates back to the Scandinavians of yore, who were wont to drink toasts in the skulls of their enemies. After dinner the gentlemen retire with the ladies to the saloon, and there is

a general shaking of hands with the company, whilst a wish is expressed by the host, that your dinner has been agreeable and may do you no harm.

One is charmed with their cordiality and simple courtesy. The Court regulates every social system by its plain and unostentatious example, and although one of the most brilliant in the north, does not permit any excess of indulgence, or countenance luxury and extravagance in entertainments. The King and Queen dine at the early hour of three. We attended the theatre in the evening, and were pleased with the ease and natural action of their stage; although their taste in selecting plays is too much after the French school.

In the plain old Palace of Charlottenlund, a few miles from the city, the Queen Dowager has resided since the present succession. Her Prussian prejudices have been so strongly sustained against this dynasty, that she has never allowed herself to set foot on Danish soil; and in order to keep up this illusion, she has caused the entire plot of her garden to be filled up with German earth. The avenues leading to the palace are laid out with delightful shade-trees, and the palace grounds are far renowned for the views, and the excellent taste which pervades their plan. Every effort is made by the king to conciliate and amuse the people, in order to keep them free from politics; so

that the pursuit of pleasure seems to be one of the prerogatives of the lower order.

Among the many pleasant gardens, that of the Tivoli, outside the gates, affords the best mode of viewing the costumes of the peasants of Amack. Its band of forty musicians is one of the most agreeable in the kingdom, and the grounds are covered with every variety of diversion and pastime to entertain the vast crowds which assemble here at evening; and every variety of theatre, circus, Russian railroad, machine paddle-boats, temple, menagerie, and monkey, are employed to keep alive and sustain the pleasure-seeking tastes of the masses. Vauxhall night is distinguished by a brilliant illumination of the grounds and edifices, and presents a splendid array of beauty and attraction.



Amack Peasant.

There was much taste displayed in the arrangement and disposition of the starry hosts of colored lamps, and the scene was one of fairy enchantment.

He who quits the city without an excursion to Helsingør, has yet to learn the truth of Hamlet's grave, and the neglect should be visited by a sight of the “ghost;” and no one should fail to see Roskilde, where lie all the entombed kings of Denmark.

No one leaves Copenhagen, or this people, without deep regret at parting.

PRUSSIA.

TO STETTIN BY STEAM.

WE left Copenhagen by the evening steamer, and entered the Oder early next morning. The scenery on the Prussian coast has little to interest until you approach Stettin, when it assumes a more picturesque aspect on the right bank. Stettin, one of the few ports in Prussia, is a place of some commercial importance, and its situation on the Oder, as it rises prettily off its banks, is quite pleasing.

We spent but a short time in viewing its strong fortresses, and those beautiful views of the town and of the Oder's opposite banks, which are to be had from the promenades outside the Berlin gate.

In the middle of the Parade Platz, there is a striking statue of Frederick the Second.

The road to Berlin passes over a flat and sterile region of country, and is part of that vast sand plain

which extends from the shores of the Baltic, and stretches its length even to the confines of Russia.

BERLIN.

At last in Berlin, one of the most charming cities in Europe! Nothing can exceed the beauty of your first sight of Berlin, taken from the Lust Garden, and extending down the Unter den Linden, as far as Brandenburg Gate. No city presents such glorious coup-d'œils. From your window in the Hôtel de Russia, what a view of the Museum with its beautiful colonnade, and of the chaste architecture of the Zeughaus, is presented! The old Palace, and that noble Dôme Cupola is before you. All these edifices face those pleasant gardens which ornament the grand square of the city; and these, united with those lofty linden trees, the Opera House, the Royal Library, University, hotels of the ambassadors, and palaces of the princes, combine to complete a panorama which is not surpassed, even by the "Concorde," and the Champs Elysées, at Paris. The whole style of their architecture so charms, that you regret that they have no more solid material than brick and stucco, to perpetuate the genius of their immortal Shinkel. There is no end of the attractions of this city, wherein you revel among the creations of a Schadow, Tieck, and

Rauch. Go through street after street, and the eye is still pleased with something novel and fair. Visit every quarter, and you will find squares adorned with statues, and unique bridges suspended over the river. Every public building has something in its proportions which charms the eye, and its external adornment by neat and appropriate ornaments, sculpture, and entablatures, lent a grace to form, which gratifies the mind with a full sense of satisfaction.

That beautiful car of victory drawn by four horses, which surmounts the model of the Propylœum, stands as a monument of Napoleon's ravages, and marks its restoration by Blûcher. And near by the Opera House (the very beau-ideal of scenic decoration and classic taste) is the erect statue of that Prince, who turned the day at Waterloo.

You have an exhaustless fund of study and virtu in the rare collection of the Royal Museum, where your time and taste will be divided between sculpture, antiquities, and paintings.

Next in interest, and surpassing in magnificence and luxury all the palaces of royalty, is the show of the Grand Palace, or the Castle. In the Knight's Hall, they point out that huge silver orchestra, which was *retaken* from the French. The decorations and plate of the throne-room vie with the riches of the Incas of Peru, where the hangings of the walls are of a gold

and silver woof brocade, and the thrones of solid gold and silver. That ball-room is the most perfect in the world. The effect of this palace was pleasing, because there was an evidence of good taste in all the abundance of display and rich material.

In a remote corner of this castle, and almost under the roof, you can discover the rooms which were inhabited in the purer age of Frederick the Great, a king who has founded the greatness of this people, and of whom they are justly proud. Here, amid many remarkable relics, are his boots, spurs, yellow plashes, and an old cocked hat, with a bullet hole, as worn on the day of battle ; and by the window, as you look out into the court below, you will see a rack of his old pipes, in which he was an amateur. We could not but institute a parallel on the resemblance between this Lion of Prussia, and that of France, which led us into a train of pleasing fancies about the virtues of tobacco, and the simple grandeur of two great heroes whose calmness did never desert them on the battle-field, so long as they had tobacco to smoke or snuff to prize.

These and other things go to make up the glory of the Prussian Empire. The present king inherits much of the shrewdness, but little of the prudence of his ancestors. By the former, he has contrived to make his capital the centre of great wealth and talent ; and the names of Savigny, Humboldt, Ranke, Tieck, and

Rauch, have rendered his fame more lasting than his own personal worth merits.

I walked out to Charlottenburg to view the grave of the lamented Queen Louisa, who died prematurely, and much beloved by her subjects. The temple over her body by Shinkel, and the statue in state by Rauch, are beautifully chaste productions of modern art, whilst they are no less simple and appropriate tributes to the virtues of the dead. They are without ornament and without inscription. Her sculptured effigy lies there in sweet repose, and the Prussian eagle at her feet alone marks her descent from the royal house of Brandenburg.

POTSDAM.

A quiet excursion is that to Potsdam, the summer residence of the royal family, situated on a broad bend of the Spree. Its position and aspect are more pleasing, because more varied than that of the capital. Sans Souci, a more retired attachment to the palace, is laid out in most delightful walks, terraces and fountains, and contains many rare works of art. Near the Pavilion is a windmill, which forms part of the history of Prussia, from the fact that the miller refused to part with his possession, when the King desired to enlarge his demesnes. His highness was rather pleased with this instance of independence in a subject, and compli-

mented the tenant by remarking that "in Prussia, the rights of the humblest should be respected;" and he has since repaired and improved the mill and settled a pension on the owner.

It is but a short drive from this to the former residence of Frederick the Great. This palace has little to interest, save its associations with his greatness. There are still his private rooms, pen, and table upon which he wrote. The grounds of Charlottenhof are far more pleasing, and its miniature palace was built by the present King when Crown Prince, who has planned his gardens somewhat in the English style, with an excellent imitation of a Pompeian bath.

Outside of Potsdam gate, you pass a Russian settlement, which has been reared by a colony of Russians, who were sent by the Czar as a present to the King. Their houses are constructed after their own peculiar homesteads, and they possessed no outlandish peculiarity but that of a fast conversion into Prussians.

On my way to the railroad, I met two of these Sclavonian minstrels; the girl was the first beauty I had met in travel, and I was so fascinated by the costume and minstrelsy that I almost lost my return to Berlin by the last train.

That same evening I had the pleasure of meeting a number of my countrymen at the Embassy, where

no American should fail to go, so long as our country is so ably represented by Donaldson and Fay. I was never more amused than with our minister's descriptions of German character and manners, which were only equalled by his sovereign contempt for their language, or his resolute determination to follow in the footsteps of Talleyrand, and never to commit his diplomacy in any other tongue than the vernacular.

Mr. Donaldson has succeeded in gaining the admiration and esteem of the Court and of his fellow diplomats, solely from the fact of his originality of thought and expression, and that wild and generous cordiality which brooks no ceremony, and puts all etiquette and mysticism at defiance. The great minds of Berlin admire and wonder at one who puzzles them by a system of metaphysics, even too abstruse for Kant.

RIDE TOWARDS LEIPSIG.

Somewhere about the Potsdam gate you get into the cars for Leipsig, and when you have weighed your baggage and purchased your ticket, you have nothing to do but take any seat but that in the first class, for none but princes and fools ride in these sumptuous places. I found myself in company with a jolly English clergyman in the second, and I know not how I broke the silence of this man, except through the in-

tervention of a certain John Murray, whose red face betrayed us both. I found him to be chaplain to the King of Hanover, who has a liking for English forms, and was going to Dresden to see the town and buy some china for Mrs. M. and the babies.

WITTENBURG.

That sand plain would have been very sad, but for this fortunate acquaintance ; and when we rode by Wittenburg, we had a common feeling of sympathy, as we looked out on that town, which was ennobled by the life of Luther, and saw the pointed spire of the Augustine cloister, peeping above the city where he lived as a monk, and was buried an apostle.

It was on these very doors of the Schloss Kirche, that he pinned his ninety-five denunciations against the Church of Rome, and on the pavement before the door, Luther's Oak marks the spot where he burnt the Papal bull, and on Schadow's bronze rises his statue aloft, with that simple inscription,

“ Ist's Gottes Werk, so werd's bestehen
Ist's Menschenwerk werd's untergehen.”

As you cross the Molder at Anhalt Dessau, the country assumes a more varied aspect, and the hills which limit the distant horizon swell in abrupt and pe-

culiar outlines. Our chaplain became quite conversational before we reached Leipsig, where we agreed to spend a few hours together in visiting the most curious portions of this triple-rivered city.

SAXONY.

LEIPSIG.

THE outer city is encircled with many pleasant gardens, and in one, the Gerhard's walk, a simple stone marks the bank of the Elsler, where noble Poniatowsky was drowned ; and near by is the bridge which witnessed the bloody retreat of the French army under Napoleon. We drove to the grand market-place, where the allied Kings assembled after the battle, and which is one of the most curiously antique squares in Europe. Not far from the corner of Stadthaus, you descend into the cellar where Goëthe tippled at beer, and quaffed inspiration for his *Faust* and *Mephistophiles*. Leipsig was full with the assembly for its fairs ; and it seemed as if the whole tribe of Israel had been let loose upon its walks.

We left Leipsig in company with a Russian family, in whose charge was a dark-eyed Polonaise, who contributed much to the gayety of our ride to Dresden,

and especially whilst we were passing through that long tunnel, which has been worked in the solid rock by the miners of Freiburg.

DRESDEN.

Dresden, the royal residence of the King of Saxony, lies in a woody valley over the Elbe, which divides the old and new city; the former of which contains all that is remarkable, and is the richest in the construction of its edifices and collections of art. That noble bridge which spans the Elbe, is unsurpassed in strength and beauty; and that view of the distant mounds and grotesquely formed rocks of the Saxon Switzerland, is only equalled by the prospect which you have of the passing life and incidents of the Bruhl Garden, whilst you are peacefully enjoying the landscape in undisturbed repose from the terrace.

The pride and boast of Dresden is its gallery of paintings, which ranks first north of Italy. You might wander months among its treasures, and not exhaust its gems. In the Raphael Stanza is his *Madonna di San Sisto*, which ranks second only after his *Transfiguration*; and around it hang Correggio's "Night," copies of Giulio Romano, and the *Saint Cecilia* of Carlo Dolci.

Within the other rooms are Guidos, Domenichi-

nos, Titians, Murillos, and abundant examples of every school. What a feast is here spread out! What a privilege to catch the inspiration of genius at the very feet of the greatest masters! Here first I felt the living power of art, and appreciated its rank among its sister beatitudes. The very canvas breathes with the virtue of life, and you are overcome by those charms of sense which crowd upon the enchanted vision, as you are impressed with the feebleness of modern painting, contrasted with the works of these glorious old masters.

Besides this, there are numerous other collections in the city, which are interesting in the way of virtue and curiosity. The Green Vaults are probably the richest in jewelry, objects of petit art, costly bijoux, and apparel. You cannot but be pleased with the gewgaw aspect of these extravagant playthings; but in the vicinity of so fine a gallery, they are too contemptible for admiration, and rather suited for royal babies, than for kings.

One of the prettiest buildings in the city is the Zwingen Palace, built by August Ist; and left in its present unfinished state of an ante-court. Within its walls are several interesting cabinets of natural history, antiquities, bronzes, and medals, and one of the best arranged armories in Germany.

I saw a representation of Oberon in the New

Theatre, near the angle of the Elbe bridge, where it was produced in a style scarcely inferior to Paris. The decorations of the interior are in good taste, and the outer walls of the edifice run in galleries and niches, which are filled with busts of Schiller and Goëthe, Molière, Shakspeare, Euripides, Glück, Mozart, and other worthies, appropriate to its design. Near by is a very neat guard-house by Shinkel. In this and all other public buildings it is gratifying to observe that the talent of the kingdom meets a becoming patronage from the sovereign, and that true genius or worth seldom lives unrequited *here*.

Tieck and Retsch are still residents of this charming capital, which embraces a large circle of distinguished literary men, and affords to the true lover of art, a greater field for study, and the lover of nature more inexhaustible stores, than any town in Germany, save Vienna.

SAXON SWITZERLAND.

Here I parted with my friend the chaplain, and early next morning I took the boat on the Elbe, and in company with a crowd of Danes, Germans, and Russians, started on an excursion to the Saxon Switzerland. As you approach the highlands, the banks increase in boldness and picturesque beauty.

We landed at "Rathen," and here commenced the ascent of the Bastei, a high promontory rising perpendicularly over the bed of the river, and from which you watch its windings through the rich plain stretched out beneath you and rolled out like a carpet, until lost among the distant headlands and outline of Dresden.

From that giddy height, the brain reels at its superior vision over that vast panorama of plain and mountain, dissolving in mist of commingled cloud and sky, and only regains repose among those singular mounds of sandstone which rise abruptly from the plain and swell into the form of tall druidical tumuli, or the mounds of the lost sepulchred nations of our Indians. The undulating moods of landscape are of unequalled beauty; and no scenery can be richer, however more sublime the Alps.

Here we found a guide to lead our way through the crazy maze of crag and precipice, and we were in full spirit to enjoy our walk, or listen to many a wondrous tale about these legendary stones; and as we trudged over hill and dale, keeping time to the wild snatches of German songs sung by our leader, we were wrought to a high pitch of enthusiasm and daring, among the strongholds of ancient marauding barons.

Each one of the sandstone knolls forms a special

object of visit, and interests from its associations and romances.

High on these rocky pinnacles, freebooters' castles were seated, like eagles in their eyries, ready to prey on unsuspecting peasants, and to seize their vessels laden with the rich products of the fertile Elbe.

That picturesque bridge, which hangs its slender length over the chasms of the Bastei, leads to the Hermit's Cavern, where the old monk held his solitude unbroken, whilst he winked at the sins of his lawless neighbors, who filled his larder with a share of their spoils.

The Jungfrau Stein tells of the maiden's fearful leap, and speaks of her virtue, who chose death rather than violation. There, among those hollow rocks and caves, witches and fairies are said still to watch over hidden treasure; and beyond the bloody Thirty Years' War was acted in its fury and madness, when these mountains were sought to shelter harmless peasants, and shield them from oppression and assault.

We descended from that point overlooking the "Devil's Den," and taking the natural pathway of the rock, reached the valley below, and continued our journey with unabated zeal until we stopped for dinner at Hohnstein.

The best ideas of the peculiar character of these Alps, are generally obtained from elevated spots which

look out over a vast extent of country. After dinner, we took carriages and rode to the Prince's Stone, where we obtained another of these charming views at sunset; after which we continued our ride, and stopped not until we came to Schandau on the Elbe.

The next morning we commenced our walk to the Kuhstall, a remarkable opening in the mountain, where the suspension of an overhanging rock forms a cave, large enough to accommodate a large number of cattle; and from its mouth you obtain a wild prospect over the peculiar features of the Greater and Lesser Winterburg. Here, during the war, the peasants drove their cows, where its ample cavities afforded shelter to themselves and stock.

The road hence leads by a narrow path to the Greater Winterburg, an elevated point, which commands a wide and beautiful landscape. Some three hundred years ago, a king in pursuit of a deer, missed but a little of being tossed over this precipice on the horns of the enraged beast, and was only saved by a lucky arrow from his page, which killed the stag. In commemoration of this escape, he erected that spacious pavilion, which is now used by hunting parties for their collations and repose.

The last glorious sight of these Switzerlands is that of the Prebischthor, where the stones are so arranged as to assume the shape of a natural bridge, and

from the top of which you command one of the most extensive panoramas in these regions. Thence by the side of the Kamnitz, you pass out into the narrow valley of the Bielgrund, and soon leave the mountains in the distance.

The interest of this district is purely picturesque, and engaging to the artist and traveller alone. There is little to study in manners or customs, for they are wild and uninhabited; and you depend chiefly on your guides for information and society. The whole excursion is full of objects for admiration and wonder, whilst your progress is ever sustained by rare and beautiful emotions. The foot forgets its weariness, when the fancy roams abroad, and your imagination warms ardent, under present excitement of your own musings, mingled with stirring tales of border-life and warfare. You gain, however, much that is enduring, and if invalid, will recover, if nought else,

“Digestion, which waits on appetite,
And health on both.”

The beautiful scenery of the Elbe continues with increasing interest to Lowerwitz, where you take the Schnellpost for Prague.

BOHEMIA.

PRAGUE.

THIS glorious old capital lies on both banks of the Moldau, and impresses you at once as one of the oldest cities of Bohemia, if not in Europe. It bears an imposing feature of antiquity, whilst it strikes you as if it had stepped out of the romance of the middle ages, and spurned any taint from the innovations of the present. It has nothing in common with the mushroom origin of a modern city, and you have a feeling of respect and veneration for its peculiar old palaces, grotesque towers, ornamental portals, and fantastic caryatides, which bend under the massive weight of gigantic structure. That noble bridge which crosses the Moldau is charged with all the saints in Christendom, and no prodigy of human art can rival those huge castles which hang toppling over the brink of the Hradschin. The old walls of the neighboring citadel thunder with

the fame of the Thirty Years' War and Wallenstein, and yon tower, which points aloft over the many temples of the faithful, looms fearfully with the world-wide influence of Tycho Brahe. What prospect can surpass that from the high walls of the palace terrace, whence you look far down over the meandering of the Moldau, as it winds around the outer walls of the city, and is lost in the mountains of Bohemia !

I rejoined Melcthal at the "Scharzes Ross," who had left me at Berlin, and started on before me with a friend from Denmark. On that afternoon, we took our seats in the post for Waldmunchen, and woke up in the morning at the curious old town of Pilsen. The whole road thither was lined with straggling groups of Austrian soldiery, who were nominally on their way to Mayence, on the Rhine; but at the present state of the war in Italy, were doubtless detailed to fill the frontier posts. Here you may see Wallenstein's former residence, and many curious traces of its siege during "The Thirty Years' War." The country which lies between it and Waldmunchen has scarcely any thing peculiar, except it be that the farms wear an aspect of more careful culture than is usual in the upper regions of Bohemia. While we were awaiting dinner at Bischofsteinitz, we had leisure to look at this quaint old town, where, as it happened on market day, there was a gathering of the peasantry at the *fairs*. The large

square wore a lively and gay appearance, with its booths spread over the various goods exposed for sale, and was animated by the presence of as hearty and robust a people as could be met in Bohemia. The men, who wore broad-brimmed black hats and shorts, were not unlike our Shakers in solemnity of mien and walk ; and all the women sported head-dresses, some of which were highly ornamented ; whilst a shawl or white kerchief, neatly pinned under the chin, decked the heads of many, and gave to the old a nunnish look and to the young an air of coquetry. You could detect the wife, by a high padded hump, that protruded like a wart in front, which they hang out as a sort of sign, to prevent mistakes, which might sometimes arise among the married and unmarried ladies, who appeared more like walking bundles of cloth than human beings.

About sunset we passed Klentch, where you commence the ascent of one of the highest hills of Bohemia, and from its top we enjoyed a grand view of the distant plains, and of the vast forest of Böhmer. Waldmunchen is the first town you pass on the confines of Bavaria. Here we submitted to a change of coach and examination of baggage, and then proceeded during the night to Ratisbon.

BAVARIA.

RATISBON.

WE arrived quite early in the morning at this “*Castra Regina*” of the Romans, one of the most ancient of German cities, situated near the union of the Danube with the Regen, whence its present name of Regensburg. Its bridge of 1000 feet, which connects Hof with the other side of the Danube, is a master work of the twelfth century; and none other would have stood the turbid and furious action of that rapid and wild river. The narrow and irregular streets show its Latin origin, whilst a few of the oldest houses still serve as watchtowers in part of the present fortifications.

There is an old tower which strikes you as you pass the bridge, from the flaring colors of its huge fresco of Goliath’s death by David, and about town numerous others, equally well painted and curious.

The very hotel, the “Kreutz,” in which we lodged, had its historical associations, and was once the residence of Charles the Fifth; the scene of his loves with Barbara, and the birth-place of their son, the renowned John of Austria. And many of the houses still bear the Eagle, the Lion of Saint Mark, and other shields which marked the residence of the foreign ambassadors in the days of its ancient court. There are few so striking and beautifully chaste cathedrals as its St. Peter’s.

In the vicinity of Donaustauf is the celebrated Walhalla, dedicated to the illustrious dead of “Germany entire.” This Pantheon is situated on an elevated mountain, high above the Danube, whence it is conspicuous for many miles. Its model was furnished by the Pantheon and other celebrated temples of antiquity. Rauch and Schwanthaler have lent their genius to the ornamental friezes of the front, and within, arranged against and in relief with its beautiful scagliola walls, are busts of all the renowned and great, in the Imperial Fatherland.

MUNICH.

We left Ratisbon the next day at noon, and arrived at Munich in the morning. This capital of Bavaria lies on the banks of the Iser, in the middle of a sterile

plain, and has the high elevation of 1571 feet above the level of the sea. The number of its palaces, collections of art, galleries of paintings and sculpture, libraries, and gardens, render it one of the most delightful cities in Europe; and all owing to the energy, good taste, and talent of Ludwig the First, the same old man who went crazy after a Spanish danseuse, whom he removed from the stage, and surrounded with all the honors and immunities of the Countess of Landsfeld. He is, nevertheless, a person of no mean pretensions, and unites in himself the various attributes of scholar, painter, poet, and musician. These rare virtues have fitted him to raise his capital out of the slumbering ashes of decay, and to renew the greatness of an empire whose first kings date from the age of the Romans. He has done infinitely more good in raising Munich to one of the most entertaining cities of the Continent, than the mischief wrought in his amours with Lola Montes; aye, through the fascination of her dark eyes and winning influence, she has caused him to throw off his grovelling superstitions, and to correct the hitherto too powerful dominion of the Jesuit party in his kingdom. This beautiful siren is of Irish and Spanish blood, and in her portraits you can trace the influence of the sunny skies and melting moods of Andalusia.

Embellished and adorned with all these improve-

ments, Munich has lost much of its former aspect, so that it is only in the old town that you discover its curious monuments, in her churches and antique towers. The choicest modern buildings are about the New Palace, the Odeon Place and Ludwig Strasse, whilst by far the most interesting galleries are the Glyptoteck (for sculpture) and the Pinakoteck (for paintings).

The new Basilic is one of the richest specimens of the Byzantine style in Europe, and is but one of the six churches built by Louis the First. The others are in the Gothic and Italian order, but are generally too gay and gaudy to be thought in good taste.

The King employs much of his time in devising new plans for the adornment of the city, and no less than six hundred artists were then collected in the town, who were sustained by royal patronage and that taste for art, which has been diffused in this capital by imitation of the King's example.

The art of painting on glass has been revived here, and almost perfected, so as to equal the antique. Bohemian glass ware and porcelain are made in better taste than in Berlin.

I was much interested in visiting the great foundry, and in viewing the process of moulding, preparatory to casting their large bronzes. Lying about the ground were parts of the unfinished colossal statue of Bavaria,

which is to be fifty-four feet high above the pedestal, and will stand before the front of the Ruhmeshalle, which is intended as a second Walhalla, to the memory of the illustrious dead of Bavaria.

Munich is especially noted for its beer. In other respects Bavaria is like the rest of Germany. The language is the same, and (save the peasants) they wear the habits of other civilized people. In their amusements, they are not so refined as the French, and have a grosser sense of pleasures. Give a German boor pipes and plenty of beer, his frau, waltzing, and music, and they will remain ever satisfied and content to eat krout and *paprika* the rest of their lives, and to sleep in a bed as narrow as a meal box, without any other coverlet than an uncertain and fickle feather bed, which is very apt to leave you to your shivering fancies before morning, unless you should imitate another of their peculiarities, which is to go to bed with your clothes on.

AUGSBURG.

In company with a few Americans, we left Munich by railroad to visit Augsburg; and from the station, walked into town through the lofty gateway of this quaint old city. It is certainly one of the most curious places in Bavaria. You will surely put up at the

“Drei Mohren” (*Three Moors*), that grand old *tavern*, which dates back some five hundred years in the same family; and while you are looking through the hall, in which Anthony Fugger, the richest burgher of his day, feasted Charles the Fifth, do not forget to call for a good bottle of his ripe Falernian, which he left behind in the cellar, and drink the health of that jolly old covy, who was so tickled by a visit from his majesty, that he burnt his bonds and cancelled his sovereign’s obligations over the grate.

Its very origin and name springs from the Romans under Augustus, whose statue stands in the Ludwigs Platze. It was a powerful and flourishing town in the year 1200, when it attained the height of its glory, as the grand central emporium of trade, from the Levant, Italy, and the Netherlands.

It was by commerce that these old burghers became so rich and powerful, and their cash boxes became winning through their daughters, as you learn from the marriage of that old brute Ferdinand with Phillipena Welser, the most beautiful woman of her time.

Then it has so many old houses and towers which are remarkable, and so literally covered with frescoes are the walls, that you would infer that they had emptied their galleries in the streets without. The Dôme is a rich old specimen of the Gothic style, based on

foundation of a Roman Basilica, and struggled through its existence from the tenth to the fifteenth century.

But its Rathhaus, or old City Hall, is one of the most noticeable constructions of the kind in Germany, in the richest Italian style, and its grand hall is the largest room in the world which sustains so heavy a medallion-roof ceiling without the additional support of pillars.

The only wide street, the Maximilian, is one of the finest in Germany, and has three as graceful fountains as can be seen north of Italy. With the exception of Nuremburg there are few towns so worthy of a visit as this ; and no one leaves Augsburg without gathering rich material for the subjects of his future thoughts and musings.

OVER THE BORDER TO TYROL.

I left Munich by poste-wagen, a vehicle somewhat resembling a diligence, and found myself in the agreeable society of an old French physician and his niece. He had served in the campaigns of Italy, and was conversant with all those stirring events which took place in the early part of this century, and was then retiring from the toils of camp and court, to spend the rest of his days among his relatives in Tyrol. The first part of this journey furnished little attractive or charming ;

and until the second relay your route runs through a monotonous country, with no other feature for relief except the traces of an ancient Roman wall.

Your interest returns on approaching the Bavarian Alps on the frontier, whose beauty of outline affords an endless succession of pleasing views and delightful landscapes.

We arrived about noon at Tegersee. You can scarcely imagine a prettier spot or more charming lake scenery. The landscape was glowing with all the richness of a golden sunshine; and the varied tints of the autumnal foliage contrasted gloriously with the snow-clad hills of Tyrol. The neatly kept cottages of the peasants, decking the margin of the lake, added to the careful cultivation of their farms, lent a charm to the scene, which claims for the Tyrolese a more genial sympathy, than the rugged nature of the Swiss. The bright vivid waters of these lakes are greatly heightened by the shadows of their overhanging barriers, and the mountains covered with snow at their summit, are richly plumed with dark masses of fir and pines, even to the water's edge.

Finding no conveyance at hand, I walked on to the Baths of Kreuth, which are much resorted to by the Munichers in summer; but at this season were quite deserted. There is no solitude which affects so strangely as that of an abandoned watering-place, and

I was there alone to enjoy the full sublimity of that glorious scenery. These baths are beautifully situated on a narrow plain which is hemmed in by an amphitheatre of elevated mountains. The dreariness of that spot and my own loneliness sank upon me with an oppressive weight, and overcame me with increased wonder. As I looked on my dwarf attendant, who afterwards waited upon me at the inn, it seemed as if nature alone reigned there in absolute majesty, and pointed to the insignificance of man.

Beyond this, the character of the scenery is wilder, and approaches the Alps in the characteristics of sublimity and grandeur.

The valleys which lie ensconced among the mountains of Tyrol are often very picturesque, and that bird's-eye view which you catch of their villages on the distant plains, as you descend the hill sides into the vales, is unique and peculiar to this region.

The stell-wagen, a sort of omnibus, is the only vehicle adapted to these districts ; you must sit outside with the conductor to enjoy the country ; and though it may be cold, you will find it preferable to the smoke of twelve puffing Germans, who always travel with the windows closed.

The Achernsee, the next in order, is truly beautiful, and unites the grandeur of the Alps with the gentler beauty of lake scenery. It differs from the greater

waters of Lucerne and Zurich, in the softer tones of lights and shadows, and in the lesser harshness of contrasted effects. There is more repose, and the properties of its beauties are better balanced. They differ from the Swiss in the abundance of their woodland shores, and the excellent state of their banks where the land allows of cultivation. The cotters' huts seem neater, and their peasants more contented and cheerful. Tyrol answers one's expectations ; the Switzerlands do not always. Their Alps are often gloomy, sterile, and cheerless ; and those Swiss cottages of fancied beauty are sometimes worse than hovels.

This whole route abounds with delightful prospects, especially the latter portion of the road on descending by the valley of the Inn to Schwartz, the approach to which is unrivalled, and may be compared with any view in the plain of Chamounix.

You run on in the same vein of beauty until you descend to Hal, the sight of which is highly picturesque, from its overhanging hill ; and it is thus that the city of Innspruch is presented, as it lies so charmingly within the compass of its encircling mountains, when you catch your first view of its situation on the Inn, through the gap of one of the mountain passes.

INNSPRUCH.

There are few such striking positions for a city; and there is a rare beauty in that outstretched landscape, which you command from the old wooden bridge which spans the Inn, and gives its name to this capital. Its own immediate hills impend so abruptly over, that they seem to threaten its safety, and ever appear ready to fall and crush its houses;—they close so near, that a writer states, “the wolves prowling in their forests look down into the streets of the city.”

Besides its beautiful situation and its edifices, which are built in the Italian style, its chief attraction is the rich and elaborately wrought monument of the Emperor Maximilian in the Franciscan Church. On the top of this marble sarcophagus kneels the Emperor, in bronze, surrounded by twenty-eight colossal statues of princes of the House of Hapsburg or some of the reigning monarchs of that epoch; which are so exquisitely drawn, that they are prized as historical portraits of each individual, and illustrate the court costumes of that period. The side-panels of the tomb are sculptured in twenty-four beautiful bas-reliefs, depicting some of the most remarkable acts of the king, and are so highly executed that they furnish studies to the artist of the present day. Those which are most per-

fect are the work of Collin, one of the most celebrated sculptors of his time.

Near by, in the old town, is that curious old porch “of the golden roof.” It was erected, or rather attached, before the portal of an old house, by one Frederick, “ycleped” of the empty purse, and was designed by him, in the extravagance of his folly, to show his townsfolks that he was not so penniless as they thought. It is not said that they were more convinced, after this excess of ornament and over-gilded copper work; for they laughed at his folly while he lived, and have handed him down to posterity as lacking in brains as well as pocket.

Maria Theresa is also historically connected with this town, and one of the gates of the city erected by her, as a “triumphal arch,” still stands an evidence of bad taste and excess of ornament.

Nearly all these Tyrolese towns are rich in historical associations. Here was the residence of Maximilian the Great, more lately the seat of “Napoleon’s battles,” and still to this day rears a noble race of mountaineers, the hardiest and most loyal subjects of the Austrian empire.

From Innspruch, I returned back to Schwartz, the residence of the Rainer family, whose reputation as singers is well established at home. On my way to Salzburg, I was joined by a pleasant family of Rus-

sians, and accompanied by one of the party in a short excursion to the Zillertal, one of the most romantic villages in Tyrol.

This charming country is best enjoyed by the pedestrian, as that mode of travel affords abundant leisure to examine the charms of these Tyrolese peasants, whose habits of life are peculiar, and can only be properly appreciated by a sojourn among them. This people possess that simplicity of character, which is only found pure among these remote valleys. It is a singular trait of their honesty and fair dealing, that a traveller need not ask the price of his lodging or food beforehand; and you can put up at any of their inns, in perfect confidence that their charges will be just. Among these regions they retain their pretty costumes and all the traits of a truly pastoral life. At Fugen we called on two of the Rainers, and were entertained by a song in true Tyrolean harmony. Nearly all the peasants are songsters from their childhood, and their singular yodelle is but the prolongation of those responses which are echoed back through these valleys by shepherds attending their herds on the hills, and when driving their flocks of goats to and from pasture, at morning and evening. We returned to the post-road to meet our friends who had preceded us, during this digression, and together we continued on that night as far as Rattenburg.

There is little difficulty in obtaining post carriages in this part of Austria, as there are regular stell-wagens which run from town to town. If your party is large they will always grant an extra post. You have to put up with some slight inconvenience at their inns, and must not be alarmed at the neighing of your animals, which are usually lodged under you in the same house.

The next morning we resumed our journey towards Salzburg; and on the route between St. Johann and Waldrengen, you travel through a region abounding with every species of mineral, and by the side of some of the most productive salt mines in Germany.

The scenery of certain portions of this ride is highly picturesque, and occasionally you pass through wild and grand mountain defiles, which are as strikingly sublime and attractive as any to be met in the Alps or Tyrol.

SALZBURG.

In a charming position on the turbid Salz, which divides the city in two, and surrounded on three sides by mountains, lies the beautiful capital of Salzburg.

The city proper is snugly lodged in a valley, between the Monksberg and the Capuchiner, from whose tops you have a glorious view of its surrounding

beauties. That stern old castle in the upper town, perched on the very summit of an abrupt mountain, dominates the town and its extensive environs ; and the views you have from the outer galleries of this irregular fortress are truly wonderful. That old castle in the middle ages, was the seat of a warrior Archbishop, who belonged, verily, to the Church militant, and kept his bands of armed retainers ever ready to wage war on infidels, or if necessary, to bring his rebellious parishioners to terms.

That fine Cathedral, with its facing of marble, was built after the model of St. Peter's ; and in the square before the Court House, is one of those rare compositions in the shape of fountains, which would do honor to the best of Italy, so exquisite is its design.

Mozart was born in this town, and his statue stands on a place called especially after his name ; whilst not far off, in another street, is the mansion of the renowned naturalist Paracelsus.

One of the most agreeable excursions in the vicinity, is that to Berchtes-garten. Soon after leaving town, your road passes under the brow of the Unterburgs, which is famed for its statuary marble, and continues on the side of the river Arles to Berchtes-garten, the summer residence of the King of Bavaria, which is beautifully lodged at the foot of the snow-clad Wattzmann.

You can scarcely imagine a more charming succession of landscapes than those thus presented ; so full of pictorial subjects, such outlines of noble mountains, so powerful to awake the most fervent and thrilling sensations of loveliness and beauty, and so happily terminated by the bold shore of the "Koenig Sea," the most beautiful point in all this rich and glowing scenery. Grand are its effects, as it is hemmed in by high towering cliffs, which brood over its surface, and give to its waves a tone of pleasing melancholy. Its waters are of the darkest green, and where the overhanging rocks overshadow its lake, their color is almost black. At times, the hills slope down covered with foliage of dark pines to its edge, and again at the sudden turns of the lake, bold perpendicular walls rise so abruptly from its level as to leave no margin, and you seem as if shut in at the bottom of a basaltic well.

The royal hunting lodge lies at the base of the frowning Wattzman, and is resorted to for the chamois, and for its trout. Some of these fishes are so remarkable, that their portraits are taken and hung up in frames round the walls of this palace.

Such are the natural beauties of this singular sea, and with such rich materials, it would require no strain of fancy to transform that blue-eyed girl who

rows you over, into another "Lady of the Lake," or to frame a heroine out of the charming little "Kell-nerin" who waits on you, on your return to the village inn.

A U S T R I A .

THAT afternoon I hired a wagon and left for Ischl by way of Hof. Although the first part of this journey was very hilly, it gave some rich landscapes over the surrounding country. At Hof we stopped just long enough to view the village and its pretty position, before the distant mountains of Scharfburg. Thence your route runs beside Lake Fuschl over to Saint Gilgen, on the shores of the Kammer Sea. Here you obtain a grand outline of the extended Salzkammergut and its chain of lofty mountains, and your interest increases until you arrive at Ischl.

At the brow of the hill which overlooks Saint Wolfgang's Water, there is a glorious panorama over the indented needles of these mountain spurs, and a vision of surpassing beauty and sublimity is spread out, as if "the ocean were in tempest frozen, and chained for ever 'mid the glaciers of eternal snows."

The whole region of the Salzkammergut has many

features of resemblance with Switzerland, and there is no part of Austria more worthy of a visit, or which contains so much that is remarkable, in proportion to its size.

ISCHL.

Ischl is one of the fashionable bathing-places of the Austrian Court, and is rendered one of its most delightful resorts, from the neighborhood of its mineral districts. Its waters are highly impregnated with saline properties, and its situation in the very heart of the Salzkammer, affords an endless variety of delightful and easily accessible excursions.

We took the stell-wagen early next morning, and rode to the "Gmuden Sea." The falling rain prevented a good view of this charming lake, or of the bold form of the Traunstein, a mountain which rises 3000 feet perpendicularly, about midway across to Langbath, and thence by railroad to "Linz."

Here begins one of the most interesting portions of the trip down the Danube. On board the steamer I was fortunate in meeting an Austrian officer, who was with me in my wanderings through the "Tyrol."

It is not until the Traun empties its clear waters in the stormy and troubled Danube, that the scenery grows wild and grand.

Below that stream it has many fine points, and is as full of historical association and scenic beauty as the Rhine. That fearful Pass of the Strubel, where the river hurls its waters over the hidden rocks, adds a bolder and more picturesque feature. The banks on either side are crowned by a pleasing succession of ruined towers, old castles, and fallen cloisters, equalling the boasted beauties of its rival.

It is difficult to compare two rivers so different in aspect and diverse in population. These ruins are scattered and remote, and its striking views are seldom frequent ; but its extent is greater and its wonders are spread out in grander proportions.

It has also its stories of robbers' strongholds and castellated lords. On its waters have moved the fleets of hostile armies, and hordes of wild barbarians have overrun its banks. Its cloisters, and those towers, speak too of the trials of the early Christian church, or ring with the fame of Roman greatness, and tell of the ravages of feudal despotism. Its history is that of the Crusades, whilst it is the boasted river of the Austrian, and washes the shores of Nussdorf, not far from their capital, Vienna.

VIENNA.

Owing to a very thick fog which retarded the progress of our steamer, we arrived at Nussdorf quite late at night. All was confusion on shore, and the Austrian hackmen were fully as clamorous and pressing as those of our own Gotham. Even my companion, in the Austrian service, swore at the stupid noisiness of these fellows, and was not a little vexed at the policeman, who eyed us so suspiciously as we passed out, and viewed our passports under the glare of his lantern.

There was a grand splashing and crashing, a hurrah! and make way! when four spirited bays bore down to the landing, and took away the younger Prince Esterhazy. Then all was quiet and subdued.

We succeeded at length in procuring a hack. So soon as my friend's two little girls were stowed away in the corner, we were off in the darkness of the night through the muddy lanes of Nussdorf, and took our passchein from the guard as we passed through the "Franzöchen Thor" into Vienna; then on again through the well-lighted streets of the city by the Joseph Platz, catching a passing view of its buildings and crowds, until we rattled under the low vaults of the "Karnther Gate," and out again in the suburbs, to the Hotel of Trieste.

I must say, I felt like a cat in a strange garret, in that gloomy tavern, without an acquaintance, and dependent on the civilities of this noble soldier. As it was, I had to make the best of the position, and sat quietly down in that miserable little chamber, without carpet, with only a crazy washstand and a forlorn German bed for relief. The last was indeed a novelty, and my curiosity led me to examine this article of furniture. I looked at it and turned it over ; it seemed very like a dough-tray, puffing and swollen with the leaven of emptiness, and puzzling my brain to find an opening. When I entered, it was hard to feel the cover, or to learn the use of a sort of wadded pillow, which was floating over my body. There was no remedy for this trifle ; the bell was broken, and it was now too late to call the Kellner : so I managed a sheet with my overcoat ; but with all this, they both slipped off before morning, whilst I laid shivering, and thinking how any German ever contrived to fancy himself warm with such bedding, unless it was by the simple force of a strong imagination. I felt sad to think I had gone to bed sleepless and supperless, and woke up without the faintest idea whether this was Spitzbergen or Vienna. Such is one of the accidents of travel.

The next morning I changed my quarters from the suburbs to the city.

Vienna, the capital of Austria and residence of the

Emperor, one of the gayest and most brilliant courts, lies on the lower arm of the Danube, on a charmingly undulating plain, bounded by low chains of intersecting hills. The older part, encircled by the walls of its fortifications, is set apart from its suburbs, and forms a city within a city. These bastions are prettily laid out in promenades and carriage-ways, planted with shade-trees, and constitute the fashionable walk of the citizens. From each different bastion overlooking the glacis, you command striking views of the distant mountains, which limit your prospect on all sides. Its situation on the last step of that succession of table-land, which terminates on the frontier of Lombardy, renders the climate one of the most equable and wholesome in Europe.

You must get up early in the morning and walk upon the ramparts, to view the life of this busy city, or the bustling scenes of industry which animate the plain, and watch the movements of the gay crowd of peasants, ever pouring up the avenues to the different outer gates, and continually passing in and out under the walls of the inner city. You can walk all round the ramparts in about an hour, and within the circuit of these four miles of strong works lies the isolated Majesty of the Imperial Metropolis.

Vienna has always struck me with delight in these views of its panorama ; and as it rises with its domes

and steeples, high towering houses, pointed roofs and palaces, within this girdle of mural defences, and is yoked by its wide avenues and gates to its thirty-two suburbs, encircled by a belt of gentle undulations, it is always pictured forth to my mind like the hub of a huge wheel, in which the avenues correspond to the spokes, which, while they radiate from a common centre, are bound together at the tire and combine in the beautiful relation of each part, to give strength and beauty to their play around the axle of their central attraction. Thus it is, that the capital must be considered not only in its bearings to its environs, but in its elevation as the high focus of a Court, which attracts and unites the different interests of Hungary, Bohemia, Tyrol, Illyria, and Styria, in this head of the Austrian empire.

Within the walls, you are struck with the fine architectural proportions of its palaces, public buildings, churches, and theatres, and also with the cleanliness of its streets, markets, and public squares.

The interior life of the city is no less attractive, and its neighborhood to the seaport Trieste, brings hither people of all nations; whilst the picturesque costumes of Albanians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Jews, Greeks, Turks, Sclavonians, and Tyrolese, give a brilliant aspect and effect to the gay crowds which assemble daily at the cafés, or are grouped together in the markets.

The chief attractions are united in and about the Cathedral of St. Stephen, one of the most wonderful monuments in Europe. It is the great wonder of Vienna, and landmark from every quarter and in every view of the city. There can be no more glorious succession of graceful effects, than those which fall from the uplifted sweep of its elegant spire. The whole pyramidal idea or form fills the eye so completely, that you are forced by its beauty to stop and admire. There is such repose in all its lines, and each part so nicely balanced, that one is at fault to find its defects. The whole mass swells in harmonious unity; and from the base to its richly carved doors, upwards to the fretted tracery of its walls, and above its ornate tower, even to the pinnacle of the spire, there is a winning grace and beauty of composition, which charms the eye, fills the mind with images of beauty, and binds the soul in raptures with the simple majesty of this religious Gothic, which is so admirably adapted for the temples of our heavenward thoughts and aspirations.

Near by, on the opposite corner, is the celebrated "Stock am Eisen," an old iron-driven stump, the last relic of the far-famed Wiener Forest, which once stretched its dark groves even into the middle of the present city, and now gives its name to this quarter. There is some legend of the devil's helping a black-

smith to construct that huge castle, which stands before this log, and there is such faith among the Viennese in the good graces of his majesty, that every apprentice who binds himself out “for the country,” drives a nail in this wooden block, and as he sends it *home* with his blow, shoulders his pack and passes out of that city, with his “devil-may-take-it” air; so that in a succession of centuries, from repeated hammerings, there is little or nothing left of what was formerly part of an extensive wood.

In the Am Hof are most of the rich shops of the city, and there is a profuse display of pipes, of all sizes and varieties, from the plain clay to the richly sculptured meerschaum of a thousand florins. You will observe that most of the shops are painted with devices and tolerably good portraits of men and women, or some appropriate sign corresponding to the stock of trade within. Many of these are very artistically done, and would not disgrace the walls of some of our amateur charities. So it happens that a store is oftener known by its pendent picture than by its owner's name.

In company with our agreeable consul, Herr Schwartz, I went to visit the Augustine Church, which contains that beautiful monument erected by the Archduke Albert, to the memory of his wife. It is one of the happiest productions of Canova, and the

design is after that in the Vatican, the figures only being slightly changed to represent the various virtues of that charming princess.

Within this edifice, and in the Chapel of Loretto, is the shrine of the Imperial Hearts. You look through a small grating in the door, and see those chaste gold and silver urns, which contain the embalmed hearts of deceased kings. Their imperial bowels rest in the Catacombs at Saint Stephen's, and their crumbling ashes in the vaults of the Capuchiner.

On the outside of the Volksgarden and without the walls, you descend to see another of Canova's works, which is kept under the cover of a temple, erected especially for the noble statue of "Theseus destroying the Minotaur." It was originally intended by Napoleon to crown the summit of the Simplon on the descent to Italy, but it has been diverted from its design by being pent up and cribbed within the porches of a pigeon-coop, to be looked at and gazed upon by the unappreciating masses of Vienna.

Whilst in town, the Court went into mourning for the young Duke Charles, who died at scarce nineteen. The ceremonies at the palace chapel were imposing, and on the evening previous to the entombment, there was a dirge sung at the Catapasm, the first form of sprinkling the ashes over the body. The next morning at ten o'clock, there was a full attendance of the Court,

and all the household guards. The procession was formed in the interior of the palace, and as it moved out, gave us an excellent opportunity of seeing every member of the reigning family, the chief ministers of the empire, and the whole diplomatic body, as they passed in order to the chapel. The Emperor is an insignificant and stunted figure of a man, and has an imbecile and pusillanimous countenance. There are few of his subjects who do not readily confess it, while they grieve over their destiny, intrusted to the hands of a fool, however wisely managed by a Metternich. He was in the habit of playing with this royal puppet, and quarrelled with him about the color of the guards, the plumes and liveries of his nobles ; and then yielded, to gratify the vanity of the sovereign, who would laugh and chuckle over the game won, and exclaim, "Ah, Metternich ! I have beaten you ! and as you are my greatest minister, and chief potentate in the eyes of Europe, certes, it follows, I, the Emperor, am greater. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Metternich, my old boy ! Donner and weiter ! Gluck ! Trinken wir !" What shall it be ? Schnaps, of course !

After the ceremony we saw the High Imperial Grand Inspector of the fortifications, King's country palaces and domains. You must be particular to give every man his *proper* title in Austria, or you will get into trouble ; and should always take off your hat in

going into the post, or any other government office, or it will be suggested that you are doing irreverence to the side-reflected majesty of His Imperial Highness, which descendeth from the august person on the throne, and reaches to the remotest patronage of this royal booby.

The Ober Director was a fine specimen of the hardy race of Austria, and spoke volumes for her climate; he was then ninety years old, and as erect and vigorous as many of us at fifty, so that he walked about, without help of cane or shoulder-braces.

Most of the interesting galleries of paintings are situated in the different suburbs outside. There is, however, an interesting civic armory near the Am Hof, which has many curious specimens of ancient armor, and only such relics as have distinct and individual value from their local history or associations. The skull of Kara-Mustapha was among these, and was kept in all its desiccated ghastliness, inclosed in a glass case; a barbarous exhibition, little creditable to the civilization of Austria. The grand royal armory beyond has many curious relics from the battles which have been fought in Germany. There are a few collections of paintings in the different vorstadts which claim notice from the merits of a few gems of art. The Belvidere has a number of choice paintings of the

Italian school, and a “Virgin” and “Repose in Egypt,” by Raphael, of rare beauty.

There are also some exquisite paintings in the galleries of the Princes Scharfenburg and Lichtenstein, but there are no collections, which united, would equal the attractions of the Dresden gallery.

It is somewhat remarkable, that in the universal taste which prevails in painting, there is a great lack of statuary. With the exception of one or two statues, there are few which are not ridiculed by the inhabitants themselves. But there is no want of statuary abortions, for they stand on every square, and disfigure many of the fountains of the capital.

It is among the gardens and the cafés, the dance-houses and the music saloons, that one catches most pleasing pictures of the gay life and general air of contentment which characterize the people.

The Volksgarden is their favorite resort. Here you will be cheered by the animated and lively airs of Strauss and Son. If you desire something more piquant, there are some subterranean cellars where you may sketch a lower grade of society ; and without offence to dignity, you will view scenes which amuse without disgusting. So again at Sperls, in St. Anna’s quarter, go in and take the first frau you meet, and polka and shuffle in that gay group, who go reeling with eagerness and intense excitement in the whirling mazes of the waltz.

There is no half-way work about these Viennese; it is constant rotation in the offices of the dance. One party relieves another; whilst in different corners of that vast apartment, there are gay groups of revellers treating their partners to “schnaps” and beer, amid thick clouds of tobacco smoke and notes of stirring music. Here is great fun to be had for a trifle. But there is no beauty, nothing of outline to raise any flame of ardent devotion. These women may be your washerwomen the next morning; but it is all the same in Dutch, and we do these things differently in “Flanders.”

It is in the Leopoldstadt that you catch the most brilliant groups of the great national diversities of people and manners. Here are groups of Armenians and Turks, long-robed Jews, and those boorish Sclavonians, who move round in their shaggy wolf-skins, and seem as wildly uncouth and barbarous as the Huns, their ancestors. Inside the town at the Casino, and the fine cuisine of the “Archduke Charles,” you can partake of the peculiarities of German cooking. It is of a higher order than that of Interior Germany, and shows somewhat an advance in civilization, and the influence of court manners on the *goût* of their kitchens.

The language of the Court is German, but not so purely spoken as by the Hanoverians, and for that reason may be more readily understood by those who

are little familiar with the idiomatic expressions. Whilst at the table one day, I was quite struck by the license of conversation on the character of the government ; it seemed strange to hear the Emperor publicly pronounced an “ass,” with a belief that after Metternich’s decease, the empire would cease to awe, in a kingdom where there is a guard placed almost on the door of every man’s lips, and where strict censorship of the “press” precludes every possibility of free discussion. The celebrated Prater, and boasted ride of the Viennese, has by no means the display of Regent’s Park. It is situated at some little distance outside the town, and on a pleasant afternoon is filled with every species of vehicle, from the rough little drosky of a quiet German vater, taking his family to air, to the brilliant equipages of the nobles, who ride there to display the varied colors of their blood and livery. It presents a most democratic mixture, and in the variety of objects around, you have abundant field for amusement and observation. The road-side is laid out in natural forest, and numerous deer are kept within and left to roam at large over the forests of the Prater.

You can take the omnibus behind the Casino, out to Schönbrunn, the summer palace of the Emperor. The house and grounds are well planned, and attached is a fine menagerie, in which there is a happy family of well-fed beasts, who are kept with great propriety

within the bars of their iron cages. The botanical garden is filled with rare plants and rich varieties of exotics; and on an elevated ridge of the palace ground is the "Gloriette," from which you obtain one of the most pleasing views over the whole extent of Vienna. Here properly terminated our visit of this capital.

THE SAIL DOWN THE DANUBE TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

We settled our bill at the "Lamm," and tossed a florin to the "boots," as we rattled away in the direction of the Prater, taking our last look of Vienna, and urging the driver to bring us in the quickest possible time to the steamer, which was to start that afternoon, at two o'clock, for Stamboul. We went on board the "Sophia" at the wharf, near the King's Mill, and in a few moments were fairly under full steam, and with the favor of a beautiful day, were puffing it down the Danube.

We then took a look at our company. We found some of the same people who had come with us from Linz to Vienna, and were now again with us on our way to Constantinople. We had rather a motley crew to begin with. There were Frenchmen, Armenians, Hungarians, Russians, Moldavians, Servians, Wallachians, and Americans; and singular to relate, not a single Englishman. And there was M. Rosetti and

his party, handsome Count P., the charming Princess C., and her daughter Olga, accompanied by her governess, and waited upon by their tall femme de chambre Phillipine.

The shores of the Danube offer very little to interest you, except near the island of Lobau, which Napoleon besieged before the battle of Wagram, in 1809, after he was held in check by the Archduke Charles, at the village of Aspern, which you pass on the way. To be sure you run by old Castle Petronell, with its 305 windows, and pretty tough story of the old Count's thirty-six sons, who are hung on the wainscot of the old manor hall, and pass some few pretty villages dotted along the shore; but there is nothing worth looking at, until you come nearer to the city of Presburg, when the banks become bolder, and here and there a ruin mantles the hills.

PRESBURG.

It was sunset when we arrived at Presburg. The warm rays of twilight which burnished its hills, and painted the landscape in the mellowest tone of a Claude, gave to its castles, bridges, and opposite island, an effect of bewitching beauty. The old town lies on a low spur of the Carpathian mountains, and directly in front is that little crowned hillock, where the Kings of

Hungary are sworn, under the sword of the holy Saint Stephen, which they brandish on high with cruciform flourish, to indicate that by it the country will be protected from invaders, at all hazards and at every point.

We crossed over the bridge of boats to the Isle of Moldau, the Prater of the Presburghers, better to enjoy the beauties of that glorious twilight, and to view the last rays of evening, as they stole through the open easement of that noble old ruin on Castle Hill opposite, and then entered the café where groups of merry citizens were enjoying the music of a fine military band, whilst sipping their ices quite cosily at those little tables spread under the trees. You may be sure we soon joined them, and let our spoons fall as we were rapt up in the charms of some bewitching face ; and I have no doubt you will think it impertinent, but we crossed that bridge of boats three times, to catch another look at one charming maid, who was too excruciatingly pretty.

We kept up a gay and frolicsome evening long after we had jumped into bed at “ The Three Trees ” Gasthaus, for there had so many funny things happened on that first day of Dampfschiffing, and we had so many questions to ask, and such thoughts to communicate, as, “ Who was the Princess ? and who her maid ? ” &c. ; and we slept not at all, until an in-

valid old covey rapped on the wall, and lustily hallooed, "Oh mein herr and mein donner," "sei stille, mein freund! Ich bitte! Ich bitte! oh! oh! oh!" which put a stop to our merriment, after one more hearty roar; for there is something strangely funny in the misfortunes of others.

We got up early the next morning, to take schnaps with coffee, to keep off the ill effects of the Danube fogs, and then went again on board the "Sophia," which was to take us that day to Pesth. To-day we had an opportunity to select our associates out of the mixed company on board, and we became better acquainted with those who were to accompany us to the Mouth. About dinner time, we passed some of the most interesting points of the scenery; and took in an old Hungarian merchant and his daughter, whom we found a chatty and conversable person, ready to laugh with us, and to tell us all that she knew about the people and their country. The old man was a horse-trader, and in the habit of collecting large droves of horses to furnish the markets of Germany, and even England. We almost persuaded our young friend to join us to the end of our journey, and she would willingly have done so, if we would have thrown the old man into the bargain. She had no prudery about her, and no doubt knew that we were strangers, and wished to contribute as much as possible to our

amusement; as she did by her gayety of manner and naïveté of remark. We were in so high glee in such company, that we scarcely noticed our approach to Pesth, and those noble banks which rise so abruptly as almost to obscure the town. We had no sooner landed than we took rooms in the fine Hotel of the *Königen von England*, where we had royal apartments overlooking the Danube, and the imposing prospect of (Ofen) Buda opposite, joined to the city by a bridge of boats.

Soon after, as we were crossing to Buda, our attention was arrested by a cortége of Hungarian nobles passing over the bridge, crashing and dashing over its planks, which yielded and shrieked under the furious driving of the Magyars, attended by postillions and footmen in long flowing robes, with swords at side and pistols in belt, as if they were returning from the sittings of their Diet at Ofen.

PESTH.

The low situation of Pesth is in striking contrast with the wildly picturesque location of the old town of Buda. We continued our walk to the height of the old ruined fortress, and from the ramparts obtained a glorious view over the outstretched landscape far up and down the river.

The next morning we took another boat, and started with the Frederick. On board we found additions to the number of our party. To-day's sail offered little to interest us, until we came in sight of Graun, with its fine old Episcopal Palace, rearing its tall spire over the distant village. We stopped and took in a Hungarian wedding party, which had been accompanied by all their friends to the boat, and were joyous and happy enough, in the expression of their wild and boisterous sympathy. We had to part here with our charming young lady, and nothing further occurred that day, until we took in coal at the Mohacks, a wild bluff extending over the shore, and inhabited by as uncouth a set of savages as could be clad in their simple sheepskins, whose aspect was so begrimed with coal-black and dirt, that it was scarcely possible to recognize their features. This duty performed, we sailed a little further down the river, to remain at Apatin until midnight, discharging freight.

We had glorious weather on our next day, as we passed by the cliffs of Petervardein. Our passengers grew more familiar, and our little grisette became a general favorite among the more romantic portion of our sex.

I fell into conversation with the governess, and in my sympathy for her situation, soon discovered that the Princess C. was from Odessa, and after four years'

separation from her husband, she was returning to join him again. Marie, the governess, had joined her as tutor to her little Olga, who, by the way, was neither inclined nor old enough to be tutored ; and the duties of Phillipine seemed to be a very slight care of the child, a blind eye to her mistress's defects, and a half confidential and deferential position towards the governess. In the meanwhile, we were passing the Castle of Snok, and it was under the soft light of the autumnal moon, that we steered our way to port, at Semblin, where we stopped all night.

SEMBLIN.

We soon scattered in various groups on shore, and sauntered about over the banks, enjoying the glories of the moonlit scene. The Princess hung gracefully on the arm of the young Count P., and they sought the most secluded shades for the free converse of their now mutual loves.

We walked by the side of the grisette, and from her learnt that she was travelling alone from Paris, to visit a married sister at Odessa. I never could make out a perfectly consistent story, but I could not but admire her simple frankness and her adventurous daring. She evidently was up to all the ways of Parisian life, could dance the “Cancan,” and sing snatches of

“Les Etudiants,” &c., and other popular ditties of the Chaumiére ; but she was always proper and free from all indecency, and though she slept in the same cabin with her compatriots, they were none the wiser.

I asked her if she were not afraid of insult in her lonely wanderings ; and she replied by drawing a little poniard from her bosom, and flourishing it with a graceful turn, whilst she laughed as she said, “Ah, non ! voila mon protecteur !” and then she would turn round and rattle away in charming French, and be wild and gay as a lark, without harboring thought of evil or apprehension as to her safety.

How fortunate we are in such glorious weather ! The scenery of this whole day is grand, and we are now passing in the neighborhood of Moldavia. There was a succession of stirring and charming scenery as we approached the “Rapids of the Danube,” near Drenkova, where the river runs wildly on, like a mad cataract, and rushes impetuously over its rocky bed, until it is embraced within the arms of lofty encircling hills ; where it whirls and rages with foam and eddy, as it struggles to escape from the hidden shackles ; and then leaps exultingly free, with arrowy swiftness, through the gorgeous parapets of Kasan. No sight could be more superlatively grand.

It was sunset, as we ran or rather dashed past these rugged palisades, and the whole landscape was

bathed in the richest tones of purple light. Those rocks assumed a golden hue. The hills cast their deepest shadow on the now lake-like surface of the Danube, and no sound broke the solemn silence of that solitary scene, save the shrill cry of some startled eagle or the sharp crackling of the fisherman's fire on shore. The long wild echo of the Austrian coast guard, invoked the memory of the past, when Roman sentinel walked his rounds on the summit of these walls; whilst their fantastic form and grooved battlements, lent easy aid for fancy to picture on their fronts the glorious feats of a Trajan or a Severus, or the emblazoned cross raised aloft in the passage of the early crusaders.

We landed that night at Orsova, a miserable town, which would have appeared to great disadvantage at any other time, but for that rich moon which glowed beautifully over the low valley in which it lies. We walked out to view the village, under its glorious light, and mused awhile on the departed greatness of the land, when Rome ruled over this region, and left behind evidences of her prowess and achievements, in those military roads, which can be traced out to the present day.

We returned to our inn, and found it well filled with villagers who had been attracted by the fact of so large an arrival; and we went and sat with these

peasants, while they amused us with their songs and mirth over their cups and blinding pipes of tobacco smoke.

We soon found more agreeable diversion in our own party; so withdrawing to a private room, drew away the musician, and joined in a most democratic dance, in which the Princess, femme de chambre, and grisette partook, much to the chagrin of Marie the governess, who was a little touched with a fierté Anglaise, and did not relish the display of Polka and Cracovienne among these boors, and in the wilds of Wallachia.

ORSOVA.

At Orsova we remained until morning, under the plea of having our passports properly viséd. We started out of our shabby inn, bearing with us the prize of a broken looking-glass, which had seen fit to crack under sheer fright at an ugly barbarian, and for which we were called upon to pay; there being no stipulation with our landlady for an exhibition of extraordinary phizes. We felt no uneasiness on the score of wantonness, as we threw the old glass on deck, for a wandering Jew immediately picked up the fragments, and we rested in the satisfaction that there would be nothing lost by his speculations on the faces of others of his fellow-citizens.

ÆGILE, ON THE DANUBE.
TURKEY.



The steamer “ Hirsh ” took us in about two hours to New Orsova, just opposite the Turkish boundary ; and we were there exchanged into a smaller boat, to enable us to cross the Rapids in safety. The carriages and all heavy freight had started in a flat-boat before us. On the way to New Orsova we passed several miserable Wallachian villages, and at Aegile you get your first view of the Turkish shore, as you leave the fortress to the right. At this point you catch a beautiful view of both shores, as the river widens on each side of a deserted island. Before passing the Rapids, you are at liberty to choose your pratique on either side of the river, and there are two boats, one Turkish, the other Austrian ;—whichever one is taken, obliges you to keep to that shore, as you would break your quarantine by going from one to the other. We continued on the Austrian boat, but by some singular mishap my trunk went into pratique, and remained so until it was taken out below the falls.

About noon we passed over the “ Iron Gates ” of the Danube at Skela Gladova, so called, from a wide stretching barrier of rocks, which at low water impedes navigation, and renders them impassable at that stage. There is no risk whatever at high flood, and the scenery in their neighborhood has little to attract, after the passage of the defiles of yesterday. We sailed smoothly over ; and there was but one long

swing of our boat, as she came suddenly up to her rudder; then one heavy swell underneath; and she was over and safe, and ourselves landed at Gladova.

We here took the "Arpad," a very excellent boat, with an Italian for our captain, who sang pleasantly for us at evening, and treated us well enough by day. We fared very so-so, under the treatment of our Maltese steward, who had a faculty of tongues, as he spoke half a dozen, "but no great genius at cooking," but he managed to give black coffee at rising, breakfast at ten o'clock (*à la fourchette*), dinner at five, and tea at seven. Our sleeping apartments were not so good, as all were stowed away feet to feet in a common cabin, and we were mischievous enough to spend most of our evening in that juvenile pastime of the "Battle at Pillows." A little below the Rapids we passed two abutments of a Roman bridge, built in the reign of Trajan, and at low water these piers can be traced to some distance on both sides of the banks. Below this, near Sozereng, are the ruins of the Tower of Severus. These are only a few of many traces of the vastness of the domain of the Empire, and of that nation who only conquered barbarians to infuse into their character a portion of their own civilization and grand improvements.

We passed Widdin by moonlight, catching a beautiful view of its twenty-two minarets, gleaming richly

under its silvery frosting; at which point Bulgarian Turkey begins; and just below this, at Rahova, we laid up for the night. Our fine weather continues: and next morning we passed on to Nicopolis and Rutzchuh, both small Turkish towns prettily situated on the opposite bank. About sunset we landed at Guirgevo, where we went ashore, as we were to remain there until midnight. We walked into the town, which was about a mile from the river, and were much pleased by the stirring life of the village, which seems centred around a grand square, in the middle of which rose a very singular and high tower, used as a police office, and also for a watch station, in case of fire. There were a great many Albanians mixed among the people, who are much esteemed as postillions and guards. The different groups scattered about the coffee-houses began to assume somewhat of an Eastern character, and the different races of Wallachians, Jews, Turks, and Albanians, presented a fine variety of physiognomies and costumes. We whiled away that evening enjoying the rich landscape from the river side, and caught many suggestions from the scenes about us, as we sat on the banks by the walls of a dilapidated fort, and looked out on the shipping below us, the opposite minarets of Rutzchuh, and the nearer beauties of the still life ashore; and it was not until after midnight, that we were willing to go into

the cabin to bed, whilst the moon was so wide awake above, and this keeper of secrets was winking at the amours of our Venus and Adonis on deck—the Princess and Count.

We sailed away from Silistria and its fine fortress in the morning, and late in the afternoon passed some singularly bold rocks projecting in very fanciful forms over the banks. The Turkish side is usually the more varied and picturesque. This day's journey offered scarce any object of note; and we were glad to reach Gallatz, to enjoy one night of uninterrupted repose.

GALLATZ.

Early next morning we walked up to breakfast in the village. I have seldom seen a more miserable collection of tenements, or a more wretched class of people. Every thing appeared either in ruins or approaching its dissolution. The little commerce of the place seemed entirely usurped by hungry Greeks or Jews. Our party stopped at the "Moldavia," the only inn in the town, and we went up to take an affectionate adieu. We kissed all round, not even stopping at the grisette, and on both cheeks. On board, we took our leave of the Princess and her suite, and then went into the Lazaretto to perform pratique, for there was no getting

out after that. Here we left pretty nearly all those passengers who had started with us from Vienna.

The next morning we took the "Karloratz," and our sail, until noon, was rendered disagreeable by the presence of a heavy fog. In the mean time we stopped at Kuldjuh to land a few passengers; and here also took in a large number of pure Turks, who were spread over the deck, and offered pleasing groups as they sat scattered about, variously occupied with their pipes and coffee. They had all the appearance of a migrating party, and carried their household implements, caffee-jees, servants, and attendants. Soon after, we entered the narrow width of the "Soulinck Mouth" of the Danube; and after running awhile through its prairie-like flats, we passed out into the Euxine. We were not fairly at sea until evening, and then commenced a realization of its description by Byron. Its waters run in a short choppy sea, and even when it is only a little troubled, you feel most squeamishly, on the Black Sea.

Still the Euxine has its beauties, and as you pass in sight of the coast, there are some pretty bold banks, and occasionally the ruin of an old Byzantine church. The shores have a very chalky aspect, and the town of Varna, the first Turkish place you enter, is full of novelty and charming variety.

Here terminated this agreeable trip of ten days

down the Danube. Along its banks lie all the different lands of Servia, Hungary, Wallachia, Moldavia, Gallicia, Bulgaria, Russia, and Turkey. The weather was unusually favorable during the entire journey, and as our passengers were of all nations, all their various tongues were spoken on board.

TURKEY.

THE EUXINE.

THE morning after we left Varna, we were attracted by the appearance of a fellow-passenger, who seemed from his bearing a man of more than ordinary parts and authority. We took the license of travellers, to address him a few remarks and inquiries about the country we were visiting. We saluted him in French, as we were quite certain he was not a Turk, although he spoke their language fluently; he was covered with *tarboosh* and waited on by a proper Mussulman. He replied in *English*, that he was a native of Hamburgh, and had been long useful to the administration of the Turkish Empire. Barring this little show of vanity, we found him an agreeable and highly intelligent gentleman, well conversant with four or five languages, and of great benefit to us in pointing out the individual features of the land by which we were

then passing. He informed us that he had just returned from a delightful journey through the heart of Bulgarian Turkey, whither he had been attracted in an historical search to discover the line of march which was taken by Alexander and Darius in their passage through this region ; and he was happy in the belief that his investigations had not been fruitless. By the aid of certain wise Dervishes, he had succeeded in collecting positive evidence of the existence of a certain Syriac monumental stone, inscribed in the arrow-headed Cunic character, which is mentioned in the accounts left by Darius, as located by him at the fountain source of a stream which divided itself in many different rivulets at that point ; and in the traditions of those priests, who are in Turkey the sole depositaries of learning, there was mention of the fact of such stones having been seen, and attracting particular notice from their character in a language which had long grown obsolete, and was unintelligible to the wisest of their scholars. In speaking of the inhabitants of those districts which lie in the vicinity of the Balkan Mountains, he observed, that there alone are the Turks to be viewed in their primitive simplicity and vigor ; that he had seldom seen so happy and independent a peasantry ; that he found them possessed of not only all the comforts, but luxuries of life ; and during his whole travels through these unfrequented provinces, he never



Wm. F. Evans, del.

THE MOUTH OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Lith. of S. & C. Mayr, N.Y.

felt insecure in his person, or lacked in any of the courtesies or attentions of civilized life. It must however be considered, that he was protected by the august and ever-dreaded Firman or Royal Seal ; and to him they did not merit the reproach of their world-spread title of “barbarians.”

We continued our conversation at varying intervals, now touching on the construction of the Turkish language, which is a derivation from Persian, Turkish, and Arabic roots, and again interesting ourselves in a recital of those recent discoveries in Persia, which have been just published to the world by Mr. Layard, and embracing some remarkable traces of the ruins of Ancient Nineveh ; when our attention was suddenly turned to the bustling and active scene of preparation around us, among the scattered groups of Turks, who had risen from their attitudes of prayer, the salaam and divan ; and whilst some were busy in collecting their household wares and furniture, others were folding afresh their clean white turbans, trimming their pipes, or packing up their narguilées, previous to our arrival at the mouth of the Bosphorus.

THE BOSPHORUS.

The opening scene of the Bosphorus is grand. You enter these straits where the protruding shores of

two opposite continents look down upon the dark and abrupt mass of the rocks “Simpligades,” which lull the rough and stormy waves of the Euxine into calm repose. That bold coast, bristling with Saracenic towers and mounted with heavy cannon, is soon succeeded by the overhanging heights of Belgrade, which are crowned by the ruins of an ancient aqueduct, and followed by gentler undulating hills, which inclose the dark waters of that channel within the charming bay of Buyukadere.

Your sail from this point, and even for twenty miles, embraces a succession of charming landscapes and views of unrivalled beauty; and as you pass through the narrowing straits at the outlet of the bay, you glance back on the lofty summits of the Asiatic shore, and over the terraced slopes of those sunny banks, glowing in all the richness of oriental foliage, and basking in all the fervor of bright sunshine and reflected sea.

Wildly runs its current within the now approaching headlands of two opposite continents, as its waters chafe the base of the castle of Europe; whilst dark cypresses and umbrella pines mournfully look down over the ruins of this dismantled fortress; and, across the stream, rise the bolder outlines of Asia’s stronghold, which guards the soft vales of the valley Goksû, and those beautiful sweet waters of the sunny south.

You do not fail to observe the rich contrast of these woody heights, as they deck both margins with varied beauty. On one side thick masses of northern forest cluster around the villas which dot the hillside, and hanging gardens fall from parapet and terrace clothing these declivities in all varieties of shade and verdure. On the other shore, the softer skies of the orient relieve luxuriant pastures of a lovelier green, and the gay foliage of tropical fruit and flower ; whilst the air is redolent with sweet fragrance of jessamine and orange, wafted by Zephyr through groves of rhododendrons and acacias.

There is a magical effect in the increasing and moving loveliness of these scenes, and the landscape warms with interest as you are borne onward in your approach to the city. All is now life and animation. Caiques of every size, holding in their prows bouquets of fresh flowers, propitiatory offerings to the waves, and brilliant with the gaudy colors of the richly costumed passengers, move upon the surface of those waters ; and long flocks of wild fowl hurry by, skimming over the dancing billows, in perpetual motion, doomed, in the legends of the Turks, "to hover, like evil spirits, without rest for ever." The shores are now lined with the dwellings of Armenian and Turk, Frank and Jew, each distinguished by their peculiar colors of red, yellow, and white : beyond are the pal

aces of the resident Ministers and Grandees; all following to fill up that harmonious whole, which enchantsthe sight, until the Aladdin Palace of the Sultan fronts upon the bay, whence you are allured by a succession of beautiful views to the very entrance of the Porte.

Truly, there is no such approach to any other city in the world; such a mosaic of rich palaces and landscape, charming scenery and lovely skies! Such a combination of effects, such rich contrasts and variety of moving pictures!

This mingling of beauties, this extravagance in the lavished gifts of nature, forms but a part of the wonders of the land, and unites with the Bosphorus, its castles and towers, bays and inlets, hills and forests, villas and villages, sunny prospects and delightful vales, mosques and minarets, summer palaces and kiosks, fountains and baths, to frame in unison a whole, which with the suburbs and environs, coast scenery and seas, claims for Stamboul *pre-eminently* above all of earth's cities, its reputation and its name of the Sublime Porte.

STAMBOUL.

In the year 1263 of the Hegira, we weighed anchor and dropped astern at the end of the Golden Horn, directly under Seraglio Point. We then looked

around on our position and found ourselves somewhat in advance of Scutari in Asia, not far from Leander's Tower, but much nearer to Tophané than to the tower of Galata, or the hilly heights of Pera.

Before us rose the city of Constantinople, with its numerous mosques and minarets crowning the summits of her seven hills, and brooding over the crescent of the Golden Horn, stretched its length over to the Sea of Marmora, and within, as far up as the cypress groves of Eyoub.

We waited awhile, watching the crowd of caiques which darted from the shore at the first news of our arrival, and were amused at the vociferous cries and clamorous chattering of the boatmen, as they wrangled and tossed about their little barks: so eager were they to be freighted with our persons and our charges.

In the midst of two or three fights, and with no little risk of being pitched overboard, in the crazy balancing of these precarious little crafts, we secured a passage, and were pulled ashore to a landing at Tophané.

Here we were met by a crowd of hungry Greeks and a motley crew of Turkish boys, pressing upon us the qualities of their lank steeds on which they offered to convey us up to Pera. We got rid of their importunities by taking two, and then started off and away, with a miserably little *raggoul* hanging on to our tails and running behind, whipping and hallooing through the

street, to the astonishment of those solemn Turks, who were working in their low booths by the roadside, and to the utter dismay of some straggling females, bound up in *yashmac* and *ferigee*, waddling through the mud of the narrow streets ; who, showing but a bundle of green cloth, wide leggins, and white head-dress, seemed to all the world more like aldermanic turtles walking upright, than what we had been wont to look upon as “the gentler and loving sex.”

Dash and splash ! up we ride through thick and thin, and round the gay stucco of the fountain of Tophané, borne upward and onward through the gates and over the walls into the limits of Pera, where a poor Turkish guard was walking his round, with fez and musket ; he looked quite disconsolate at the loss of his flowing robes in the protruding fulness of his over-stuffed European inexpressibles. Then, onward we hurried, in breathless haste, to be lodged on the outskirts of the Frank’s quarter.

In a few moments our porters brought in our trunks, and we found ourselves in the snug apartments of Madame Guissepina Vitelli, in the upper side of Pera. It took us a short time to recover our wonted calmness and ease ; and it was only at late breakfast that our party assembled to discuss the many curious objects we had then seen, even in our short ride from the wharf to the hotel.

PERA.

It is a peculiar feature in the Frank's quarter, that almost all your views embrace the outline of a graveyard. The "*petit champs des morts*," at Pera, stretches around the brow of the hill, and, in every direction, you look out on the spindle cone of dark cypresses mournfully aslant over turbaned tombstones or the new-made grave. Pera is properly the Franks' city, and here only Europeans are permitted to reside. At table we found our fellow-passenger of the Danube, and now learned that it was no less a personage than General Joachimo Jerkins, who had been instrumental in clothing the Turkish army in European garments, and in making them look so sheepish under the change, that there appeared but one more step to their total degradation, and that was, to make them eunuchs to guard the Seraglio.

Our conversation naturally turned on our utter ignorance of Turkey, Turkish, or the Turks, and we were fit subjects for all those instructive stories, to which we listened from our Hamburgh effendi.

As it rained all day we assembled within doors, but took immediately to our ottomans and pipes; and whilst we sat cross-legged, listened to many a cock-and-bull story of the old days of the Janissaries and

their bloody deeds, when they were wont to amuse themselves by throwing people into the fire, and nailing poor bakers by their ears to their shop doors, for dealing out light bread to their customers. To add to our horror, the Cholera was then in progress, and a few cases had been announced by the regular board at the Porte.

Thus the day passed off between pipes and tobacco, as our party of strangers made eager inquiries about the health office and the quarantine, the modes of escape and the fires ; and thus, in the midst of varied apprehensions, fear of death by disease, by fire or water, we closed our first day among the Franks at Pera, when each stole away to bed by the light of the moon, and to slumbers, only to be disturbed by the most dreadful shrieking of caterwauling cats, barking dogs, or the coarse gruff calls of that wandering old watchman who goes poking his way through the mud, by the light of his glimmering lantern, as he rolls his rattle and cries out, "All's well," or "Yangan var ! Yangan var !"

CITY OF THE SULTAN.

The next morning all were eager to enter that city, where no European is allowed to reside. We soon made up a party, and in the rain walked over the hill

of Pera, through its avenues of tombstones, until we entered the gates of the old walls of Galata ; and then turning round the corner of the guard-house, were led by its old graybeard porter to the tower of the Geno-
vese. By the proper application of *backsheesh* slipped into the hands of the guard, we were permitted to mount to the Fire Gallery to obtain a sight of the distant city, stretched out along the shores of the “ Horn.” The view from the outer balcony has no superior ; you embrace the whole extent of the landscape, and look out at all points of the compass, and the scope reaches far up the Bosphorus, giving a finer interior prospect over the surrounding hills of the suburbs, and extending beyond the city, to the Sea of Marmora and the groups of the Princess’s Islands. The first sight of the metropolis and its outlines is truly glorious, and as the eye sweeps along over the thousand minarets and mosques glowing in all the dazzling brightness of sunlight, the mind is enchanted by the beauty of the scene. We descended, and walked down the hill through the old Genovese part of Galata, now occupied by the Frank merchants, and as the business quarter of the Jews, Armenians, and Christians. On Fair days the streets are filled with gay groups of linen-drappers and traders, and goods are exposed for sale in the open air. In going down the narrow stone steps of this quarter, you are seized by the most importunate race of beg-

gars who sit by the wayside asking alms. From the time you enter this rocky lane, until you escape into the main avenue, your ears are dinned with *backsheesh*, “Allah! Allah!” “Howardge!” “Ingleez! Grush! Moneta!” from all kinds of voices, and at every hour of the day. They are professional beggars, and a jolly and gay life they lead.

As we reached the foot of the hill, the streets which ran by the river side became narrower and more filthy; and under the projecting eaves of the low cupboard-looking shops, are the various trades of this section. You emerge from this hole of wretchedness into the wider passage of the bridge, and here at the pier heads you are sure to see those gorgeous groups which can alone be had from the oriental crowd, and, only, at the outlet of the bridge over to the city. There are broad-tail Armenians and pointed-capped Persians, pilgrims from Mecca, Greeks, Jews, Franks, and soldiers, mixed up with women, Arabs, shipping, and presenting such an odd variety of personages and objects as fail not to divert a stranger, or confuse you in the labyrinths of this thronged gangway.

I have lingered for hours on that bridge, to watch the movement of those animated masses, and to gather some insight into the manners of this novel species; and here have enjoyed scenes of never failing beauty, in the stirring motion of the waters, and those striking

pictures of oriental life which are continually afforded within the limits of the Crescent Horn, and charm the sight, by that wondrous variety of views which is here gathered of the city, its suburbs, and opposite Scutari in Asia.

BAZAARS.

We first entered the bazaar for drugs, which is by far the most attractive and best constructed. Those old venders in turbaned head-dress are venerable monuments of their success in life ; and as they sit among the brilliant colors of their various drugs, you can hardly distinguish them from jalap and senna—so solemn and knowing seem they, and so reverential, with their superb beards and full flowing robes.

The architectural merits of this bazaar claim notice, and the various groupings of its interior present the most perfect and characteristic subjects for the sketch-book.

From this we went onward to the main bazaars. These extend over a large surface of the lower city, and from one long wide avenue branch out in different arms, which are inclosed and lighted from above, and give to them the aspect of a series of inclosed streets. Each division is usually devoted to one trade, and they are used by the Armenians and Turks in common.

Their sides furnish a rich display of wares and materials, whilst the brilliant array of various goods scattered about in such gay profusion, pleases the eye by its novelty, and from those effective combinations of color, which are so extremely attractive. We commenced at once to bargain for slippers and pipes, and by dint of signs, gesticulations, and backsheesh, succeeded in getting the first, at fifteen, and the others, at forty or fifty piastres each. Having run all through the different departments, now looking into the shoe, again at the leather, the saddler's, the linendraper's, the jeweller's, the confectioner's, and the arms-bazaar, which is truly only an old junk-shop, we passed out and returned to the bridge, peeping quietly over the shoulders of the assembled ladies, and striving to catch a look under their *yashmacs*, to learn whether there was any such thing as beauty in Turkey.

Now once more to the bridge, passing along those narrow and muddy lanes, lined with bazaars and filled with the animated populace of this densely crowded city, and watch the eternal movements of these strange people, hurrying to and fro, and gathered in groups about the Customs and the Toll-house ; whilst we bargain in Spanish lingo, Italian, or signs, with these polyglot Jews, who are ever ready to hire horse to "Ingleez," and trot him round to the sights of the town. A little boy runs behind you, and with a thousand

grimaces tries to make himself intelligent, with his knowing looks and funny attitudes, as he lashes your pony and urges him on by the shore of the Horn and the shipping, to the "Gate" of the Palace—over the point and across the Atmeidan—out by the Mosque, through its courtyard and gateway, to the most remote districts of the Capital.

You can get one of the horses for ten piastres a day, but a few more will give great joy to that nimble raggoul, who follows afoot and guides without murmur or groan.

THE MOSQUE.

It is Friday, and the Mussulman's Festival, a day of general rejoicing, of gala, and prayer. Where goes the Sultan to-day, at the hour of mosque? The cannons roar and belch out fire and smoke from the old Point of the Seraglio. The wild voice of the crier shrieks from every Muezzim's tower, to call the faithful to devotion and the Prophet. Ten thousand bloody flags flaunt with the wind from the mast-heads of the shipping. The day is as lovely as the first dawn of spring, and the Bosphorus is filled with caiques in readiness to start in the train of the Sultan. Again these cannons boom over the water. The guard mounts at the palace, and the drum beats as the royal barges slip

out of the gate of the palace, and the Sultan is wafted in those beautiful barques to the Mosquet at Kullu Bagdashi.

These tournament yachts move like swans over the clear blue waters of the placid Bosphorus. Their prows are decked with the eagles' beaks, and as they move under the full stroke of their twenty-eight oarsmen, they seem to fly like blooded coursers, springing under spur and mettle. Under a rich canopy of silks sits the Sultan, on his divans of velvet—a young and emaciated, senseless, voluptuary ; and as the light waves ripple under the galley's speed, he listens to the chant of the billows, and is lulled in soft repose and forgetfulness by the well-feathered stroke of his Arnaout boatmen, whose full-sped oars part the sea like cimeters keen, as they glimmer in the sun like falchions of gold “dripping pearls from their quivering edges.”

The procession stops at the shore of Asia, and the Monarch moves to the worship of Allah, attended by his Court and his household troops. In a half-hour the service is over, and he goes to visit the Cavalry Barracks ; whilst within, his troops are running about in confusion and disorder, unable to know at which door his Majesty will reappear. At last he comes down by the grand stairs to the shore, and returning the salutations of his army—a stifled, stuffed, croaking huzza ! —he is led again to his barges ; and they move off in the direction of Begliebed.

GÖKSU.

Our caique moved upward to visit the vale of Göksu and its beautiful fountain of the sweet waters of Asia. This rich plain stretches its length before the white walls of the castle beyond, and with the valley fills up the space to the base of the surrounding hills. It is one of the choicest resorts of the pic-nic parties of the city, and in fine weather you will see here many of the Hareem of the Sultan and Grandees of the Palace. On such occasions, in the absence of jealous lords, the Frank may catch a smile from those dark-eyed and curtained beauties ; and they are not scrupulous to lower their barrier *yashmacs*, to disclose a fair cheek and a full rosy lip to the eye of the admiring Christian dogs.

There were many of these fair ones scattered in easy postures over the ground, sipping sherbets and sweetmeats on the raised wall of the pretty fountain ; and near by, their Arabas were at rest, whilst their eunuchs were watching the oxen, which were grazing under the trees in the distance. There are few spots on the shore of Asia which surpass this in beauty of scenery ; and from this midway point of the Bosphorus you have a fine view of the shipping, the opposite villas of the European coast, the distant city,

and the rural beauty of the interior. Afar off in the valley, troupes of soldiers were engaged in foot-races and games of ball ; and seated under the groves along the banks of the stream "Göksu," were other picturesque groups of parties of Armenians and Greeks. We drank of the water of the fountain, the purest in the East, which supplies the goblets of the Sultan, when it is taken to the city, sealed up, signed, and bottled by "special authority," lest subtle poison might be put in the royal cup.

On our return we passed under the gates of the new palace, almost near enough to see the movements of the inmates within ; and as we glided by that of the Sultan's sister, we heard notes of stirring music, stealing through the latticed windows of the harem at the sleepy hour of noon, when the dancing girls are brought in, and the sounds of lutes and the tambourines vie in varying discord, to lull the repose of the languishing Sultanas.

SIGHTS.

The next day we ascended again the old Genoese Tower of Galata, to watch the superb effect of the glorious sunshine on the city and the Horn, and to enjoy those never-failing prospects which grow more attractive by familiarity. Thence we learned to call

the mosques by names, to fix their epochs in the historic drama of that city, and to trace the rise, progress, and decline of an Empire, that had ruled from those seven hills, which seemed typical of the almost bodily transfer of “Dead Rome” from the banks of the Tiber, to the more romantic scenes of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus ; and we looked round and back to the days of Constantine, and traced his history in the Mosque of Sophia, and continued down, following the outlines of these hills, through the sequence of its story, from Saint Sophia to the lesser mosques of Mahomed, Selim, and Achmet. Thence we descended, crossed over the bridge to the opposite shore, where we took horses, and scouted all over the interior, while we traced its monuments in the Hippodrome and Obelisks, and the overhanging walls on the Sea of Marmora ; getting glimpses of rich interiors and charming fountains, we hurried on through the narrow and muddy streets, until nearly lost in a maze of lanes and alleys. We found our way out to the old Amphitheatre and Circus, and escaped out of all Turkdom and the Turks, to the glorious old ruins of Yeni Kuoli—the stupendous relics of the “Seven Towers”—a prison, a dungeon, and a wall—and still the noblest remains of the glorious works of antiquity, after the Pyramids and Balbec.

We rode outside the city, on the open plain which

skirts the Sea of Marmora. It was the hour of sunset when we reached the end of this wall, projecting into the water, and washed by the ripples of the dimpled sea. There was a witchery in those ruins which chained the eye to a fixed aspect of devotion, and led back the memory to the glories of the unconquered Romans. These triple-moated strongholds may last yet for ages to come, and survive the ruins of this second Byzantium. These crumbling buttresses were a fit frame for the evening scene before us, and the heavy outworks and ponderous masses contrasted richly with the light domes of the distant city, swelling in aerial perspective like hemispheres over the bosom of the Bosphorus. Whilst the last Muezzim sang from his lonely tower, my attention was called to a solitary Turk, who dropped his work, climbed on the top of a fallen block, and bending in the attitude of prayer, to the East, poured forth his offering to Allah and the Prophet. He himself seemed a block of that ruined temple, Man, and as he knelt on stone, was no unfit illustration of a faith based on dead works, which trusteth for salvation on the boundless sea of hope.

EYOUB—EXCURSIONS.

The next morning, we hired caiques and rowed to the village of Eyoub, situated at the head of the Horn,

which here terminated in a small stream of clear water, flowing from its fountain near the Sultan's Kiosk. On the way you pass the arsenal near the foot of the Death Quay, and watch the receding shores of the hills of Tophané and Pera, studded with cypress and the white tombstones of these immense grave-yards. You now pass the assembled fleet at the Admiralty, and the mansion of the Captain Pacha; and at the low wharf by the walls of the opposite shore, you land near the fountain of the Mosque of Eyoub.

By a narrow footway, flagged with marble tiles, you walk through an avenue of inclosed cemeteries, and are struck with the porcelain likeness of these ornamental tombs, glowing in fresh colors through the golden network of thin wire. At the angles of the path, you look through the rich "Tarkish" of that embossed mausoleum, to get a view of those rich canopies over the coffins within, covered with rich shawls and velvets, and inclosed by a slight railing of rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Beyond, you enter the little gate which shuts on the court of the mosque of this suburb. Here all the sultans are sworn in under the sword of the Prophet, and this spot is most sacred in the memory of the faithful, who regard it with religious zeal. These villagers have all the native simplicity and bigotry of the pure Mohammedan, and they looked as if they had never been tainted by contact

with Frank or Dog. We could not enter within the sacred precincts of the temple, and were even repulsed when we attempted by a black-eyed Houri, and growled at by a venerable old Simon-pure Turk, whom we could not but admire for the richness of his costume and long flowing beard. Climbing up through a thick array of turbaned tombstones, we made our way to the top of the hill, and from its summit looked down upon the cubed roofs of the village beneath us, and over the Horn, through the straits of these narrowing mountains, as it stretches its waters by the sides of the city, and along the shores of Tophané, to join the Bosphorus before Scutari in Asia. This view is one of the most charming in the environs.

We descended to the water, and moved onward to ascend to the head of the Bay, and entered within the narrow banks of the river, which can almost be reached with both oars; and, as we rounded the curves of this wandering stream, we passed groups of pleasure parties seated on carpets spread under the shade-trees, enjoying the wild notes of discordant music, and smoking their chibouques with elegant repose. Then passing beside the low windows of the Harem, we entered the basin, and moored our boat close by the walls of the Summer Kiosk. On the green lawn, which spreads through the vale of this Tempe, were numerous other parties of citizens, walking about the

gardens, away from their Arabas and steeds, which were at rest under the trees, whilst the grounds were covered with children and slaves. This pretty vale was much frequented by the favorites of the Sultan, and not far off on the hills opposite, are the targets which bear the trophies of the royal bow, and show the *prodigious* feats of his strength, by those *stadia* marked along the course of his driven arrows.

On the way back, the music of the Admiralty band stole over the water across our prow; it was a discordant jumble of incoherent sounds, with little harmony or beauty of note, but evidently imitative of those wild and sudden starts of feeling which can alone arouse the senseless voluptuary from his stupor, or startle him into animation by fitful and transient joys.

THE FIRMAN.

Attended in due form of Turkish law, by the august person of our Turkoman and his advocate, our purse-bearer, our party of ten set out to be put through the “sights of Stamboul.”

We were duly headed by this sedate and solemn looking Mussulman—Cawass of our Embassy—who was armed cap-à-pie with two heavily mounted pistols in belt, his short cimeter slung on one side, and whip in hand; and as he trudged heavily down the rough

cobble-stone steps of Pera, we felt as if all our dignity was centred in this Firman; and when we saw the Osmanlees retire before the searching sweep of His cracking lash, we gloried in this delegation of a fractional part of the powers of the Sultan, and our bosoms heaved with the emotions of a triumph, and a chuckle over the sublimities of the Porte Sublime.

Thus provided, we followed in the train of our charmed camel leader, and were led into the precincts of Tophané, to visit our first “lion,” the Mosque near the edge of the Bosphorus.

No one passes this section of the Porte without stopping to admire the graceful proportions and Arabesque scrollery of the beautiful fountain of Tophané. In the East, the waters of life always flow by the side of the temple, and this first gift of heaven is always open for the use of the faithful among that people, who rank ablutions next to godliness.

Before entering the Mosque, boots and over-shoes must be left on the outer sill; and as you enter under the uplifted curtain of the leather roll, you must put on your slippers or walk in stocking feet.

The interior of this edifice is simply beautiful, and is remarkable for the support of its light dome, which is without pillars. Around the sides of the walls, and above the line of the windows, an Arabic poem was richly depicted on an elevated scroll, and in the four

niches of the corners, the names of Mahomet, Osman, and their immediate successors, were emblazoned in heavy gilt letters and mouldings. Towards the east, and elevated about midway from the ceiling, stands the inclosed passage to the pulpit, which is ascended by a narrow stairway where the Koran is expounded : here the reader's desk rears its pointed cone much like a huge extinguisher, and seems ready to doff two large candles which stand beneath at the north of the priest's position.

Just opposite the reader's stand, and facing the Bosphorus, are inclosed apartments for the women, and to the east of their gallery runs the rich railing around the elevated throne of the Sultan. The interior of these mosques is simple, and without ornament or niches. They all have a spacious court and fountain, and under the porches of the quadrangle are the cloisters, which are usually occupied by their schools and Imaums.

Hence we passed to the shore and took caiques for the visit to the Porte. These beautiful boats are mere shells of highly polished walnut, often tastefully carved and ornamented with swans' and eagles' heads at the prows. They are as fickle as canoes, and you must sit perfectly still in the bottom of the boat, in order to keep them steady.

The passage of the Horn from Tophané to the

Porte presents one of the finest and most striking views of the city and the Bosphorus. Those profound waters float the largest vessels. You pass under the walls of houses, among the shipping, surrounded by ten thousand caiques, now looking up to the heights of Galata, and then at the opposite tower of Stamboul. Your view embraces the whole of the Horn, as well as the opposite shores of Scutari ; then, across the stream, to where the graceful pyramidal terraces of Seraglio Point swell with such rich masses from the water, and lift their form from its shores in a succession of most pleasing groups of houses and palaces, whilst kiosk and white walls intermingled with the foliage of plantain and cypresses contrast grandly with the variously colored roofs and verandahs, the tall tapering spires of minarets, and the rich effects of this mingling of earth, sky, and water. We landed at the foot of the Porte Divan, and thence walked under the outer gate, within the walls of the old Seraglio. This palace is no longer inhabited by the Sultan, for after the destruction of the Janissaries on the Atmeidan, Mahmoud had not heart to linger around scenes so pregnant with blood and treachery. Those now deserted halls are very prettily planned, and furnished in excellent taste, without excess of ornament. The rooms are light and airy, and those apartments destined for the Harem are hung in blue satin damask, with their ceilings painted

in arabesque and gold, with slight borders of stucco. Their distribution is in a common hall, around which are four alcoves somewhat elevated on the floor, furnished with rich divans, and giving fine views out on the inner courts and gardens, or glimpses over the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. The position of the old Seraglio on this tongue of land, running out into both seas, affords a combination of views and a beauty of situation which is unequalled in Europe; whilst its hanging garden, fountains, and richly ornamented gates, which open on the sea,—its cypresses, plantains, and kiosks, interior views and porches, with grand masses of foliage, produce a harmony of effect and landscape, which has no parallel in the world.

Within the circuit of its walls, the treasury and stables, throne-room and library, present beautiful and varied specimens of the pure old Moorish style, and the pillars of the inner court embrace every variety of marble which can be found in the desecrated temples of Greece, which have contributed to its construction.

Poor, emaciated eunuchs were set as guards before the porches of these different edifices; they seemed wretched abortions of humanity, and as if every spark of vitality had fled from their marred bodies. Since Mohammed, that service has been performed by black

slaves, whose negative color precludes one half of the bestiality and vacuity of expression.

By this time we arrived under the spacious porches of the magnificent gate, which, from the highly ornamented and costly nature of its materials, has given to the Palace the title of the "Sublime Porte." By this gateway the Sultan always proceeds, and on all state occasions there was no other access to the Court. Through these portals have passed the decapitated heads of Janissaries, and even Sultans. Beyond this, outside the inner walls, is the Arsenal, which is now used only as a collection of antique arms and costumes, and is hallowed to Christian sight from its having been originally the old Church of St. Irene.

Under the outer porch, in the lower story of this building, the Sultan has commenced a marshalling of some of the antiquarian objects of his kingdom, and has already formed a collection which is creditable to his taste and that of his people, who have hitherto stripped all the monuments of Greece, and buried thousands of columns within the patchwork of the Seraglio sea-wall.

In the outer court, the only one in which the public are admitted, are groups of noble trees, one of which is the patriarch of a forest, and dates back to the primitive ages of the city. This oak is so large that three of us could scarcely reach round its trunk, and

by its side, towards the city, is the mint, an unpretending building, without even a feature of Turkish architecture to recommend its notice.

We then passed out of the Porte from the divan of the ministers, and crossed over, through narrow streets and bazaars, to the gates of the outer court of Saint Sophia. The mosque was then in a state of repair; we passed by the fountain, and entered under its vast covered peristyle by the northern door, to view the grand proportions of its noble interior, still bearing the external impress of its original form under Constantine. Those vast columns in the transept were taken from the temple of Ephesus, and its ceilings covered with huge letters in arabesque, each one of which is taller than a man. As you stand within the precincts of the Holy East, you look up and admire the lightness of its suspended dome, and see the half obliterated forms of those cherubim mosaics which were part of the original temple; for these figures had been whitewashed to cover up these images, which are not sanctioned by the Mussulman; as they believe that such symbols have a tendency to idolatry, and that they must find souls for every depiction of animated objects.

This vast mound is more of a mansion for Pandemonium than fit tabernacle for the Invisible God, and its triple gallery rises up to the very margin of the dome, from the uppermost of which your view down

is infinitely superb. On the square of the Atmedian near by, we entered the superb Mosque of Achmet, with its six minarets towering high above its gilded dome, and relieved by stone galleries outside for the Muezzim criers. The interior plan is much the same as in all. The dome is supported by four immense pilasters, and around the door the galleries are sustained by beautiful columns taken from ancient temples. On long wires stretched from pillar to pillar, small colored lamps, ostrich eggs, and bunches of feathers are hung, and the north galleries are filled by the treasure-boxes of the faithful, deposited here during their pilgrimage to Mecca. Whilst within, we were amused by an incident which tested the bigotry of these holy Imaums. On entering, we had some of us forgotten to exchange our boots for yellow slippers, and were treading upon the rich carpets on the floor, quite rapt in observation on objects around us, when one of the party was seized by a zealous neophyte, eager to show his horror to the priest, and his abhorrence of the taint of a Christian dog's soles. On a sudden he seized the unsuspecting spectator, and laying strong hold of one foot, commenced turning him around the heel of the other, quite to the diversion of the priest and the assembled worshippers, until the timely interference of our Cawass and a sight of the Firman relieved the culprit from embarrassment, and forced us to retire

through the hanging portals to the outer gate. It was a quiet joke, no doubt, to the faithful Osmanlees, but with the sufferer, led to quite an inclination to slap the bigot, but for the apprehension of a row and a violation of the courtesies and presence of even a Mahomedan temple.

The hollow square of the Atmeidan still shows traces of the ancient Hippodrome. Those columns by the obelisk beyond mark the old goal of the chariot races in the old Roman Circus. Under Justinian it witnessed the scene of the green and blue factions, and under Mahomed it witnessed that horrid massacre of the Janissaries, who here fell victims to a stern necessity—a sacrifice of a terrible hydra which was threatening the foundation of the Sultan's throne.

Beyond this, at the corner of a narrow street passing towards the Mosque of Bajazet, we entered the superb Mausoleum of Mahomed, who was buried near the mosque he had erected. These beautiful tombs are in the most perfect and rich style of Moorish architecture, and within are the sarcophagi of the Sultan and his family. The courts outside are usually filled with ever-blooming flowers, decking the margin of a lovely fountain, and each Kiosk becomes almost a minor temple to a deified monarch.

Bajazet has no peculiarity but its vast court, which is full of pigeons, birds highly esteemed by true Mus-

sulmen, from the aid which was afforded by one, in the Hegira of the Prophet. They are here entertained at the public expense, where they have a holy horror in causing the wanton death of these birds, and never eat them unless their heads are cut off and they are bled by suspension, when shot by the hands of some luckless Frank.

Here, we were surprised to find a few women in the interior, as they are excluded from a share of the worship, and so slightly treated in the Koran, as to lead to some doubt in Turkey, whether the sex are possessed of souls.

It was the hour of prayer, also, when we entered, and the assembly of the faithful added a new feature to its gloomy and lofty interior. The attitude of the Osmanlee at prayer is one of great and exclusive abstraction: he seems at that hour fully bent upon his duty and the offices of his religion. No other object attracts him from that purpose, and as he bends in his genuflections, thrice he throws his body to the ground, then rising at full height, he lifts his arm in prayer, and is wrapped in contemplation, completely absorbed and abstracted from all earthly considerations, and lost in his vows to the Allah! il Abdallah, and to "Great Mahomet, his Prophet."

Soleimanye, the last mosque we visited, is the most striking, after Saint Sophia, and in its riches and en-

dowments is surpassed by no other in “Stamboul.” Its dome is almost as grand as that of Constantine, and lacks only its associations to render it equally pleasing and attractive.

In visiting all these mosques, we could not but remark the small number of worshippers at prayer. It must however be recollected, that their devotions are performed five times each day, and that no true Mahomedan omits to pray at those stated hours, when the Muezzim tells their appointed time from his tower in the sky ; and wherever the true and faithful are, in shop or house, tented field or at sea, they kneel at their devotions, and no occupation or trade prevents obedience to the call.

Thus ended our visit to the Seraglio and Mosque by Firman, a power which carries with it the full exercise of curiosity and observation, and without which it is impossible to see any thing of the interior of either, without the certainty of being insulted by some fierce and solicitous Turk, or laughed at and shouted at by those niggardly *raggouls*, who fling the dog in your teeth, and are ready to sound the alarm of hounds, if you should turn to punish them for their impudence, or check them in their gibes and gestures, which claim protection under the bigotry of their sect, and their insuperable hatred of the Christian, the infidel, and the Giaour.

GOSSIP.

Heartily tired of that monodrame graveyard, with its mournful aspect, and the dull phase of the burnt district of that "Grand Rue de Pera," we changed our quarters and took rooms at Vitelli's, near the Mosque of the Dancing Dervishes, whence we could now command views of the distant city and a glimpse of the Horn. With our change we obtained a clever host in Tonqó, a Greekish Italiano, a fellow of wondrous fertility, and of tongue well suited to his racy delivery of these tropical imageries.

Poor Vitelli had separated with one wife, whom he had found a little too much of a *maitresse femme*, and was now living with another, who was by choice his *femme maitresse*. His good easy nature was chafed in the yoke of regular wedlock, and he saw fit to take French leave of his former virago, and was contented to pass the rest of his days "*en entente cordiale*," with a dark-eyed Grecian. You must know that we do things differently in Turkey, and love in the East is rather more plastic than shawls and piastres. Guissepe Tonqó entertained in the East, to the full satisfaction, our party, two Englishmen, and the Sultan's Geologist ; and in such company we felt still nearer to the Sublime Porte, and more open to the general influences of Turkdom and the Ottoman Empire.

Our English friend, H—, was one of those staid and statistical Johnnies, who take facts by measurement and landscapes by points. He had been travelling at leisure on three hundred pounds a year for the last seven years, and whilst in Stamboul was engaged in copying out bad plans from an old book of the last century, and buying up back numbers of Galignani. By such little devices and funny anachronisms, he managed to keep up a pleasant fiction of travel, and indulged in the beauties of constructive absenteeism.

In excursions about town we took H— as our foot-rule, and pocketed all measurements and statistics from his memorandum, whilst we threw his old jokes and Percy's Anecdotes to the Turks and the dogs.

Our geologist, from his long residence in Turkey, and appointment at the Porte, gave us reliable information on the true state of Turkey and character of the Ottoman, whilst our companion, L—, who had sailed out in an English tub, had left home hardly with permission of his mamma, and was only known to us by his flirting and ogling with a pretty Jewess, who lived opposite our window.

The Doctor's room, on Tonqó's third floor, answered for our divan, and we assembled there every evening to learn the news of the day, and to gather fresh hints about the movements of Turkey.

In the absence of incident, we always sent down

for the equivocal Tonqó, whose fertile imagination and glib Grecian tongue always came to his aid, to recall the glorious days of the Janissaries, the intrigues of the Courts, his life in the Plague, and his own greatness under the empire of Mahommed, the dead and favorite Sultan. When this source failed, we called in the aid of the Ottoman newspaper, edited by Mr. C—, and it *never* was at fault, to bring up all arrears of absurdity, or, in the melodramatic constructions of these our oriental nights at Stamboul. We were always lolling on the divan, where Chibouques, and Duchan Hooker, and Timbactou were ever ready to be puffed, and to pour out rich volumes of smoke, thick enough to obscure our countenances, and prevent too close an examination as to the texture and truthfulness of those stories, which were certainly woven out of the whole cloth.

SORTIES.

Under the escort of Georgio, our busy-faced factotum, we sallied out the next morning to visit the “Horse Bazaars.” Passing through the long line of cypresses which stand like funereal plumes over the sepulchres of the Moslems, we stopped awhile to observe how many of the turbaned tombstones had been singled out and decapitated ; whilst they recalled to

our minds the fearful vengeance of Sultan Mahmoud, who followed the onslaught of the Atmeidan by a mutilation of all the cemeteries of the Janissaries. Soon after, as we were about to enter our caiques at the "Death Quay," we halted again to witness two singularly severe fights on the wharf; for we were surprised to view such fierce demonstration of passion in the faces of these Osmanlees, which had hitherto been characterized by traits of the most benign complacency, and expression of imperturbable repose.

We crossed above the free bridge and landed at the Mosque of the Fanar, in the Greek quarter; then ascending over the brow of the hill, lounged awhile under the arches of the ancient Roman Aqueduct, which is still used to convey water into the city. Entering at the side of a broken gate, we left the street and groped our way up a blind and narrow stoneway to the top, and whilst we walked along the line of its broken walls, catching pleasing views over the town, and overlooking the gardens and interior courts of the houses beneath us, we listened to the gurgling sound of its waters flowing under our feet, which issued forth like plaintive voices of the past or sighs from the hollow tombs of centuries, mourning the fate of that Empire which had risen and fallen in its course, and assimilating the history of its transfer, prosperity, and decline, to the strange mutations of human life.

Thence we descended and walked to the noble Mosque of Mohammed, to take a new view of the "Saddlers' Bazaars," and that quarter where the horse-market is held. Whilst there we sought to purchase a gun-case from one of these Turkish cobblers, and were quite diverted at the obstinate refusal of the animal to receive any orders from a Christian. We tried to communicate our wishes by signs, and drew a plan of a cover, hoping to assist the merchant by demonstration; but at the very first intimation of instructions from a Frank, the old Turk threw down the plan, and sheathed his caseknife; then looking at us with a solemn, mysterious, fanatical stare, signified as much as to say, "you may get it elsewhere; I am sure I could not please you at any rate;" whilst he mumbled this passage from the Alcoran: "Ye faithful! do not tie sausages to dogs' tails." Not far from this quarter, the *debris* of an old mosque obstruct the roadside. The Mahomedans leave these wrecks to crumble into decay, and have scruples in hastening the destruction of a temple already predestinated by the order of nature. Although they have desecrated all the Grecian temples, and have lined the Seraglio sea walls with the columns of Salamis, they never destroy their own edifices or remove them out of sight, but suffer their ruins to moulder into dissolution. Then after walking about this new quarter of the city, we passed within

to the terrace before the Mosque of Soleimanye, "The Magnificent," and whilst I was occupied in sketching its exterior for my companion's statistics, we were surrounded by groups of idlers and Osmanlees, who suspiciously eyed our draft, as if we were plotting the destruction of the temple. Some even, more generous, and gifted with a slight taste for Art, seemed strangely pleased with the drawing, and gave us a patronizing shrug, with a "Yok!" or "Mashallah!" We felt somewhat honored by these tokens of sympathy, for they relieved us from any apprehensions we might have had, of being pitched over the precipice for our sacrilege. From that spot we turned to enjoy the glorious effect of a rainbow over the scene spread before us, whilst the soft tones of evening stole over the waters of the Bosphorus before the outlet of the Golden Horn ; and as the setting sun glowed upon the lone Tower of Galata, burnishing the mosques and minarets with gold, the whole air was bathed in the richest hues of purple light ; and transparent clouds, tinged with roseate dye, hung their rich drapery over that landscape which was so beautifully framed under the span of the suspended arch.

We stood long gazing at the beautiful effects of light upon the distant shore of Asia, whilst we watched the overshadowing of day, under the gorgeous colors of this magic twilight, and lingered still until the last

ray of sunlight, glancing from gilded mast to minaret, pencilled with its faint quivering touch the crescent vane of the Seraskier Tower, as it fled from earth to regions of more celestial glory, to leave the sea resplendent with the mirrored beauty of the stars.

Again it is Friday, and the day opens with occasional showers and fitful streaks of sunlight. Again, the Muezzims sound the hour of prayer from their thousand galleries above tower and dome, and the faithful move to the service of the mosque, as he cries, “Allah, il Allah! Abdillah! To prayer! to prayer! prayer is better than sleep! Come all ye faithful to prayer! Allah il Allah! Great is the Prophet! Allah il Allah! Allah!” The cannons from Seraglio Point belch out their globes of smoke, and the hills resound with rejoicing echoes. Yonder across the Bosphorus move the graceful barges of the Sultan—now they float by us, in our caique, to the mouth of the Horn. To-day he goes to Achmet, and returns to visit the launches from the arsenal, within the Admiralty district.

We afterwards mounted to the terrace of the Mos-veli Dervishes, to watch the gay procession of barge and caique as it passed within the Horn; and thence again to the bridge, whilst the Court moves over the inner straits, and crowds of eager and devoted followers swell the pageant in its onward course. One never tires when viewing the varied charms of this poetic

land. Ten thousand bloody flags stream from the crowded mast-heads, displaying the gilded crescent on their ruddy fields ; and as the Sultan reviews the labors of the Pacha, under the cover of his sheltering tent, two noble ships of the line are launched from the yard of the Capudan, and sink from their ways to the sea, floating like swans on that glorious lake. Once more the welkin rings with the shout of soldiery, beat of drums, and booming guns ; then all is over.

Again the Sultan moves on his return to the palace at Beglerbeg, and the bridge is cleared by the crackling whip of the Bostanjee, who keeps it free, whilst his barges pass beneath to float once more in the deep and broader waters of the Bosphorus. We followed that afternoon to imbibe fresh joys from the eternal beauties of these noble straits, and landed not, until within the arms of the Bay of Buyakadère. In getting out of the boat, we were nearly plunged into the full enjoyment of its waters, and would have felt the full power of its charms, but for the strong aiding hands of our skilful boatmen. We lost, however, the perception of the beautiful shores, as the rain forced us to abandon our ride to Belgrade, and that night was passed on land at the “Navy,” a miserable inn kept by a clever Greek ; but we slept soundly, lulled to sleep by the sound of the clamoring waves and the beating of a violent rain, pattering on the roof and tapping against our windows.

At early dawn the next morning, we returned and sailed down the Bosphorus. The rosy morn gave new beauties to these charming shores, and added fresh laurels to their merited praises. On board we had parties of Armenian merchants, returning to their business in the city, and groups of Greeks, Albanian women, and Turks. A saintly priest was seated at the end of the boat, dressed in full canonicals for the service of the mosque ; and it amused us not a little to watch his popularity-seeking manners, and his open, pharisaical display of alms to a miserable boy, who waited upon him and kissed the fingers of his extended hand. So we floated, by the Sultan's Palaces and Kiosks, Armenian villages and Greek mansions, on to the charming Point of Candili, and across from Scutari round the shore of Tophané to the bridge, and a landing, just in time to escape the coming shower, and reached our lodgings for an early breakfast at Tonqó's.

BAIRAAM.

What meaneth this gathering of sheep within the precincts of the Court of Valide, the assembly of merchants, and spread booths under the shadow of the temple ? The morrow is the Feast of the Bairaam, and the Sultan sacrifices the lamb at the great festival of

the Mussulman year, which follows that of the Rhamadan and the ceremony of the Circumcision. At sunset the cannons announce the approach of this annual Coorban Bairaam; the harbor is brilliantly illuminated, and those pendent lamps hung from the Muezzim's gallery, encircling the domes of the mosque and studding the masts of the shipping from Eyoub to the Divan, shine like clusters of brilliant constellations along the starry firmament of this city of the sun. We ascended the tower of the Genovese to catch the full effect of this bright effulgence, and with the aid of our Cawass, succeeded in passing the guards and getting within the gates, which are closed upon the Frank's quarter after nightfall.

What a brilliant spectacle bursts upon the sight from the outer gallery of this sky tower! Ten thousand stars seemed to have dropped from heaven upon the bosom of enchanted earth; and as these lamps glimmered through the hazy dusk upon the phosphoric billows of the gilded Horn, they twinkled like golden spangles upon the mantle of the *QUEEN OF NIGHT*. It was a scene not unlike when the innumerable hosts of rebel angels, driven from out the pure ethereal realms of heaven, lay stretched for many an acre round upon the burning surface of the lurid lake. High aloft, the young moon peered in matchless loveliness through light encircling belts of fleecy clouds, and cast her soft

veil over the “bridal of the earth and sky,” as when the Prophet fled from his persecuting foes; and in gratitude for her cheerful beams, stamped her image upon the shields and pennons of the faithful, and by that signal CRESCENT led on to the conquest of the world, and the establishment of a religion, whose proselytes were to be converts to the sword, and baptized in an ocean of blood.

Those tall, tapering towers and minarets, gleaming with golden light, stalk forth like spectres in the watches of the night, and the whole aspect of that scene shared more of the fabled visions of enchantment, than of the assembled glories of mere earthly and oriental splendor.

That morning came, and the sun arose, suffusing the shores with rosy light. At early day, the bridge was crowded with masses of people, moving in the direction of the Porte, and over to the Seraglio of the Sublime Gate. We arrived before others, and yet found a vast multitude assembled in the squares, bordering on the walls of “Saint Sophia.” There were Armenians, dressed in full-flowing robes, petticoated Greeks, tall-capped Jewish women, Turks and soldiers, and the guards, all grouped in the most easy attitudes and postures. It was a beautiful sight to watch the opening of this gala festival. The gilded and painted Arabas, drawn aside from their buffaloes and Arabian

steeds, are filled with gay groups of females, and the brilliant attire of the full costumed Turks. The beautiful fountain of the Seraglio, with its pagoda roofs and rich golden inscriptions on azure ground, the splendid portals of the Gate, the turreted walls of the Castle, and the majestic form of Saint Sophia, form the beautiful foreground of this grand spectacle, while the Sea of Marmora, with its distant shores and mountains, close up the hollow of the square. Here were all waiting, and engaged in various observations and surmises, until the hour of march was announced by the appointed heralds. The procession moved through the long line of soldiers ranged along the course. Ten spirited Arabians, led by gayly-clad grooms, preceded ; they are the steeds of Mahomet, pedigree of the Prophet's race, beautifully caparisoned and without riders, and their rich saddles of red morocco are embroidered in golden letters. Then came Pachas, Muftis, Effendis, and high dignitaries of the Empire, each attended by their suites and slaves, and mounted on fiery coursers, with highly decked saddle-cloths ; following in order of their tails or standards, whilst they are severally distinguished by their decorations and number of retainers. Lastly came the oldest and most important minister, the Grand Vizier, moving in front of the body-guards, who were richly clad in scarlet jackets, and in their red fezes wore aloft high, tall plumes of the

peacock-feather, whilst they carried their maces in their right hand. Then succeeded the imperial fan-bearers, to keep off all noxious insects, and to prevent the flies from annoying the serene countenance of the Prince ; these passed in files of six, and in the middle, clad with his cloak of royal purple, and almost hidden under a gaudy canopy of plumes and fans, the Sultan rode, mounted on a sorrel horse, which was led by the grooms. From his tarboush rose a single plume of a peacock's feather, fastened by a superb diamond, the first in Europe, which glistened like a star in the forehead of Zullillah. He deigns not to look either to the right or left. Solemn and melancholy, like a blazé Frenchman, dejected and slowly he moves ; and whilst the air is rent by the huzzas of the enthusiastic soldiers, at the presence of the King, the inclination of his turban on the salvers on either side is the only recognition of the acclamations of the people. The procession is closed by the household troops and minions of the Palace. The crowd hurries on behind towards the Mosque of Achmet. The whole pageant constitutes one of the most brilliant scenes of oriental pomp and splendor, and is the most gorgeous display in the magnificence of the Sublime Porte.

The soldiers now close up the ranks,—bands of music discourse wild airs to his imperial taste, and the cannons boom as they enter the hollow square of the Atmeidan in front of the Court of Achmet.

Whilst there, the Sultan sacrifices a lamb, and distributes myriads of sheep among the poor. This mere religious festival is over, and the rest of the day is spent in gala and rejoicing. The royal party retire in the same order to the Sublime Porte. On our return we were fortunate in meeting the procession of royal carriages, bearing the Sultanas and the concubines homeward. These vehicles, called in the East "*Arabas*," are worked by buffaloes, and their gay caparisons, with tinsel head-gear and saddle-trees, hung round with long red tassels and cords, are in excellent keeping with the fantastic shape and colors of the painted body of these wagons. Their fair occupants sit within on rich mattresses, which relieve the rickety motion of these swinging calabashes. As I looked in, I was struck with the singular beauty of some of these dark-eyed Odalisques, who seemed no less conscious of their charms than ready to display their fair proportions, and even not over-exact in the folds of their yashmacs. Fully aware of their security under the guard of eunuchs, and of the effect of their stolen interviews, they delight to play at coquetry with the eyes of passing Franks, and are even willing to drop their veils, so as to expose their fair complexions, and the pearly richness of a voluptuous bosom. These imprisoned beauties are safe within the inclosure of their latticed cars, and through their bars they shoot out

glances from their large eyelashes, which rankle deep in the wounded heart of the enduring, suffering, helpless, and admiring Christian. The higher the rank, and richer the person, the lighter are the folds of their ferigees and curtains ; and more ready they to display charms which ravish from being viewed, as fully as they are aware of the power of such sensations. We followed these freights of human beauties even to the water's edge, and saw them safely seated in their barges, as they were borne away to be immured amid the seclusions of the Harem, at the Palace of Dolmabagdashe on the Bosphorus ; whilst we wafted adieu, from the corners of our pocket handkerchiefs. The remaining barges of the Court moved out into the stream, and the magnificent flotilla of the Sultan crossed our path, as we afterwards pushed out into the middle of the Horn, and watched those beautiful castles of water, until they disappeared around the walls of Tophané.

SAINT STEPHANO.

After this, we passed to the shore of Galata, and taking a caique from the Wine-Wharf, engaged boatmen to take us to Saint Stephano. As we were gliding past the quay, our attention was occupied by groups of pretty children, variously engaged in their

sports on shore. These miniature Mussulmen attract, from their beautiful faces and ludicrously pretty costumes, which are more rigidly observed by them than among the older Turks. Their chief sport was a splendid spindle swing, in which they sat in boxes, and were alternately raised up in the air and let down again to the ground. As soon as we had floated past the limits of the Horn, we rounded Seraglio Point, and were borne by the rapid current into the Sea of Marmora, along the old walls of the city. We kept always in sight of the city, and until beyond the Seven Towers caught new views of its magnificent outlines. We met our Minister at the foot of his landing-place, ready to receive us. As we shook his extended hand, we felt sure of his hospitalities within. The door of his villa opens out on the sea, and gives a glorious prospect over Marmora and a thousand sails, stretching upward to the city over its waters, which are only broken by the various groups of the Princes' Islands. We sat long over our sherry, discussing Turkey and Turkdom, and it was late when the moon peeped through the latticed window, and stole upon our party, cosily seated on a divan and smoking our pipes in vapory clouds, which flitted between her and its bright reflections on the blue Propontis; and it was midnight, of charming beauty and in soft repose, when we sunk into deep sleep, in harmony with hushed nature around,

and were charmed into forgetfulness and dreams by the murmuring waves of the sea, flowing under the piers of our chamber.

The next morning, whilst at breakfast, Messrs. Dwight and Holmes, attached to the mission at Pera, came in, and soon after, Mr. Davis, an American, who had been invited by the Sultan to introduce the culture of cotton into Turkey. Our conversation turned on general subjects, and ran in the following vein :

TRAVELLER.—Poor Davis is going to the city, to-day, to have his eye doctored. So we will examine him passing. How grows cotton in Turkey, Davis?

MR. D.—Under the patronage of the Sultan, well. He has given me a gang of idle fellows, who are always wanting to take a pull at their chibouques ; and if the soil was not naturally adapted for the staple, it would be more likely to sprout with Timbuctoo and old pipes.

TRAVELLER.—I suppose his Majesty, brother of the City of the Sun, has some slight degree of interest in the welfare of his kingdom, and that by this time he must have caught some few ideas from the Russian and French legations.

“ Yes,” says Carr ; “ this Head of the Turks thinks of establishing a factory, and has already put up the iron foundry, and had the doctor to cure his chimney ; but I suppose when the main pipe is put up, it will

run strong competition with all the chibouques and narguillées of Stamboul, and be put down for monopoly of smoke."

"Doubtless our friend the Doctor will then find these fancies for improvement, in Turkey, to be fitful; and when the old fox has gotten crotchets enough from the strangers, he will grow tired of innovations, as his soldiers are of Frank pantaloons; or he may be rather inclined to throw his wards overboard, as he does some of his extra wives, in the Bosphorus."

"But you must allow he is a man of some energy," says our Missionary; "partial to Europeans, whom his subjects call 'Dogs'; for he has already introduced a line of steamers, speaks French, plays the piano, and furnishes his palace *à la* Paris; so that there is some hope for the Ottoman Empire."

"I allow it, Brother H——; but he is sadly given to his harem; and I fear, if he does not follow his respectable mother's advice, our main stay in the Sultan will be taken away; then we must ever content ourselves to confine our labors to the conversion of a few Armenians, or to straightening out the consciences of a few hungry and renegade Greeks."

"Not at all," rejoined our Minister;—"Zulillah, this shadow of God, spreadeth the august folds of his authority, in preference, over the Republic of the Potawattamies. At the last reception, and the exchange

of salaams before the Divan of the Magnificent Gate, this Avenger of the Faithful was benign enough to receive four of that great nation, all of whom were over six feet three inches. That visible representation of our people so astonished his Majesty, as to fix an indelible impression on his mind of the dignity, greatness, or tallness of the inhabitants of the domain of his brother Phædradrom of the Sun of the Occidental Zone, while it caused him to exclaim, with a 'Yok! yok! Allah il Allah, Abdillah! and Mahomet is his greatest Prophet, after our brother Jehuphad of the Pottawatamies. Inshallah! Mashallah!'"

We arose at this point of remark, and bid adieu to our host and his friends, and as we left the shore, gave word to our bargemen to hurry us back to Stamboul.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Hitherto we have given only general remarks, or the impressions of an enchanted gazer. We will now enter more fully into detail, and write more of what is seen and heard.

Probably no country in Europe is so little known as Turkey, or a people so little understood as the Turks. They rejoice in their total distinction from the rest of mankind. They know nothing of the action of those whom they deem barbarians, and care

less. They idolize the Sultan, as the successor of the Prophet, and respect the Czar of Russia, who had once thrashed them heartily in battle

KORAN.

The Koran regulates all the duties of Turkish life. It is their civil, religious, social, and intellectual guide. From the chapter of the "*Man*," to that of the "*Cow*," every office is prescribed and every obligation to bind the faithful. Every action conforms to its rule, and no true Turk holds of any account any dicta not found within its pages. This, and the sayings of the immediate friends of the Prophet, make up the volume of the written and unwritten law; and the inspired thoughts which were inscribed on mutton blades and chips, have been gathered by his followers within the folios of this code.

So great is the veneration of the Mussulman for its contents, that not even a slip of paper is ever thrown away or destroyed, for fear that on it may be written some precept of the Prophet or the holy name of Allah.

Their religion, therefore, enters into every relation, and regulates every action of their life. Their attachment to their faith, and regularity of their devotions, is admirable, and whether in shop or house, in field or

tent, the hour of worship finds fit temple for his silent prayer. However you may be disposed to differ from these loyal followers of the false Prophet, you cannot but admire their consistency, or doubt their sincerity of faith, for the instances are rare of the conversion of a Turk to Christianity.

You ask a Turk, why he fulfils the exact performance of his ablutions, his punctilious cleanliness, his tender treatment of animals, his entertainment of strangers, and his scrupulous regard for truth, and he refers you to the injunctions of the Koran.

Their attachment to their law and religion, which are one, is sustained by the early education of their children, and every breach in the observance of its commands, has not only the dreadful apprehension of the fearful anger of the Prophet, but the more certain punishment of the fault by his vicegerent on earth, the Sultan.

With all their devotion and virtue of cleanliness, their urbanity of manners and propriety, they do not sustain a reputation of intellectual vigor. They still adhere to a belief in the Ptolemaic system of the planets' and sun's movements round the earth.

They sustain their interest in the heavens by a careful observance of all natural phenomena, and no day of festival is set apart, or any action of importance undertaken, until their astrologers have first

taken the signs of the stars, and the times and seasons have been found to be in conjunction for the happy auspices of the event.

Whilst among them, they had often deferred the celebration of the Bairaam, because the omens were not propitious. With all their resignation to the will of fate, and their comfortable assurance as to the result of their destiny, they believe it is to their advantage to take a fair start with futurity, and get all the chances in favor before leaping to the result. If the fire burns to consume their houses in its devouring element, they are eager to arrest the flame; but if it masters all the energies of man, they are resigned to its fury, and console themselves with "God is great;" and if sickness or pestilence visit, to terminate in the stroke of death, they are still calm under its influence and resigned to the decree. They heave a deep sigh as they add, for composure, "God is great and—*merciful.*"

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

In their manners and customs they appear the very antipodes of the civilized North, and all their habits are antithetical to Europeans.

They sit on the ground cross-legged; we sit upright in a chair. They eat with their fingers; we with our forks. Their women wear trousers; their

men wear petticoats. We take off our hats on entering a room ; they take off their shoes. Our gentlemen visit the ladies ; their women the men. Our fair ones ride sideways ; their beauties ride straddle. They glory in plurality ; we think one wife is enough. Their fair ones paint their eyelids and fingers ; ours only their cheeks. They shave only their heads, and consider their beards a mark of honor and distinction ; we shave our own faces and other people's noses. We think them barbarians and fanatics, and wonder at their taste ; they retaliate by calling us dogs, and are equally astonished at our want of good-breeding. We throw our maidens into the market ; they, their daughters into the Bosphorus.

In fact, both parties are in a disagreeable humor to enjoy each other's properties and peculiarities, and are mutually ill prepared to exchange the courtesies of their respective conditions ; so that there are scarcely two points in which they both agree ; and it may be said with truth, that what the Anglo-Saxon is, the Turk is not.

HOUSES.

The interior of their houses is admirable, and their rooms are so planned as to admit as much light as possible at all sides. The form of the room is always a

square, and the passages leading to it from the open side at the door, prolong its form and convert it into an oblong. It is these projections to receive light, and the sinking of these passages and recesses of their corridors, which vary the form of their houses, and give to these dwellings their singularly picturesque aspect. The room is so managed as to leave the windows uninterrupted by partitions or walls. Rich cushions are spread on the floor to the height of the windows, and give one a fine view outward into the gardens. Thus they live always in the sight of external nature.

The right corner of the divan is the seat of honor, and when the guests appear, they take their rank from their position as to the host. On the ground floor, overlooking the garden, is the court of the fountains. It is this excellent disposition of light, which displays so artistically their interior life, and gives such rich effect to their costumes and groups.

As the guest enters, it is his duty to salute. The salaams are repeated and returned. He is then preceded by the host, and takes his seat next to him on the divan; the compliments of the day are exchanged, and conversation flows on moderately and with the same easy courtesy, without extraneous ceremony.

Supple and active attendants then wait upon the party with pipes, and holding their long stems gracefully balanced between thumb and finger, set the bowl

within proper distance of the guest, and then with a gentle swing turn the amber mouthpiece to the lips of the receiver, and withdraw—always facing the company—to their stand behind the lattice screen of the stairway.

After this, coffee is brought in and served up by the servants in chaste fingans, resting in the hold of their silver zarfs. These are often of gold, wrought in rich filagree, and ornamented with jewels. As the coffee is presented, the guest receives it, by taking the cup out of the holder, as it is lowered to the level of his mouth ; and when emptied, the attendant returns to relieve the sitter, and, careful always to avoid contact with the guest, placing one hand under the zarf, and the palm of the other over the cup, receives it on the salver as it leaves the lips of the drinker. All this service is performed without noise or confusion ; and so dextrous is their skill, that it never happens that the long snaky folds of the narguillée, or the slender stems of the chibouque are disturbed, in the rapid movements and tread of the nimble and well-trained domestics. After which the visit concludes with the temanéh, or ceremony of taking leave :—the guest always asking leave to go. He is then accompanied to the proper point by his host, whom he salutes again easily, without superfluous compliment, awkward haltings, or last words ; then the host resumes his place

on the divan, and the company remain in the same easy and charming attitudes, without having noticed the departures or the salaams.

BATHS.

Next in interest, from their interior arrangement and construction, are the Baths. The room set apart for this purpose is somewhat retired from the divan, but always convenient to the chambers and closets. They are usually lined with marble, and contain all the appurtenances of hot and cold water. The light falls beautifully through a cullendered roof, softened by lenses of ground glass, set into richly cut marble sockets. What could be more ravishing than its effect on these beautiful creatures of the Harem, standing within these lovely alcoves, and visited while bathing by such waves of pearly light?

I leave it to your fancy to describe the poetical aspect of these bathing Georgians, and to picture forth the charms of an oriental bath, and turn to those more common halls, the receptacle of public bathers, the common baths of Stamboul and Scutari. On any day not set apart for the women, you can enjoy one of these Turkish washtubs. As you enter, you are met by the swashers and clothiers, who receive you while you are undressed, and stand ready to furnish towels

and soap. After this you pass into the interior, where there are a series of smaller apartments, lighted from above, through the loopholes of thickly perforated cupolas, and commence operations by being laid out in state on a hot slab of marble. You remain there until perspiration flows freely, and then are taken in hand. Fresh manipulations commence by a profuse lathering, until you are covered with white foam, or concealed under a cloud of soap-suds. Now follows the process of shampooing, or rubbing down, as the attendant passes his hand in a very rapid and soothing mode over the limbs, much after the sponge-wash of a horse-jockey ; and while you are under the lubric friction of this operation, thin flakes of flesh peel off, which cause you to shrink at this evidence of your own uncleanness, whilst you are afraid of being skinned alive. After you have been thoroughly shampooed and curried down, and have undergone the additional torture of ankles pulled out of joint, knees cracked, and bones twisted, much after the manner of wrung stockings or rags ; then succeeds the douche bath, when hot water is poured over your exhausted frame, already wrought into such a state of fervor and glow of delight, that you scarcely feel the heat of the liquid fire, which purifies your existence by removing all particles of filth and dust. After this final act of purification, you are led over the hot marble pavement on griggles ; and as

you stagger out fainting and nerveless, quite overcome with stupor and vapor, you feel much like a quivering form of gelatine prior to collapse; when you sink exhausted into the folds of a mattress in the anteroom, and swoon almost into forgetfulness of life or reality. There, within the envelope of your winding-sheet, you rest until your excitement is overcome by sleep, and your vigor is restored by repose. You awake to receive the proffered cup of mocha from the caffeegee, and while away an hour amid the clouds of fragrant gebailler, blown from the burning censer of your chibouque. Thus amid delightful visions, animation, with the impulsive throbs of life, revives through your purified body. You then dress, go into the outer room, and escape, satisfied with one trial of the Turkish bath.

We went into one near the market of the Fanar, and I assure you we walked but once round, and then fled from the effluvia of filth and stench which arose, at times taking strong hold of our noses, and inhaling large vials of jessamine and otto of roses, to prevent contagion and avoid disease. We had enough of the Turkish bath, and could only enjoy one in private, and that, perhaps, in the secret chambers of the Seraglio.

LIFE IN THE STREETS.

The sight revels in those confused pictures of life and men, which crowd upon your vision as you wander in your daily walks through the lanes and byways of this glorious city ; and the imagination is strained to find fit description of those motley contrasts which mingle the eternal beauties of nature, with the ever-varying and gorgeous spectacles of her streets. From early dawn, when you are awakened by the hoarse cry of the vender of chiamac, who passes your door with his towering load, to the last cry of the Muezzim at evening ; and until night approaches, when you are again disturbed by the rattling wand of the passing watch, or the startling call of “ yangen van !” fire ! fire ! you are ever on the alert, and susceptible to the thousand objects and incidents which surround you.

As you walk through the long array of columnar tombs decking the hillside of Pera, you see here and there, scattered groups of beautiful children, playing in full health amid the broken stones of the decimated Janissaries ; and beyond, through the avenues of terebinth and cypress, you follow that hurrying gang of Turks, bearing aloft the frail relics of mortality, as they almost run to the grave, and press to fulfil a duty enjoined by the Koran, which protects them from any taint by pollution.

Over the hill you look out on the gay procession of young children, who are escorting a companion to school, amid sound of chant and notes of wild music ; and as you watch the glowing eyes of the young neophyte, you cannot but admire these pleasing introductions to their education, and these charming artifices which soften the avenue to learning, and cheer the scholar, while they bind the affections of the children to their teachers.

Far off, by the angle of a corner, there are groups of singing women, shrieking more like funeral dirges, than what was thought to be entertainment ; and as you hurry on, passing the doors of the caffeegee and wine shop, you look in upon groups of revellers and idlers, listening to the tales of a storyteller or dervish, or joining in the dance of young boys, whilst others are strewn about, vaguely smoking away existence from the mouthpieces of their chibouques and the snaky lengths of the narguillée.

Here by the bridge you are startled by the sharp snap of the Suredjee's lash, who runs before to announce the approach of his noble lordship, and you are amused on every turn to see the deference paid to a child, the infant son of some Lord of the Household.

And in the gay confusion occasioned by the momentary stoppage of the crowd, you are struck with

the rich costumes which are huddled together in such picturesque confusion ; while fustanelled Greek, broad-tailed Armenians, the ragged Jew, pilgrim and camels, Arabs and Circassians, are held aback, showing the richest contrast of color and races ; and, opposed to the glorious views of the Horn, the white walls of the city, and the shipping, which almost bury their prows into the windows of the town.

Hurrying along, came a band of Hamals, porters of enormous strength, dragging a tun up the streets of Galata, whilst lean, lank, mangy dogs growl as they dispute the way.

Across in the city, the crowd grows denser within the narrow limits of the bazaars, where the little space allowed is filled with venders of sweetmeats and pulp and water, mingled with lumbering vehicles and the spirited coursers of the Prophet's racers, whilst Pachas pass with their bands of followers swelling in dignity with their tails ; and all are hurrying onward, and pushing their way through that gay array of goods, wares, arms, and morocco, which line the walls of the merchants' stalls.

Aside of the main bazaars, which are nothing but covered streets, are the khans of rich Persians and Armenians. Here the richest goods are displayed, and within their narrow and ill-furnished chambers, are arranged rich shawls of Cachmere, fine linen of Damas-

cus, the wealth of the Indies, and gold of Africa ; all brought hither under convoy of the caravans, which here discharge ; and they also open their halls for the entertainment of travellers and pilgrims. The Armenians are the true bankers of the Turks, who are not permitted to take interest by the Koran.

The Turks have limited ideas of commercial enterprise, as they sell their goods by the piece ; but they are never troubled about the sale of their merchandise, and will smoke cross-legged, for hours, waiting patiently until chance or good fortune favors them with a buyer.

The life of the “Bazaars” makes up the chief attraction of the city ; and as they seemed always well frequented by the women, presented a fair field for observation and remark.

These, and the thousand other sights, mingle with the beauties of nature, and correspond to the glories of this sweet land. It is in that nature that the Turk finds his happiness and home. Here, under the favors of rich skies, tropical sunshine, and the contentment of his placid nature, he revels amid his visions of the Paradise of the Prophet. Here he surrounds himself with the heaven of his women, where all the treasures of earth are brought together at the “Golden Gates of the City of the Sun.” If he indulges in the luxury of opium, in women and his wives, he is comforted to

think that the Prophet sanctioned them first; and whilst he dreams away existence under the seductive influence of the narcotic, he revels amid visions of Houris before the gates of a Paradise, and wakes to the realities of concubines, who always looked to us like fat ghosts, dressed up in green and yellow flannel.

They are entirely a curious people, but not destitute of many points of excellent example. We were among them quite long enough to study them, and to gain an insight into the glories of their city, at the extreme east of Europe. One indulges in the full tide of oriental extravagance until you soon cease to wonder at the Turks, and fancy yourself estranged. You enjoy the land, because here, only, unalloyed repose and quiet is respectable, and you have no disturbing anxieties for a place beyond.

Each week brings with it new stores of delight, new features of interest, and fresh studies of the character of this comico-serious people. Every day develops fresh beauties and new charms.

And although you may see no Viziers, enter no Harems, captivate no Houris, nor rub the Aladdin lamp, without and around you are the Bosphorus and the Propontis; and in the city and its histories, its antiquities and its shores, you have a never-failing source of attraction, wonderment, and delight.

And added to all this, it is the glory of nature which constitutes the high honors of the East, and make up the charms of the Bosphorus and its treasures. But that city with its emblazoned palaces, mosques, and minarets of beauty, deceives you ; and they are the mere show of a whitened sepulchre, of magical fairness without ; but within, full of all manner of filth, uncleanness, and extortion ; such is Stamboul.

One by one, my companions deserted me, and I was left alone to enjoy the beauties of Stamboul and the Propontis.

The approaching colds of the winter, and occasional falls of snow, reminded me of the advanced season of the year, and of the propriety of removing to the warmer climes of Egypt. Two months among the Turks had already surfeited my perception of their manners and their habits ; and I was now ready to escape from the sadness of the overcoming change of nature.



Armenian Merchant.

DEPARTURE FOR EGYPT.

SAIL TO ALEXANDRIA.

HAVING provided myself with a firman from the Porte, and certain little necessary stores for the voyage, I secured my passage in the "Lion," and on the afternoon of the fifth of December set foot on the deck of this miserable little Egyptian steamer. We were to have sailed at five o'clock, p. m., but with the delays incidental to all Turkish proceedings, we were detained until dark, awaiting the arrival of the Captain and Commissario—two necessary personages for the prosecution of a voyage.

In the meanwhile I was occupied in watching the movements of the animated groups on deck, and in enjoying the curiosity of my Ottoman fellow-passengers, who seemed astonished at my rashness in trusting to the mercy of their company. At length our Captain arrived, and after one or two commands from the

Porte, and a consultation of the planets and moon, we shipped our Commissario and health bill, and then moved off around the Point of the Seraglio. We were no sooner out than our Moslems began their devotions, and each spreading his little rug on the deck, commended himself to the benedictions of Allah and the Prophet.

The sun rose gloriously, casting its rosy hues on the now broad Sea of Galipoli, and tinged the tops of the snow-clad distant mountains. About noon we passed the Castle of the Dardanelles, rising fearfully over the narrow headlands of those Straits. Below the forts, we stopped awhile at the low village of Kalessi, to increase the number of our passengers, where the crew made rapid purchases of koolehs and water-jars, which are made at this place.

Near this point you enter the Hellespont, and pass a narrow strip of land, which runs from the Straits to the Cape Berbieri. Somewhere near the site of ancient Abydos, is the spot from which Xerxes crossed his bridge of boats, and Leander swam to visit Hero.

Before leaving the Cape, you pass the harbor in which the Grecian ships were drawn up during the Trojan War; also a picturesque island and the Fortress of Duskarda, on the promontory of the Ægean, covered with windmills.

As we passed out of the shelter of the Cape, a violent

wind arose, and before sunset there were few of our passengers in condition to enjoy the gorgeous aspect of the sinking sun. We had a fearful sail, as we ran that night along the Asiatic coast among groups of the Sporades Isles. Our little boat rode with fitful and sudden tossings over the troubled waters of the Archipelago, and long before day, I started up and walked on deck, too tremulous to sleep secure under the conduct of these savage fanatics.

We were off Sarkis, and dark, gloomy clouds hung in heavy woolly masses over the black outlines of the rocks of Scio. The vessel plunged wildly in that sea, and there was nothing to be seen in the dark sky above but two brilliant stars, smiling amid the terror of the scene, like twin angels watching over a sleeping monster. I looked around on my companions on deck, who had slept above on their mattresses and carpets; they were completely drenched by the spray. To crown our misfortune, a heavy rain commenced falling, and which forced me below. I threw myself upon my bench, resigned to fate and Providence, and slept securely, until I woke up within the harbor of Tchesmee, in Asia Minor, just south of Smyrna.

Capidan Suleiman, a good-natured and portly Turk, not unlike our early Dutch skippers, was too prudent of his trust to tempt the fortunes of this fickle sea: he had a habit of anchoring at night, and running into

port at the first signs of foul weather ; and once within the secure anchorage of Tchesmee, he waited there until the next favorable wind. In this way we coasted through the Archipelago, always in sight of land.

Two days of rest within this snug port of Asia, gave me an insight into Arab manners and life. On board were several pilgrims to Mecca, a few wild Albanians, a family of Jews, and a crew of Arabs, subjects of Mehemet Ali, as ungainly and awkward a gang as ever were set to man a vessel. The chief pastime of the Captain was to make them cast the log, at which they were particularly expert, although our reckoning never gave more than seven knots the hour. In hauling in the ropes or managing a sail, they were strikingly funny, as they had no idea of pulling hand over hand ; they made a cordon on deck and ran round the hatches with a taught sheet, until they ran out the entire length of the line, in order to perform the operation required. Fortunately for my apprehensions, our engineer had been educated in England, and his little stock of English aided me in deciphering the movements and orders of our pilot.

Our Commissario had disposed of the charge of my provisions to his sutler, a miserable, dirty Greek, whose long nose, slouched fez, and broad-tail Armenian back-piece, so disgusted me with the animal, that I had little relish to receive any food at his hands. The very sight

of the man gave me a distaste for his caudles ; and in spite of the customs of the Turks and their aversion to dogs, I was forced to join the Captain at his meals or starve, as my own little hamper of roast fowl and meats had by this time been exhausted.

We had a select party at our first dinner in common—the Captain, two Turkish Effendis, the Commisario, and a Frank. The usual wash was performed before sitting at meals. The first course was a large lottery of thin broth, in which the meat was the prize ; and each party sought a portion, by a dip of his spoon into the common tureen. In the simplicity of oriental manners the use of the fingers is preferred to forks, and in the dispatch of the next course of meats, their use was indispensable. Then followed in order, forced meats, and Kabots, a delicate preparation of minced roast, chopped fine and wrapped in vine-leaves ; after which pudding and sweetmeats closed the entertainment. All these dishes are seasoned with lemon and served with your hands ; hence the necessity of washing again after dinner, when your servant comes with a bowl of water, and as you hold your hands over the basin, he pours out its contents with his right hand, and rubs them dry with the towel in his left. Then comes in the narguillée and chibouque, and when you go on deck the caffeegee follows you with a small cup of rich fragrant mocha, served up in a delicate zarf of filagree silver.

It is sunset by the time you get through your last pipe, and the rugged rocks of the cliffs glow with all the gorgeous tints of an Eastern sky. The Muezzim proclaims the hour of prayer from shore : Suleiman, Mustapha the merchant, and the Hadgi spread their little rugs on deck, before they all kneel down in worship around me ; then rising after frequent genuflexions, stand with their faces turned to the east, in the direction of Mecca. Beyond, the Jew mumbles over his ritual of forms, resting on his sea-chest, whilst under the hatches rise the wild notes of the boys at the pumps, and fearfully through the gratings glare the infernal blaze of the furnaces upon the solitary and bold outlines of my poor Arab servant, Ibrahim, in prayer also, at his salaams.

The next morning I joined the launch for shore, and after having landed, walked over the cliffs of that miserable town, whence I overlooked the flat roofs of its crumbling dwellings, scattered along the brow of the hill, and tumbling in ruins on that soil from which their materials were originally taken.

True to nature, our Jews are bent upon a trade, and I follow them through the streets, up to the solitary castle and to the low shop of another of Israel, until they enter to purchase wine—that musty, sour, and dull liquid which grows in the vineyards of Asia.

What a chaffering over four casks of the juice, and

a wrangling of Jew with Jew! At length the bargain is closed at 30 piastres, about \$1 50 per barrel, and the booty is swung by ropes on two poles, and carried on the backs of three blackamoors to the customs, for inspection and duty. What a host of miserable wretches you meet in this solitary and desert island! The women are so ugly, that neither their lords are jealous of their charms, nor are they themselves burthened with the vanity of veils.

Near the Custom House I stopped to observe the Raisin trade, and the process of packing the dried fruit prior to shipment. It is much the old story of nigger molasses. The fruit is thrown into barrels, and stamped down by the naked feet of a gang of Turks; a gay chorus of wild song lightens the jumping labor of the press, and the grape dance forms a picture sufficiently perfect in itself, without going into the details of the gravel. For our own part, we shall ever prefer the Malaga box fruit after that sight.

I had observed the Captain, as he went ashore several times during our stay, to visit a solitary house on the sea shore; and that the jolly-boat lingered at the landing whilst he withdrew behind the colonnade of its front. Ibrahim informed me that it had been formerly inhabited by a schoolmaster, a man of great repute in the island, and that the pedagogue had committed suicide. It seems that the Turks hold these

persons in like estimation as their priests ; hence the spot of such a death is consecrated, and becomes a mosque, "presided over by the spirit of the dead ;" and they are wont to resort thither to pray for a successful voyage, or to present the offering of a stranger's oblation. "Our Captain is a very pious man," said my informant. I wonder if he really thought so ?

The next morning Ibrahim rushed into the cabin, and informed us that the Captain wished the Effendi Ingles to see his chart of Nicaria and the Fourni Islands, as we were passing both within sight of Samos and the Patmos of St. John.

After running through this group of islands, the wind changed, and heavy clouds, foreboding storm, caused the Captain to make port, and anchor that night at Lero. The appearance of this island was much that of the other Archipelago. Its snug harbor, and picturesque ruin crowning the height of the eastern promontory, were the only charms. A walk amongst its dilapidated ruins called up mournful sentiments over these relics of departed Greece, and melancholy thoughts of that contrast which these once Grecian isles afforded to the history of their ancient glories. In vain I sought among the people some traces of Achilles' greatness ; but under the lineaments of a few piratical-looking fishermen on shore, I did remark some faint likenesses of the portraits of those sea-robbers so cleverly drawn by Homer.

We set sail the next morning for Rhodes, and passing Calamo, and a succession of beautiful islands which stud the bosom of this deep-blue sea, entered its port at night, and weighed our anchor next to the haven which was formerly spanned by the ancient Colossus.

RHODES.

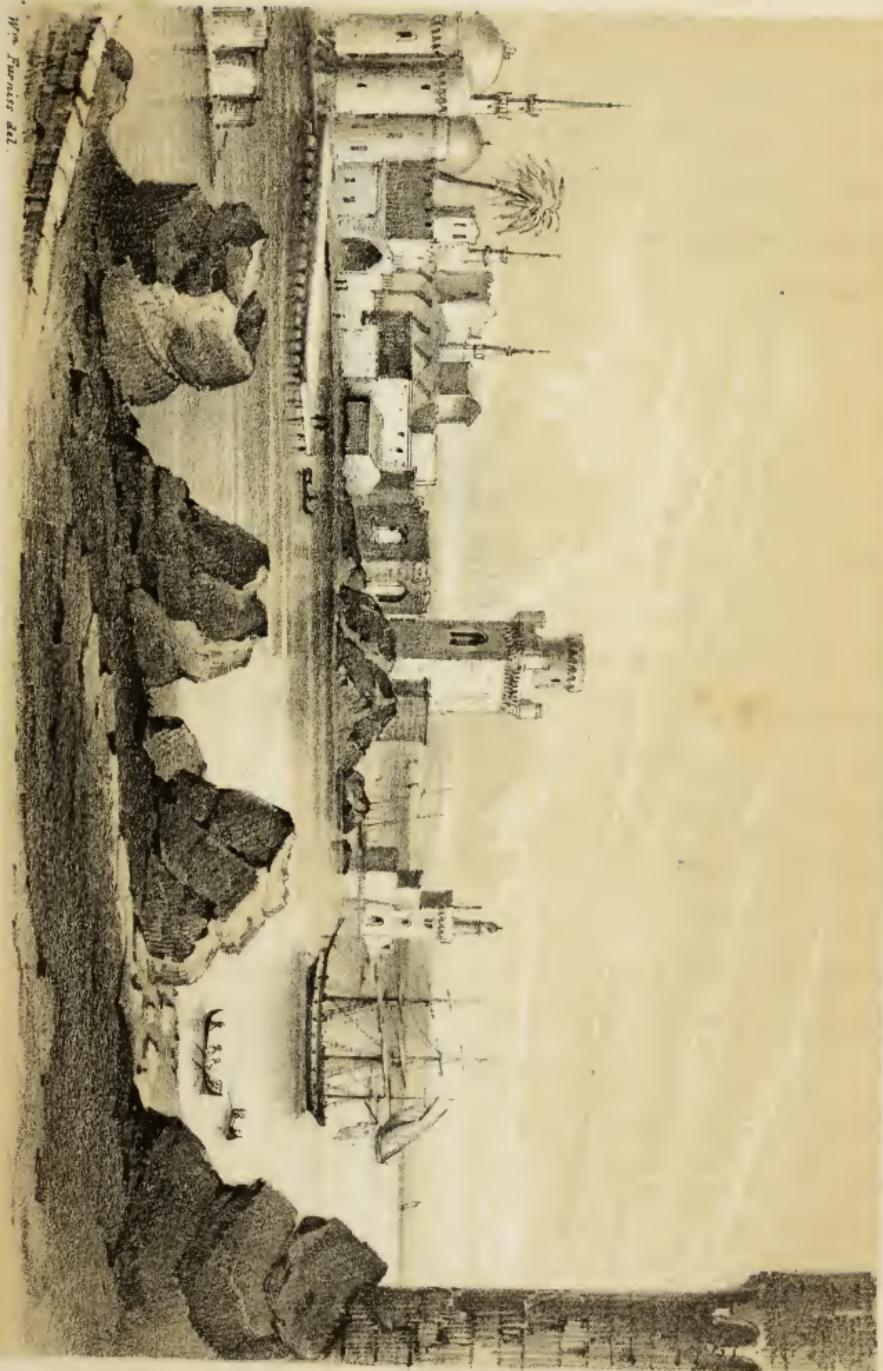
I was so full of the classic associations which gathered around this "Land of Roses," the abode of the Knights of St. John, and the scene of one of the most gallant sieges on record, that I rose long before dawn, and walked the deck, to cool the fervor of my excited fancy. A drenching rain, which did it more effectually, almost spoiled the sunrise I had awaited, and damped my ardor, whilst I was shielded from the fury of the storm under the fore-yard. Thence I listened to the thunder, and peering through the awakening dawn, caught my first view of the town, by lightning.

After breakfast, I landed and took a walk through the town, which give me an opportunity of examining the fine architectural remains of the ruins, and to decipher the shields of the ancient palaces. Association was busy to people their halls with clattering of mailed warriors, and to bring up the sound of arms and minstrelsy breaking through the shattered casements of

HARBOR OF RHODES, MEDITERRANEAN.

Wm. Fawcett del.

Lith. of Savory & Mayot.



1900-1901
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these ruined walls. These shields evidenced the existence of a high state of art in that day ; and among these mouldering heaps there were some rich bits of ornamental design, which would have held an elevated place in the highest class of the architecture of the middle ages.

The old fortifications still bear the impress of their former strength, and of the magnitude of the original undertaking ; and you can yet trace its triple line of moat and dike. The new town has effaced most of the relics of the Knights. The old Cathedral has been converted into a mosque, and the Hospital of the Knights into a granary ! But the island still wears an aspect of loveliness and beauty, and its pure skies, fine climate, and fertile soil, yet claim for it the praises of the sons of song. Its inhabitants have fled, and the glory of its days departed. A few straggling coasting vessels assume the place of its ancient galleys ; but the old form of the castle is preserved, and the memory of its deeds of prowess and chivalry have passed through the wreck of the old world, and still live in the manners and liberal courtesies of the present.

Here, too, you first observe the peculiar features of an Eastern landscape in the palm-trees, orange groves, and figs, the Saracenic order of the architecture, and the gorgeous groups of the crowded streets.

The first sight of that port was filled with peculiar

charms. The remarkable shape of the harbor, the rich fringes of the walls, an occasional tower, the noble forms of those stately Kalas which guard the harbor, the graceful sweep of the date-palm, overtopping gateway and citadel, the lofty minarets looming from the distance; the crowd of boats and animated streets,—blended in harmony with the soft climate of this sweet land, the deep, transparent, ultra-marine of the sea, and a sky suffused with the most delicate tones of light, or tinged with the hues of the blushing dawn; and, when the pale rose-vapor which veiled the hilly outlines of the coast of Marmari spread its mantle of grace over the Isle of Rhodes, as it sat on those bright waters, it contributed to perfect a picture of rare beauty, and the triumph of earth loveliness in the land of the Orient; whilst the contrast of the noble works of Gothic, left by the Knights, with the unseemly whiteness of Saracenic tower, raised a fit parallel of the differences between the present inhabitants and the glorious Crusaders; which is exhibited so strikingly by the mingled groups of the interior, where Jews, Turks, Arabs, and Armenians are so curiously united, as to call back, with force, the early history of the wars, and cause one to lament the departed chivalry of the Hospitallers of St. John, and to mourn over the ruins of that Rhodes, whose merchants and princes once ruled the seas, and fitted up the island as one of the most enchanting spots on earth's domain.

The harbor of Rhodes now affords shelter to a few coasters, and the navy of the Pacha, which calls here for supplies and water, where the fertility of the soil cause both to be had in great abundance.

We left Rhodes about eight o'clock in the morning. The island and town present a fine effect in the distance ; that far-off land is Marmari. During the day the weather became variable, and towards sunset the sky is overcast and gloomy. The dull course of our voyage was relieved by a few lessons in Arabic, and the mate continued very diligently in his instruction. The engineer, a boy, and one of the crew speak a little English, and in their company I make up the loss of better society.

During the night the wind increased, and raised a violent storm. I was dreadfully sick, in common with all my fellow-passengers, and was but in poor condition to administer a dose of laudanum to Capidan Suleiman, who complained of headache, caused by too great watchfulness and want of rest. This old Arab was so civil and obliging, that I could not but act physician without diploma, on the emergency. My skill with the patient soon brought me in practice on the Commissario, who had been attacked during the night with severe colic ; and although I owed him a grudge for his bad provisions, I could not listen to his groans and "mashallahs," as he lay beside me on his shelf,

without giving him a potent prescription of calomel and jalap.

Early the next morning we came in sight of the Pharol of Alexandria. On arriving within port, we were informed that we carried the yellow flag, and we must go into quarantine for ten days. Deep gloom overspread faces which had been hitherto animated with joy at the thoughts of home and soothing pipes of repose. We thought it was bad enough to have passed through ten days of storm and ocean; and that we had been sufficiently discharged by cascading, to secure a very clean bill of health. The very Turks vented their indignation at this insult added to injury, and the old Arabs looked sulkily in the face of the Porte and the authority of the Pacha himself.

TEN DAYS IN THE LAZARETTO.

WHILST preparations are made for our disembarkation, I seize the opportunity to note down my grievances against Turkish-Arabic Pyroscafs, and warn my friends never to intrust themselves to their dirty steamers, if they are desirous of being well fed, lodged, and provided. They are dilatory and dangerous, and as they are in the service of the Pacha, they move only at the caprice of the government, and no reliance can be placed on their start from one port or their arrival at another. Should any one be anxious to study Eastern manners, life, or customs, no better means could be devised than a sail in one of these boats; and if you are not starved on the passage, you will be perfected in their language by a sojourn for a fortnight in the Lazaretto Egyptiano.

Shortly after weighing anchor, I took leave of our civil Captain, gave him my salaams, and scattered a liberal supply of backsheesh to the crew; then giving a

Kata harah, or adieu, to all, I jumped into the launch alongside of the steamer, and joined the party who had been detailed for a quarantine on land. Our persons and baggage were stowed away in a huge scow which lay ready to receive them, and we were then pushed away with a strange jumble of trunks, luggage, bedding, and utensils. We were towed by four men by a line attached to another boat before us, and rowed as things polluted in the direction of the quarantine. Such separation from our motive power, by *cordon sanitaire*, kept away all contact with contagion.

Nothing occurred until landing, save the accidental falling off of one of our Turk's turbans, which threw him into a towering passion. That, added to the chagrin of the quarantine, and a supposed outrage to his offended dignity, caused him to beat the harmless Jew boy at his elbow, thinking him to be the more immediate and accessible provoker of the insult, instead of the wind which then blew over his pate in a gust.

Thus we were dragged along, much like criminals or cattle. When we reached the wharf we were deserted by our tow-boats, and forced to moor our barge to the piers, so as to remove our effects on shore; another cautionary measure to exclude disease. We then proceeded to unload our ark, when each, laden with his own baggage, and giving an occasional lift to his neighbor, marched on as directed, to the inner court

of a prison-looking building, distributed into several wards, in one of which, three cottages were set apart for the reception of twenty-five persons!

Having effected an entrance and deposited our loads, we all stood looking in mute amazement at the things we were, and the position in which we were placed ; whilst the sad reality of the fact of a quarantine was depicted in every countenance. This solemn suspense was soon interrupted by the entrance of our attendant guard, preceded by an Italian major-domo, dressed in a stout monkey-jacket (for these are times when a fellow-feeling makes description minute), who poked at us with his cane, and signified that we must arrange ourselves, in order to be counted by the poll, and then allotted to our respective dwellings ; after which, fresh water was brought, and we were locked up for the night. Our apartment was one of three rooms on the second story, overlooking the inner court of the jail, and bounded by the blank wall of the opposite ward. Our chamber, which was occupied by five, was entirely unfurnished, with nothing but bare plaster and an uneven floor of mortar. Under the proper disposition of our varied stores and stocks, it began to assume a comfortable aspect. Trunks were arranged for seats, cooking utensils were set up, carpets and pillows were spread, and narguillées and chibouques were mounted to lend an air of elegance to our furni-

ture. The novelty of this situation, and the fatigue occasioned by a portage of heavy trunks, brought with it a slight turn of despond, from which I was soon relieved by the timely sympathy of a friendly Turk, who took compassion on my solitude, and charged himself with making me as comfortable as circumstances would admit. One European, among twenty-four barbarians, feels *wofully* the disuse of civilization among a crowd of Turks, Arabians, Albanians, Nubi-ans, and Jews.

My courage did not desert me in this strange jar-gon of my cell, and the best use was made of the Arabic phrases learnt on shipboard. I felt that diffidence was misplaced, when the want of tongue might entail an absence of food.

Preparations were soon made for our evening meal; and whilst the savory stew of brown bread and vinegar is simmering over the glowing embers of our charcoal furnace, and our gurgling narguillées keep sonorous accord with the bubbling caldron, I occupy myself with the features of my strange room-mates.

Under the lingering rays of sunset, stealing through the lattice of our grated windows, I mark the strong outlines of our hero of the Lost Turban, whose squinty eyes shine with the obliquity of daylight; nearest the window is a Turkish soldier dressed in the army gray, and by his side, my friend in misfortune, a stalwart lad

of a merry laugh and countenance, who officiates as our valet, and works awhile with the cook ; whilst your Frank is shivering for want of cloak, withdrawn from the rest of the company. Thus seated and apart, I listened awhile to the animated gabble of these Mussulmen, until fatigue and the excitement of the day brought with it gentle slumber, which was occasionally disturbed by the whooping, wheezing cough of our watch-drub, who snored with all the variations of a donkey, and kept me awake to sharp sensations of cold until I fell asleep, with a determination to endure, and to make the best of what was excellent practice for one, who was about to travel in the interior of Egypt.

Bright and early the next morning, we were awakened by the stirring beat of the *reveillée*. Then breakfast was prepared from stewed figs and dip toast, after which *narguillées* and pipes ; and whilst our apartment is swept out and garnished, and we are awaiting the first visit of the health-officer, I dispatched a letter to our Consul at Alexandria, and had the pleasure of seeing it well cut and smoked, before it was mailed for the city.

One smiles through provocation at the whole order of quarantine arrangements. Their whole design tends rather to render them gloomy and cheerless abodes, and to induce disease, rather than to enliven these salutary lessons of health. No communication or con-

tact is allowed with the external world. Victuals, letters, clothing, and every thing you desire, comes to you through the transition interval of that railed passage, through which every article is slid on a railway, in a box attached to a long pole.

Your medium of exchange is by depositing your money in this box, and after it has been taken out and dipped in vinegar, your orders are filled, and the poles shoved back with the articles exchanged.

We are looked at, talked to, and regarded very much as if we were beasts in a menagerie.

Just then our Domo, the Prince of Inspectors, entered, followed by his servant armed with a pair of tongs. He orders the rooms to be cleared, and our trunks to be opened, in order to satisfy himself that they contained no articles infected or latent with contagion. Every thing is turned over and upset by the peering tongs of the guard, and this chiffonier of health throws together all soiled clothing as polluted subjects. Fortunately for myself, my trunk had gone through quarantine before me, and thus escaped too close a prying.

In my anxiety to inquire for my companions who had preceded me to the East, I overran the legal limits, but the snapping forks of these ugly tongs, as they closed upon my ear, soon brought me back within the prescribed distance. Every official wears an air of

suspected corruption. The Commissario grows warm in the chase of evils, and ardent in the purging of disease.

The doctor arrives, and as we stand in file, we are specially examined as to our health.

Fortunately for me, the Medico spoke French; even his aspect was awfully remote and distant. “*Que voulez vous?*” asks the doctor, smiling and bowing as I approach. “*Allez vous en*” struck up the tongs, as I jumped back and replied: “Give my letter to the post, and send me some bedding and something to eat from the city; get me some coverlets, for I am not used to sleeping on mortar and carrying my trunk to bed for a pillow.” “*Tres bien, vous en serez servi. Au revoir.*”

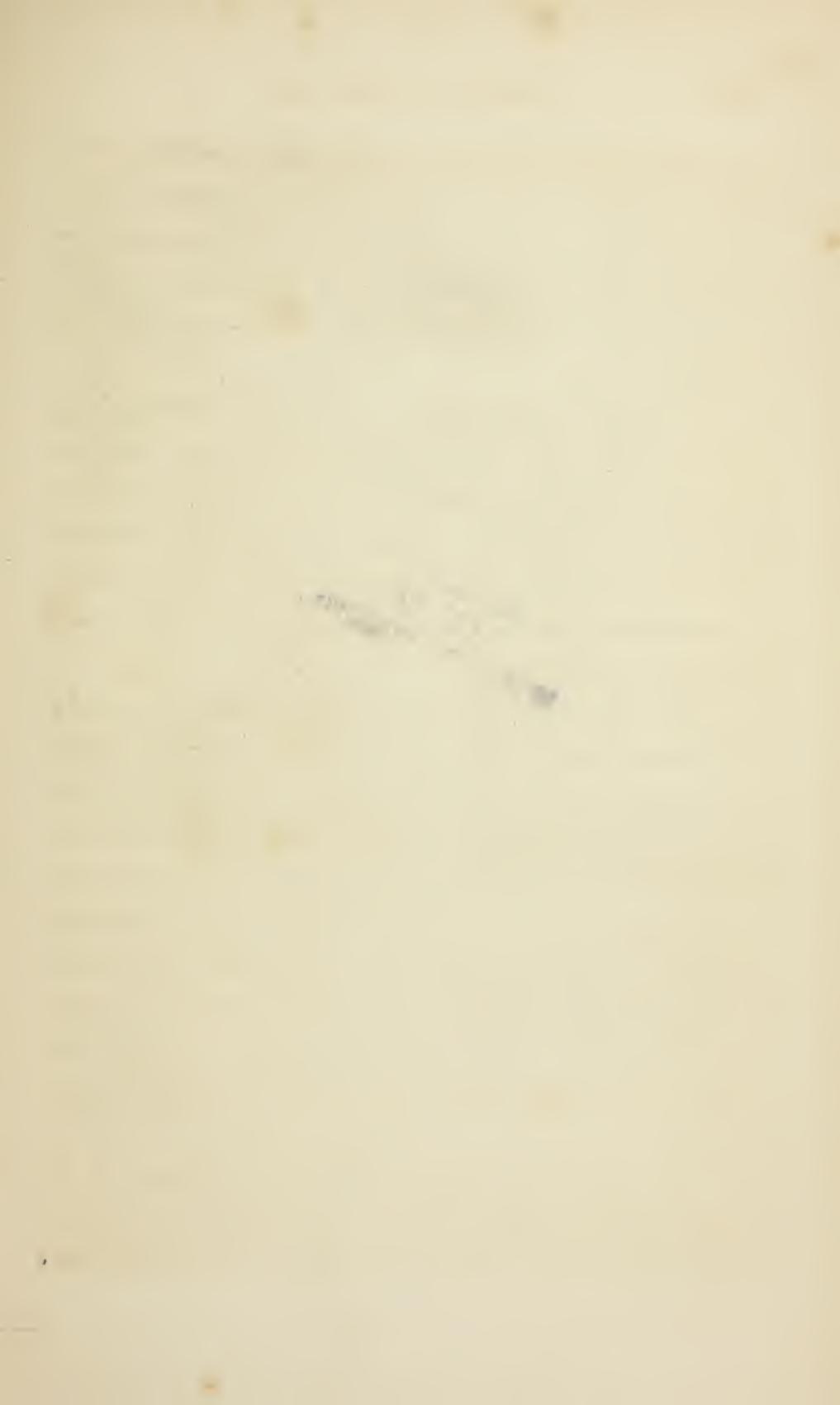
Shortly after, as I was sunning myself in the yard, the guard called out for the *Inglez*, and another visitor is announced from the railing. “*Haben sie mein freund gesehen?*” says a coarse Dutchman over the fence. “*Kommend von Rhodes to Scandria?*” “*Nein, mein herr!*” No. “*Was fur ein man, war er?*” Just then, I heard a whisper through the bars, uttering “what horrid Dutch!” and I retired with disgust, as he asked again what profession I was of, telling him it was none of his business, and bidding him good morning. It is bad enough to become Polyglot, without being required to be ubiquitous.

After this, I returned to my cell, repeated a few Arabic phrases, and growled, verily, like a beast, "similis, similibus." Living in dens engenders animal propensities, but even your bestiality grows too sensible when fleas and insects creep into your skin for lodgings.

It was a curious scene to watch the curing of my companions, who were stripped to the waists and thoroughly smoked with borax, whilst I was engaged in the corner, doing a little family washing. As I was not smoked myself, I looked upon it rather as a private amusement, and a process undergone for their own personal satisfaction.

It is now evening of this beautiful day, and the sky has been rendered more clear by the purifying effects of a recent shower. The evening meal is again partaken of, our shutters closed, candles are mounted on a couple of tin cannisters, and the rest of the company are engaged in listening to the stories of our loquacious Imaun. "Mehemet Ali" seems to be the topic of his tale; while the frequent use of "Allah," and the surprise-denoting sounds of "mashallah," mark the joy of the listeners, and the intermingling of the sacred with profane.

So runs the monotonous and dull course of our daily life. Our very keepers treat us with little interest, and one dull feeling of suspense and listlessness wears on the faces of our company.





ROOM, IN THE LAZARETTO.

Lith. of Savory & Major, N.Y.

W. L. Lumsden, del.

Some of us find recreation in the court by games of ball and feats of strength. The old Arab guard gives me a few military exercises in Arabic. Some are engaged in washing, others in cooking, Turks at prayers, and Albanians and Jews conversing with the keepers outside the palisades.

Our weather is the chief source of our delight. Such brilliant skies ! and a perpetual blue sky above.

The merry chirping of the sparrows that fly about the court, recalls to my memory my first landing in England, and brings up a marked contrast with my present solitude. Piccioli's flower is alone wanting to complete the reality of my prison-life. At one moment deep sadness and almost melancholy broods over the mind ; and again, reflection hints at the excellent lessons which confinement teaches, and this healthful restraint which furnishes examples of patience and resignation, until one feels it to be almost a *privilege* to sacrifice a portion of existence for the benefit of others.

The whole morning was pretty much occupied in sketching my interior—our *parvum omne*—kitchen, parlor, bedroom, and jail. My Jewish friend tells me that it is Saturday ; and he rigidly refrains from smoking on that day. In the meantime I take a few more drills in Arabic, exercise in the open air, fight a thousand imaginary air battles, and follow the beck and

command of our guard, who orders me to Ocho out, or Tailli—men hinni—men alli! But that spotless blue of heaven, and the fine soft air of the climate breathes a perpetual spring of joy and enjoyment to the heart.

At noon our Moslems kneel in prayer; I have watched them during the whole period of quarantine, and they never fail. After dinner, we have a visit from the Imaun, or priest. He is received with great dignity as he enters, and is saluted, “Salaam Aleikoum!” “Aleikoum Salaam!” after which, “Mashallah!” and when the guest is seated, they salute again in turn, while the right hand is brought to the flowing beard, and these courtesies are wafted between the several parties. Conversation grows animated between them, and is kept up until midnight; even the squint-eyed Mussulman grows eloquent in his recital of oriental tales of travel. All the speakers appear earnest and attentive, and their action easy; whilst the full, pleasing sound of Turkish, falls in forcible contrast with the cracking and guttural Arabic. Their action is so good and efficient, that one understands, although ignorant of their language. As they exclaim “Mashallah!” with wonder and surprise, you feel yourself the full force of its expression, and wonder at a thing so strange.

The next day I was surprised by a visit from a countryman, who had been up the river to Cairo, and

was on his return to Italy. From him I was able to learn the progress of my friends, who had preceded me with my trunk to Alexandria.

Hugh Ravens was one of those tall beings who required extra accommodations for his person; and finding no boat on the Nile large enough to admit him upright, he became disgusted with the vacuity of the country, the flat lands and drifting sands of the desert, or the aboriginal likeness of the native women with our Indians.

From him I caught a slight idea of that land from which I had been debarred by the Lazaretto, and was informed that the Pyramids were about eight miles from Cairo; and that there were some thirty parties of Americans and English already up the river. He left that day for Malta.

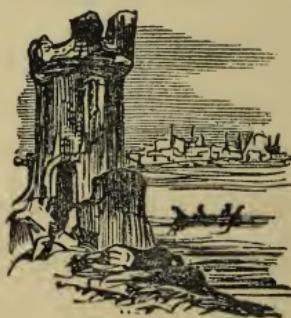
Thus we had been cooped for ten days, eating with our fingers, sleeping on the floor among Arabs and Turks, and passed the dull round of existence without variety or change. Had it not been for the Jew and his family, I should have been separated from the world around; but by the aid of Spanish, I was enabled to convey my ideas, and by this medium to make some progress in the language of the Egyptians, and to lay the foundation of a stock of phrases, which afterwards was of great service on the Nile.

On the tenth day our release was announced to us,

when we leaped for joy at the thoughts of a speedy liberation. It was amusing to see the eager anxiety of all to depart, for even before day our rooms were emptied and our luggage arranged in the court below, ready for the inspection of the health officer.

Presently the doctor came in, and we were arranged in rows, whilst he passed our tongues in review; in the meanwhile, a mysterious looking bundle of clothes, shrouding the features of a Nubian female, entered the ward of the women, and personally inspected their garments and their persons.

Having been perfectly satisfied of our sound condition, and our freedom from contagion, these officers, who had treated us with such contempt during our pratique, then congratulated us on our restoration to society; and shaking us cordially by the hand, wished us a happy visit to Alexandria, and a hearty welcome to the land of the Nile.



The Land's End.

Jew

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